

Poetry Series

Randy McClave
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Randy McClave()

I was born and raised in Ashland, Kentucky.

I am a also former Golden Gloves champion, and I am United Steelworker. I write to reflect the life I have lived and the suffering and happiness I have been through. I started writing poetry when I was 11 years of age, I have been to many countries Japan, Spain, Canada, Mexico, Scotland, England and I have studied and learned of writings and poetry of the countries that I visited.

I currently have 4 books of poetry published, I have been inspired by poets of the current and of the past, I see life as a poem waiting to be written..

15 Thousand Syrians

You can sleep peaceful at night, the Syrians are dead
No more worries about them do you need to dread,
No more curses about them will come off your tongue
15 thousand of them, have just been hung.
Remember how you said you hated them each and all
'Keep them out of America! ', you saying this I do recall,
Unlike what you said they weren't coming here to murder or rape
From an evil government, they were just wanting to escape.
No longer will you hear them begging for you to assist
Which you never would, you just screamed and petitioned to resist,
And when they paddled their boats to land upon a distant shore
You would always shout, let that country keep the Syrian poor.
They were just seeking a better life and a helping hand
You then laughed, when from our country they were banned,
I remember every word you wrote from every sentence I read
Now God will read them all, 15 thousand Syrians are dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

6 A.M.

She pounded on my front door, then she rang the bell
Of course no one answered, so she then began to yell;
A ruckus she was causing along with its mayhem
She then cursed and shouted to God, "it is almost 6 a.m."!
She then went to my window to look inside for a peep,
Where was I, she probably thought, as she then began to weep.

She paced up and down my driveway off of the city block
While in her purse she looked again for the keys to my doors lock;
Did she not forget that we are not a couple, so I have them
She then shouted to the birds singing, "it is already 6 a.m."!
She looked into my mailbox to see if there was any mail,
Was she looking for her bills, or a letter from another female?

She called my home phone and no one answered of course
As I am a single man now, who recently got a divorce;
Now my lifestyle she hates, and it she always tries to condemn
Then for a phone message she screams, "It is past 6 a.m."!
Now I do what I want to do, or I'll go where I need to be,
Doesn't she remember, she's the one who cheated on me.

She then left another note attached unto my front door
It reads, "can we not be together, today and forever more";
Is that a truth that she wants, or is it a piece of a jealous whim
Of course it was signed by my Ex and, stating, "it is half past 6 a.m."!
I unplugged my phone, locked my door, and tore up the note she left,
Then I went back to bed, with no guilt, or sadness or bereft.

I went back to sleep with no worries or pity at all
No woman I need to answer to, and of course no one I have to call;
I turned off my alarm clock and I went to sleep singing a hymn
Everyone I thought should be asleep, as it's way past 6 a.m.
Of course to my Ex who is checking to see where I am or if I am awake,
If she needs or wants to talk, please wait until coffee and after eight.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Birthday

Another year has come and gone
Another candle has been added on,
Then in time there was a single wish
But, first the candles were extinguished,
Cake was then given to all of the guests
With their singing and joy and of course their jests,
Another calendar page was then removed
As though a rite of passage had been approved.

Another year older they all cheered and shouted
Another year older you silently pouted,
One more year of memories to store in your brain
So, you can reminisce when you need to cry and complain,
Cards and gifts are again presented to you
So, you hand out the napkins as you grab a tissue,
Your candles now, you just let them all burn
Maybe your wishes are someone else's turn.

Another year comes and now your hair is gray
Another year arrives and once again it's your birthday,
Candles are on your cake to celebrate your years
Candles on your cake now bring forth your fears,
You look at them and you remembered your unanswered wishes
As you hand them all out, upon your cake dishes,
Soon you know you will be at the top of the hill
Listening to birthday wishes and collecting daffodils.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Bomb

I heard a loud sound and it caught my attention
It scared both my dog and cat! Was it thunder I thought?
I then looked out my window the children weren't playing
Was the sound I just heard as I pondered, a loud gun shot;
Then outside my window I heard screaming and crying
The sun was disappearing and now there was a calm
I again looked out my window and I saw parents praying
What I had heard earlier, was the exploding of a bomb.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Boy Scout (No More)

"I am a Boy Scout"!
I always scream and shout,
When I help the elderly cross the street
Or when strangers I do meet.
I reverently obey the Boy Scout's law
But, not to one person, but for them all,
I am trustworthy, loyal, courteous and kind
And I always keep a cheerful and a clean mind.
I am helpful and obedient and thrifty and brave
I am also friendly and proud, as I give a Scout's wave,
Daily I will recite the Boy Scout's oath
Which has led to my spiritual and conscience growth!
I have helped foreigners and the poor at many times
And never have they mocked me or committed crimes,
I keep myself mentally awake and morally straight
To do my duty for God and for my country, I can't wait.
I live the Scout's motto so I am always prepared
To do a good turn daily I have always declared,
A better person I have always wanted to be
As I pray for my family and always for my country.

At our National Jamboree, the president arrived
While we Scouts celebrated scouting, our spirits were revived,
The president then insulted others and then he swore;
I am now a Boy Scout, no more.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Conscience Mind

A conscience mind is a sober mind
And a sober mind keeps you complete
As it will try to keep your soul honest
And will try to keep you from deceit.
It will tell and show you right from wrong
Everyday and every moment of your life
While dictating the actions you should take
So to keep you away from evil and strife.
The ethical and moral principles in your brain
That will enter you through your thoughts
And some ideals will want to lead you astray
From the goodness your conscience has sought.
A conscience mind it will let you sleep
While an evil mind will keep you sleepless and awake
As it will remind you of the evils you had done
And also the guilt you gave through sins you did take.
I wonder though Is it a devil or an angel
That stands besides us to whisper into our ear
That will lead us from sin or away from evil
I wonder what voice is it that you or I do hear.
A conscience mind is the greatest mind
More precious than riches or wealth we might find
As it will help us lead us to either to heaven or hell
So GOD bless us all with our conscience mind.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Country Of Killers

We are a country of killers,
Spoke the U.S president trump,
As he defended a Russian assassin
So, on Americans he did gladly dump.
To the contrary we are not a peaceful country
We murder without guilt and with a passion,
Again spoke the U.S president trump
And for no one, do we pity or hold compassion.
His supporters then raised their guns
Then in their robes and flags they did parade,
They marched and in rhetoric they chanted
Then they screamed, "Let us invade!"
They all agreed about war and deportation
As they fired their guns and pounded their fists,
They then bragged that they are from a country of murderers
So, I wonder why are they so offended by foreign terrorists.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Day Without You

A day without you
Is an eternity without living
It is a time without need,
It is a moment without giving.
It is you, without me.

A day without the sun
Is the day that I don't look into your eyes
It is when I don't hope or wish,
It is when from the world that I do hide.
It is when you, that I truly miss.

A day without a flower,
Is the day without any inspiration
It is the day when beauty is dead,
It is the beginning of my frustration.
It is when my hunger for life is no longer fed.

A day without you,
It is a terrible day indeed
It is when I just sit and moan
And it is when no one hears my plead.
It is truly when I am all alone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Fighter's Face

A fighter doesn't need a scrapbook
Or his trophies or ribbons in a trophy-case,
All that he needs is a mirror upon a wall to look
Then he will remember his every fight, by the scars on his face.

That scar that sits underneath his left eye
He remembers it from a fight in Pittsburgh very well,
His broken nose it happened to him in Cincinnati
That fight for him, it was hell.

Then there is that scar that lies underneath his jaw
And the scar on his forehead that won't disappear,
When he fought a heavy hitting Indiana southpaw
And his years of fighting in California, gave him that cauliflower ear.

Then there are his bruises and the strains
And of course his fractured ribs and his busted hand,
And his back and his elbow sprains
But, then those aches only a fighter could truly understand.

That scar on his left cheek was from a battle in Kentucky
That occurred from a championship fight,
When he was feeling cocky and also very lucky
He should have never weaved and bobbed to his right.

The scar that he wears on his right cheek
It happened from a slug-fest that he once had in Tennessee,
He had worried too much about his strength and not technique
That fight, was stopped by the referee.

A fighter doesn't need a scrapbook for his fights to recall
Or the many times his hands his coach did wrap,
All that he needs to do is to look upon the mirror on any wall;
A fighter's face, is a fighter's only true roadmap.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Gem

They say that she is a gem
A diamond in the rough,
While lacking all the social graces
Which some of us embraces;
She cries, 'I care not for that stuff.'

She is the unpolished gemstone
That has the potential to be a jewel,
Basically she is good hearted
But her good deeds cannot be charted;
So she makes everyone out to be a fool.

At first she seems so dubious
And also unreliable at first glance,
But after further inspection
And more thought and reflection;
You can understand her circumstance.

She lacks all the final touches
That would make her stand out in a crowd,
But what she sees as exceptional
I see only as original;
While others see a rainbow, I see a cloud.

She has so many great qualities
Though having a rough exterior,
I see in her there is a great beauty
Even though she is a bit snooty;
But then I can see the beautiful interior.

They say she is an uncut gem
Just waiting for the final touches,
Removing all the glitter and impurities
So everyone and all to see;
As a painter finishes his art with his brushes.

Randy McClave

A Grudge

Holding on to a grudge doesn't make you strong,
It makes you wrong.

Forgiveness doesn't make one weak,
Turn the other cheek.

They say to always to forgive and to forget,
Live with peace without bitterness or regret.

Sometimes it is best to be quite and to sit still
Than to hold on to a grudge and its ill will.

I have forgiven and I have also forgot
Revenge and spite I have not sought,
With strength and honor I have forgiven
With love and kindness I am now driven,
I want to live in happiness and contentment
Towards no person do I hold anger or resentment,
I hold animosity and malice against nobody
What doesn't restrain me, will set myself free.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Hammer Is A Hammer

A hammer is a hammer as I've been told
From the day manufactured, or the day bought or sold
And it will be remembered as such a tool
Even if destroyed, or examined by every molecule
It does or did exactly what a hammer entails
Staking an object or installing or removing nails
And if the handle is broken and never repaired
It still is a hammer even though weak and impaired
If we were to look about us to see what we see
We would see the shape of objects that were meant to be
A Hammer is a hammer that is profound and true
And a man is a man as I am me and you are you.

Randy McClave

A Happy Man

Give me a woman, and sex
Don't make her a beauty or complex,
Make her destiny just to satisfy me
Then a happy man I would surely be,
Then maybe this woman, I won't want as an ex.

Give me a woman who won't complain
A woman whom I think that is not entirely insane,
If you can make that a promise or a guarantee
Then a happy man I would definitely be,
My desires and my dreams, I would no longer restrain.

Give me a woman who will not fight
Who will not argue with me, or kick or bite,
A soul that is gentle, and would not hurt a flea
Then a happy man I would certainly be,
Then to fall asleep peacefully, each and every night.

Give me a woman without any daughters
Then on a boat we can sail alone upon the waters,
Never would we argue or even disagree
Then a happy man I assuredly would be,
Just to know of sex, and peace, and no plotters.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Headache

I use to go to bed with a headache
And when morning came it was still there,
Most of the times at night (in suffering) it kept me awake
I would scream, I would argue and I would swear.
I thought how could any man live with this type of pain,
Without wishing for death, or going insane.

I use to go to bed, but first I would say my prayers
Then for awhile I wouldn't say them at all,
Though I still had my worries and my cares
But, I didn't want to kneel, I wanted to be seen standing tall.
I knew that there would be a headache attacking me,
And I hated the discomfort and its agony.

I use to go to bed, peacefully and all alone
Oh how memorable and restful was my sleep,
With no headaches or fighting or even a knee bone
I then didn't count bullets, I only counted sheep.
Then I thought while in that loneliness that I needed a wife,
But, was that me speaking, or was it from my desolation and midlife.

I use to constantly wrestle with my demons
Nightly inflamed by a headache and by my struggle,
With worries and distress and also separate opinions
So, with her (my headache) I just gave up, I just decided to snuggle.
How far in hell (I thought) must be my decent,
To keep receiving this anguish and constant torment.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Judge

A Judge he will judge, just one man
By rumors and deeds he does not know
Sometimes to humiliate and crucify is his plan
With the power man gave him, which he loves to bestow,
A Judge he can be tempted by money or favors
So he can Judge a man without knowing the truth
That is the iniquity that the devil greatly savors
As it proves the well-dressed man, is uncouth.
GOD, he judges more than just one man
And he judges by truth and what's in the soul
As that is our Creators most holy plan
As he judges the complete man, the whole,
GOD cannot or will not be tempted or coerced
Or used to judge a man guilty, who is innocent
As GOD will always quench an innocent man's thirst
And for the guilty man, HELL is his judgement.
All Judges someday they too will be judged
By GOD the greatest Judge of them all
And GOD our father he will begrudged
When a mere Judge causes a good man to fall,
A Judge says he knows what is wrong from right
And he can judge a man wrong because it's his whim
While God is in heaven, wearing his robe of white
He is looking down at the Judge, and is judging him.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Kentuckian

The mountains they are our neighbors,
The creeks and rivers they are our labors,
We hunt with a bow and sometimes with a gun,
That is how we were raised, being a Kentuckian.

In summer the grass is blue and the sun is gold,
In the winter the ponds freezes over and the wind is cold,
We work in the snow and also in the sun,
That is how we were raised, being a Kentuckian.

We live in the cities and also in the country,
We work in the mills and on the farms which are pretty,
We are not happy or satisfied until our work is done,
That is how we were raised, being a Kentuckian.

Horse-racing and basketball that is our legacy,
In sports when our home teams win we all are happy,
Pitching horseshoes and fishing we also see as fun,
As that is how we were raised, being a Kentuckian.

The wind blows through the grass and the goldenrod,
While Angels and GOD watches and theirs heads they nod,
Then with the birth of our daughters and also our sons,
They too will be raised as us, Kentuckians.

United we will stand and divided we will fall,
If Kentucky ever needs us all they need is to call,
We are prepared to fight or help, never will we run,
As we were born and raised, a Kentuckian.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Lie

Some might call it a fabrication
While others might call it a fib
And some will call it down right dishonest
But happily with their soul they can live.
Some might call it an untruth
While others will call it a deception
Some will nod their heads and walk away
And they wont make any exception.
I have heard it called misinforming
And also heard it called a falsification
But then those words were so very kindly used
To protect someone else's reputation.
I have also heard it to be misleading
And also to be used in perjury
Sometimes they are used in a sophisticated way
But with that word they rush and hurry.
I know that is nothing but a falsehood
And the meaning and end effect you cant deny
The actions of the word can be called anything at all
But to me a lie, is nothing but a lie.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Love Forever

My true love I will love you forever
Even when my bones turn to dust
My love for you it is everlasting
While others will fade away and bust
I will hold you always in my thoughts
And our love you must always trust
And where I am you are there as well
You are my love and ours is a must
Some loves cheat and others are false
They are a deception created from sin and lust
And in the end they will all be destroyed
In an iron cell they will die and rust
When you and I are standing together
And our love GOD he alone will judge
He will open up his book of life and love
And he will say that our love was true and just
You my love I will love you forever
And I will scream that with a dynamic gust
If not for you I would know not of love
Then with sadness and pain I would combust
My day it starts and it will end with you
As your love in my heart screams with a thrust
Then forever we too will always be as one
I love you forever you make my being robust.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Man Is

A Man is,
Is what a Man does
What he does, is what he believes.
If he ever stops doing
In what he does believe
He will never again believe.
For he will be a disgrace
In his own grace
A rejection to his sight,
While doing the things
That he once had denied
Now he lives from the roots of his lies.
He will say one thing
Then he will do another
Likened a disease under cover,
While thinking it is good
And also thinking it is fine
Then destroying themselves in that crime.
Sometimes he is good
And then sometimes he is right
And sometimes he will have pleasure in his sight,
But when he starts doing
The things against which he talked about
He himself becomes that lie.
He will be a disgrace
And in the eyes of all others
And will also leave himself in doubt,
As a man does not cheat
And a man never robs or steals
His man hood is all that he worries about.
He tries to do no wrong
Against family or friends
So strong is a mans will,
He will fight for his right
Will break his own back
And only to GOD will he ever kneel.
He works for his living
Proudly collects the sweat on his brow
He takes no hand out from any man,

As what he does own
Is what he had earned
But that only a man could understand.
He fights his own battles
He asks no one to fight them for him
As a man he has his pride,
He lives by his conscience
He stands for his family
Sometimes with GOD only at his side.
As his son someday
He will become a man
Almost the same as his father was
He will be brave and will be honest
And Loving father he will be known
And his heart will always be filled with love.

Randy McClave

A Man's Last Word

It is indeed a man's duty and job to take care and provide for his family,
It is also his responsibility to protect and defend them in any calamity.

A man will work to provide for his family without the need or want of a handout,
The Bible states man will work by the sweat of his brow, which is without any
doubt.

I have provided and have taken care of my family and also my mother and my
father,
The way I believe and the way I was raised, I see it as an honor and not as a
bother.

Sometimes I question myself in time of work, or in time for me to rest my head,
I have so much work to do before I can sleep, and of course more before I am
dead.

A woman says all that she needs to survive is just true love and romance,
But, that doesn't put food on the table or takes care of one's finance.

A man will build or buy his house and a woman will decorate and clean it,
A man will earn wages to buy their groceries and a woman will prepare and cook
it.

I work and I slave and I do my best to give my family a better and easier life,
That is the promise man made to GOD, for giving him a family and a wife.

When I've finished my work and obligations at the end of my own lifespan,
"Family", and "work", and "rest" will be the
last words from this one man.

Randy McClave

A Married Woman

I received letter from my lovers
And also letters from my ex,
They tell me how their life is going,
And I tell them my life is very complex.
I tell them about my nights and day
And also what's going on in my life,
They tell me how they miss and love me
And how they wish I was their wife.
They tell me they will come and visit me
That is, whenever that they can
But because they live so very far away
They might not never but this I understand.
My ex's or lovers they don't hold a job
The Government and tax payers take care of them
While other Men work with the sweat on their brow
They never do, as they are not that type of men.
So them and I we have all this free time
We do what we want at any time at all,
Sometime we are in bed, and sometimes a drive
As I am always waiting for the mail or phone call.
So I visit my lover sometimes at night
When I am not calling my ex's on the phone
And I will spend the whole night only with him
When I know, that he is feeling alone.
I pay no bills so I don't have to work
What I want is always given to me,
I love the life, that I am living now,
As my life is complete, and I am so free.
Sometimes I stay up all night long
So I can talk to my lovers once again,
Then in the morning I am always so tired
Is it so wrong, that I enjoy this type of sin.
I will take my daughters sometimes to school
That is when I am not tired or being rushed,
And they know some about my secret life,
But too everyone else, I want it to be hushed.
As they say we will return how we were raised
And I know I do the things that I shouldn't,
I should be loyal and I shouldn't lie and cheat,

Because I am of course, a married woman.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Military Brat

Though she knows both this and that
Except for where next she will be living at
Lived that life, as both daughter and now wife
As she is just, a Military brat.

She has no place to call her home
As around the world she has roamed
A new life to begin, as an old one did end
That life for her is all that is known.

New friends always for her to meet
As goodbye to the old ones she says with a weep
Always somewhere new, sometimes with no clue
But in her heart and soul memories she will keep.

She has gone to where our country has cried
And always with honor and also with her pride
With a smile on her face, which cant be erased
She was always at her fathers, and now husbands side.

Many times though her living style has changed
Sometimes when she sees the sand she expects the rain
And sometime when she speaks, an interpreter she seeks
And many time driving she's in the wrong lane.

With her life she will not get rich or even fat
Never been in a war or fought in any combat
Never ate any rations, but has always been in fashion
As she is just, and still a Military brat.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Miner's Destiny

The miner will go inside a deep dark hole
And that is where he mines and extracts the coal,
He digs into the earth, where coal was given birth
But, someday soon I swear, the earth will take her toll.
Underneath the earth, one day he knows that he will be buried
But, it will be his choice! Either from a cave-in or being carried.

In the depths of a coal mine the miner laid dead
No man, but GOD knew the final thoughts in his head,
He took his last breath, he then was greeted by death
He now becomes a miner's obituary that would not be read.
I wonder though, was digging that one piece of coal worth his life
Was that one piece of coal, more precious than his child and wife.

In the hospital bed a miner laid sick and dying
Only GOD could see his tears in the bed that he is lying,
His life was coal dust, his existence to many was a must
But, now in his hospital bed with black lung he is crying.
I wonder if any man cared about this one man's flight
Or does man only care, for the electricity for his house light.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Name Is A Name

When Adam first named the rose
After it's sweet fragrance had pleased his nose,
Up to the heavens to GOD he said in a dare
The flower the rose has been named, Adam did declare.

Adam then saw a small crawling insect, he called it an ant
He could as just as easily called it a plant;
The meaning of names to Adam they did not exist
So, he called and named everything, and then wrote it upon his list.

Man combines letters together then, they become a name
That doesn't guarantee anyone any popularity or any fame,
A name is just a moniker used to get the individuals attention
A name doesn't give strength or power or hold any retention.

A man is born and he might be called Abraham
The name doesn't make him a strong leader, or a weak lamb,
It's just a name that his parents had heard and did enjoy
He could have just as easily had been called; Roy.

A female child is born and she might be named and called Beth
A male child is born and he might be named and then called Seth,
Does that make one the oath of God, and the other one appointed
Should one we swear unto, and then the other one be anointed.

The name Muhammad doesn't make a man a leader or a fighter
The name Robert doesn't make or guarantee a man to become a writer,
Pam and Mary and Camilla are names used, but not to be enthralled
A name is not magical, it's just how we are remembered, and called.

We don't become warriors or kings or leaders by a name upon our birth
How we are addressed, does not show anyone our true worth,
A name is given to us as a moniker, so forever we will be known
We become who we are, not by a name, even when we are alone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A New Year

Though we do not shake hands
But, we might all shed a tear
As we all say goodbye, unto another year.
A year that brought us good times and good fortune
Or a year which brought us sad times and also misfortune,
We will not shake hands, but we will kiss and say goodbye
And another year we will await hopefully with a gladdened eye.

We all will stand up and get together
With feistiness and only good cheer
As we all wait for the arrival, and hopefully that of a better year.
Goodbye we say to the old and our past solutions
Now we prepare for a new year and a new set of resolutions,
And then when the bell chimes at midnight
We will dance and sing and we will party with joy and delight.

A new beginning we will wait for it to arrive
And then when we turn around it will be here
We will accept and welcome it, while hoping for a better New year.
Friends and acquaintances will never be forgot
But, new adventures and deeds will indeed will be sought,
And we will be singing and remembering just waiting to hear
To one and all a happy and a better New Year.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Parent's Footprints

A parent doesn't like someone because they say that they sin
But, the child knows the truth, it is because the color of their skin,
Then they curse someone else because of a thought or a quotation
But, is it that or is it because of their belief and or denomination.
Our country treacherously has been hurt many times before
Just look and read in our history books about slavery, greed and war,
They will criticize and judge people because they are nothing like them
Is it because of that, or maybe because it's a she and not a him.
The parent will start making up stories just to give someone a black eye
You then know that in their heart there is a hatred and all they say is a lie,
But, they are your parents and sadly their footsteps you must follow
Your beliefs and your convictions like a bad pill, you must then swallow.
You become a racist and a bigot from your parents own teachings
They were instrumental in your growth from their hatred and their preachings,
When the child becomes an adult they will look upon the world with new eyes
Everyone that they will meet now, they will quickly and easily characterize.
They will judge others by their race, their creed and even their gender
The hatred taught to them by their parents they accepted and did surrender,
One day they too will be parents with their very own children to raise
Will their children be taught hate and lies or will they learn of equality and praise.
Someday children will raise their closed fists for both prejudice and hate
I see their parents in the shadows, so proud of the children that they did create,
Hate, evil, prejudice and bigotry and all forms of violent aggression
Parents create the footsteps, and their beliefs design the impression.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Patriot

I do not wear a uniform
Nor a helmet on my head
I never carry a weapon
Or have seen my brothers bled.
I never stand at attention
Nor have I marched in line
I never fought for freedom
As what I own is already mine.
I do not salute any man
I humble down only to GOD
So I walk my own separate path
Whether at home or even abroad.
I wear no stripes upon my arms
There are no medals upon my chest
As I am just a civilian
Nothing more, and nothing less.
I know my national anthem
Whenever it is spoken or even sung
And tears still come unto my eyes
As proudly my head is hung.
Inside my soul there is a torch
I will be a patriot until the day I die
And I too will walk those proud lines
While still with pride for my flag I will cry.
I have never fought in a war
But I have passed our soldiers graves
I give thanks to the country that I live in
And to those soldiers, I give my praise.

Randy McClave

A Puppet On A String

A puppet on a string is all that you are,
And all that you ever will be
Your told what to hear and what to say
And you're even told what you can believe.
You are not free as you were once before
As you gave that and your dignity away
Now you are told where to go and what to wear
And you were even told to change your name.
Your watched and not trusted wherever you go
And you must ask permission to leave
And that is the life that you chose for yourself
Now for you there is only shame and pity.

You're a puppet on the string as that is you
Your puppeteer tells you how to act
He tells you what to cook and when to sleep
And when to bed him and how to react,
But what can you do, as you have nowhere to go
Everyone knows of your lying and your ways
Your own daughters are confused because of you
Now they will be like you in their own adult days.
You changed your hair and you changed your name
Because your master commanded you to
To make him happy is what you want to do best
But sadly this situation for you isn't new.

You're a puppet on the string that's all that I hear
Wherever you might go or what you might say
You walk in the footsteps your master placed for you
And you will walk them until your dying days.
Your strings are pulled and then you will walk
Your strings are pulled and then you will obey
Your strings are pulled and then you will answer
And that's how you will be from day unto day.
No truth or loyalty does your master have for you
Not even a vow to GOD or a wedding ring
But you never expect or accepted them anyway
As all that you are, is but a puppet on a string.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Rebellion

I want to be marchin' and also yellin'
I want to be part of a rebellion,
Beside my brothers I want to fight
On the side of the truth, and the right,
I want my voice and beliefs to be heard
From the speeches I speak and my written word,
My resistance will be honest and it will be strong
As I fight with my muscles and also a song,
And I don't care what others are sayin'
I want to be part, of a rebellion.

I want to see a dictatorship fallen
Then I want to hear my name callin',
If I die I want to be buried in a shallow grave
With the proud and loyal and the brave,
Never will I be known to beg or to barter
If I give my life I want to be remembered as a martyr,
I will resist all authority and all control
Freedom and liberty is my ultimate goal,
Years from now when our stories are tellin
I want to be remembered for a rebellion.

I want to see freedom and justness for all
I want to see that painted and papered on a wall,
And inside the information that spies have sold
I want to be mentioned and my actions told,
To any politicians or anyone wearing a crown
To that one person of power I will never bow down,
This rebellion is for the ones who sweat and toils
And not for the ones seeking wealth and spoils,
I don't want to be thought of as a thief or a felon
When people think back of this rebellion.

I want a land were we all are treated the same
Where we accept our own guilt and our own blame,
Where judges and politicians they do not exist
They are the dream of the past and a forgotten mist,
Men and women they will control their own land
We do it not for money or ego to make our stand,

We the people are a committee and we do what is true
Fairness and equality is all that we pursue,
Wealth and power I will never be sellin'
I hope to be remembered in this rebellion.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Republican

To every voting woman and man
Please! do not vote for the manipulating Republican,
All that they care about is money and war
They don't care about peace, or the needy or the poor,
They say that they are Christians from their preachings
But, they do not follow in Jesus's footsteps or his teachings,
And if you happen to work for the minimum wage
They are happy that you do so, with their joy and your rage,
They don't care for the Union or the working class
All that they care about is making money from bribes and gas,
And remember this, the KKK aligns itself with the GOP
That shows their true belief and also their philosophy,
They have supported and financed the Taliban
That is who they truly are, the lying Republican,
Free healthcare they believe should be just for the wealthy
It should never be provided freely to the poor or the unhealthy,
And they will always stand up against a woman's right
They are bullies and hardheaded in a woman's blight,
Do they care about other religions or another person's belief
No! they do not, they believe other religions are a thief,
And if you are an immigrant you had better run and hide
The evil Republicans will chase you down and never stand by your side,
Even though each and every Republican forefathers were an immigrant
They are always on a radical foreigner witchhunt,
They believe that every woman and man should carry a gun
That is who they all are, the crazy Republican,
Now before you ever vote please think about this or even that
And please remember these words, and vote for a Democrat.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Rock

I threw a rock up in the sky
I threw it hard so it went high
Towards my enemy it was thrown
And if it hits him, his assailant will be unknown
But if it hits him and he does not die
I will throw another rock hoping he will not survive.

Randy McClave

A Rose

A Rose without its thorn
Would keep its gentle form
With its fragrant scent
Being as it was meant.
But without that painful thorn
Sorrowfully, I would sit and moan
For a Rose wouldn't be a Rose
And a smile couldn't be known.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Rose For My Grave

Will you place a rose upon my grave
To let everyone know where I am resting
Please do not be scared, but be brave
This is not a command, but only a requesting
Underneath the earth where I will lay
Where forever I will be sleeping
And through GOD I will be awakened one day
So for now please let there be no weeping

On my grave will you leave a single rose
And recite to me one of your written prose
You may think I am not there, but I will be listening
Happy I will be as my grave you will be christening
Death it is not to forget, but it is to remember
And the grave is just a resting spot for a life's member
So please come by and be happy I suppose
And on my grave, please leave a single rose.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Saint

My father wouldn't talk to my own brother
And then he was mad at my own mother
So for that I preached, and I prayed and I cried
Now through wonders they are at each others side
So now this sounds odd and probably quaint
But if I perform another miracle will I be a saint.
If a Pope performs a miracle he becomes a saint
That is what I read and heard and I think its quaint
But not one miracle, he must perform two
I guess if the first was falsify then the second one will do
But what is a miracle this if I need to ask
Is it a cat that talks or a dog that laughs,
Isn't it a Miracle when a child is born
And Isn't it a miracle when a sinner loves the Lord
Or is it a miracle when someone is cured of the flu
And I wander if that one miracle, would really do.
Also you must be pure and you must be Kind
Then be virtuous, prudent and devout all the time.
So if I forgive my wife the adulterous and the whore,
Whom in Scotland was known to be at all mans door,
If I forgive the sins she committed against others and me
Also with the lying and the using and the hate I did see,
And the whoring she did here behind my back
With integrity and soul and compassion she did lack
If I could cover all her evils with a coat of black paint
I mean if there was that much paint, would I be a saint.
As I been told hat would be a miracle true and true
Taking the sin out of a heart that was never loyal or true,
Taking the cheating out of a heart that's born to cheat
Be like stopping the blood from that heart that beats,
So through the grace of GOD and compassion of man
I think whole heartily that will be my life's plan
Forgive her of sins she committed against me and others
So the sins wont befall upon her daughters or even her mother
So as I say I forgive her, I feel as though I might faint
But If I perform this miracle, I know I will be a Saint.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Snowflake

I have been called a snowflake
Because of my belief and how I stand,
But, remarks will not cause my thoughts to forsake
And never will my opinions be erased or banned.

I am not overly sensitive and or fragile
As I will defend what I know and believe is right,
My opponents feelings is what is agile
So, let them be the first ones to smite.

I will not ever stand alone or defeated
As I have a free soul and a free thinking brain,
Remember when snowflakes become heated
They then become a hard rain.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Soldier's Belief

A man enlists to serve his nation,
Peace and democracy he wants to bolster,
He wants to help create a new foundation
So, he puts on a uniform, and he becomes a soldier.
But, there is a secret that we all might forget;
Whether it is by accident or by deliberate regret.
No soldier wants to be a hero
No soldier ever wants to die,
No soldier wants to leave a widow
No soldier wants a flag at half-mast in the sky.

When a soldier's life is coming to an end,
As he reminisces back with tears in his eyes,
War and combat in his soul might heal and then mend
But, he will always think back at a soldier's only prize.
He will always remember the sadness and the cost;
At what was won, and then what sadly was lost.
Soldiers just want to go home
Soldiers just want to defend and protect,
Soldiers wish to be remembered and not left unknown
Soldiers they want to forget and not to reflect.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Soldier's Transformation

On tombs names were carved
Where man first had starved,
Man searched for food to be fed
But, he couldn't find any so soon he was dead.
A soldier arrived with a shield and a sword
Victory and a medal was his reward,
He was accomplished only at his killing
To take another's life he was always willing.
He looked about himself for someone to battle
But, all that he found was acreage and cattle,
Life and not death was there to be found
Death was the master to which he was bound.
Now he was the soldier without a war
Then his stomach it began to roar,
He was the hero to all in his nation
But, he knew soon that he would die from starvation.
He murdered and he killed and took so many lives
He orphaned children, and widowed wives,
On the tip of his sword there once dripped blood
Now, he only wants to walk into the mud.
Into this ground his soul he would now bury
This was his Eden and to it he would be merry,
Murder and death would no longer be his master
On the tomb he would cover up his name with plaster.
He then dropped his sword and his shield
As he walked hungrily into the field,
Then he chose a hoe as his new armor
The soldier survived by becoming the farmer.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Thousand Shards

I had loved at one time once before
But that time was so very long ago
It has now become just a dream to me
Once there was love, now I do not know.
There was once a life we had together
It was etched upon a piece of stained glass
One day though while I was admiring it
It was tossed to the ground and it was smashed.
A thousand shards of broken glass
A puzzle the etched glass it then became
Memories and hopes and dreams now were broken
Now every piece is lost without a name.
So I searched for all of the broken pieces
That were scattered upon the ground
I picked up each shard as I tried to remember
But they were lost and not every piece could be found.
So I left behind the drops of my own blood
Each broken shard had cut me quick and deep
As I searched the ground for lost memories and dreams
Without them; how could I sleep.
I found all the pieces so I gathered them up
I hoped to place them back together again, someday
But I got tired of the wait and all of the work
Now she was gone, and not one word did she say.
Alone I tried to paste the shards all back together
But now I forgot where the pieces belonged
So I grabbed what was left and I placed them in a bag
Hoping that someone could repair what was wronged.
In my bag the shards are still there to this day
I haven't given up trying to piece them back together again
Once in awhile though I will pull one memory out of my bag
As I try to remember a what, or who, or even a when.
Shimmers of memories that once were held
An etched stained glass that once was hanging from a wall
Memories of life and love forever and together
But then the etched stained glass it was allowed to fall.
A thousand shards I had gathered and protected
Finally I grabbed the largest one, then I slit my wrist
It contained the dreams and thoughts of us together

Without memories or dreams; why should I exist.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Walk In The Mist

Two strangers were engulfed inside a thick mist
Towards each other they had an attraction that they could not resist,
They could not see each other's face, so they just held each other's hand
While not knowing if the other one was a woman or a man.

They talked about truth and their life and the worlds reality
They didn't talk about prejudice or bigotry or politics or their own sexuality,
Together they just walked without knowing the shape of each other's face
They held each other's hand tightly, also not knowing of the others race.

They held each other's hand so they wouldn't get lost
They just needed a companion in this darkness and the freezing frost,
To be alone was the worse feeling each one truly believed
They needed a friend and a protector to support and not to be deceived.

Into the mist they both became body-less souls
With desires and needs, and of course their own dreams and wants and goals,
They enjoyed their time and the moments that they spent there together
How they both then wished secretly that this mist would last forever.

Religion or faith wasn't mentioned perhaps because of the mist
Without knowing each other's face they didn't have to curse or make a fist,
But, they knew that sometime soon the mist would be lifted like a veil
Then maybe the truth about each other would begin to heat up and swell.

They finally walked their separate paths with a brand new found belief
The mist had taught them that it is easier to just turn over another leaf,
Maybe now if they hear about bigotry and religion and a needing to fight
They will remember their walk in the mist, with another without body or sight.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A War Raging On

There's a war raging on
Though I know not where
There are people fighting
Though they do not care
Soldiers are fighting
Mothers are crying
Fathers are preaching
For their sons are dying,
For there is a war killing
And no one really cares.

There's bullets shooting
As I see the guns loading
And there's planes flying
For I feel the bombs exploding,
I see war and I see blood
And death upon the sand
There's hunger and death
I still see in His hand,
For there's people killing
As I see the blood flowing.

There's soldiers marching
For I hear them coming
The killing is flowing
For I see the children running,
There are people being shot
Poets getting caught
Murderers being sought
Lessons again being taught,
For there is a war raging
As the soldiers are hunting.

There is a war coming
For I hear the horns blowing
There is more killing coming
For I see the hate growing,
Children are getting killed
Burying bombs in the fields

Land is being destroyed
Mountains are becoming hills,
For there is a war coming
For I see the hate showing.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Woman Is More

A woman is more than long legs, tits and an ass,
She has class.
She can become whatever that she wants to be,
We all agree.
A wife, a daughter, and a mother, she is so much more,
She can soar.
Then with her elegant looks and intellect, and her dressing,
She is a blessing.
A woman was created to be more than just man's mate,
She is his fate.
While most men are staring at her looks and her frame,
She has a brain.
A woman is more than any one man could comprehend,
She is a friend.
Now again to sound crass,
A woman is a lot more than just long legs, tits and an ass.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Woman Like You

Would you want your son to know a woman like you
With every step that she made you've already put another man through,
She smiles and she promises and your son just wants to believe
But, soon you know in sadness and heartbreak and tears, he will grieve,
And what she does or how she treats him, you had already knew.

Would you ever want your son to trust a woman like you
I mean you raised him and he sadly knew what you were always up to,
Could you stand there and hear of him being manipulated and mistreated
Even though you had done the same, when you had lied and cheated,
A mother knows the path that she wants her son to pursue.

Would you want your son to loan a dollar to a woman like you
Even though she swears that she'll pay him back, it just isn't true,
As you have also borrowed money from men many times before
And you never paid them back, even when you said you would, you swore,
Now another woman will deceive your son, while wearing a designer shoe.

Would you want your son to marry a woman just like you
Where she would take his heart and soul with a simple, "I Do",
She would fabricate stories and would steal as though it being accepted
And if she is being like you, then it most certainly would be expected,
And then that son of yours would undoubtedly never have a clue.

Would you want your son to ever meet another woman like you
A woman that who isn't honest, and from dishonest she grew,
Most sons one day want to bring home a bride just like their mom
You better hope and pray that your son doesn't allow that tradition to go on,
Wen you look into your mirror, you should always pray there isn't two.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Woman's Boobs

A man can't compete against a woman and that is a fact
Even if he has power and position, she has a rack,
He has wealth and good looks the man confidently admits
But, he can't compete against a woman, as she has tits.

Power and wealth are not the most powerful twosomes
Look at a woman and see that the power are in her bosoms,
Not every man will look upon the medals on a heroes chest
But, every man will always hungrily stare at a woman's breast.

This is a man's world they say, but I disagree with lust
It truly is a woman's world because she has a tempting bust,
A man's weakness is his penis since noticing his pubes
And a woman gains the power, when growing her boobs.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Woman's Curve

She pondered, "where is my curve",
That all men want to observe,
She then cursed as she stared into her mirror
That shape couldn't be found, so she sheds a tear.
She turned left and right and then all around
A shapely body in her mirror could not be found,
In her mirror all that she saw was just a stick
Who was thin, and tall and nowhere was thick.
So, she wondered where is that famous womanly form
To which she wished she could quickly transform,
The shape that her mother and her sister proudly display
That form that they have, puts her into dismay.
She has no cleavage for a man to observe
Nor the shapely butt a woman's "hors d'oeuvre",
She looked at her front and back, all she saw was flat
Her body wasn't that of a vase, but that of a baseball bat.
Sexy clothes of a woman she could not ever wear
She didn't even have the shape of a luscious pear,
For a woman's form she decided that she would not pine
On her body there was not a curve, only a straight line.
She then decided just to wear her husband's clothes
Now into her mirror in his wardrobe she will pose,
In her mirror she could not find the shape of an hourglass
All that she found was a flat breast, and a flat ass.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Woman's Hate

Women hate other women
As much as I would hate being in a lion's den,
They are vicious and they don't really care
To ruin another woman's reputation, or even pull out their hair,
When they pass another woman they will always smile
But, deep inside them all, there is a deceitfulness and also guile,
What else can any man say about that tenacious breed
But, don't be caught in their web, if you are... then get freed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A Woman's Lingerie

She will spend hours shopping for lingerie
At the stores or in the catalogs they're both okay,
For that temptation to wear, for her lover to stare
Excitedly to receive that lustful hurray.
She wears it seductively underneath her shirt
And it is also hidden by her short skirt,
What she has wore, she hopes her lover to adore
Now she has the power to tease and flirt.
She will appealingly walk over to he
Then bewitchingly bends over so her cleavage for him to see,
It took her hours to prepare, so better beware
Power dressed in the lingerie, is she.
She will never hear any complaints or scoff
Or any dissatisfaction under any lover's cough,
Sexy are her undies, are better than Sundays
And the quicker that her lingerie will be taken off.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

A.D.D

She told me that she had A.D.D
I asked her what was one plus two, she said: "three";
I was so impressed that I asked her again
What was seven plus three, and she said: "ten";
I asked her more additions and she got them all correct
She was very intelligent by what I could detect
Then as I tried to talk to her more, but she got distracted
I then tried to get her attention then she overreacted
She then told me something that threw me for a shock
Her having A.D.D, wasn't what I had thought
She could add quickly and correctly which was true
But paying attention to others she could not do
She was easily distracted from the projects she was on
And also forgetful from the tasks she's undergone
She said she is sometimes forgetful from day to day
Then she looked at me and asked; "what did I say? ";
I asked her some more questions and she never listened
So I spoke directly to her, and her eyes they glistened
She spoke to me, then she called me someone else's name
"And I don't like to follow instructions! "; to me she did exclaim
"I won't finish my work or duties or chores and I never will";
"Only thing that helps me, if and when I take a small pill";
"I will avoid the things that will take a lot of mental strain";
"As this is who I am, and my thoughts and my brain";
Then I asked her what was one plus one and she said: "two";
She then looked at me and walked away, and said: "adieu.";

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Abigail

Abigail, dear sweet Abigail
How I wish our love it did not fail
Wished we had walked the very same trail
I wished that our love, did prevail.

Abigail, dear sweet Abigail
How I wished there was no farewell
Now I alone will remember our sad, sad tale
Love should have won, but it did fail.

Abigail, dear sweet Abigail
Our life was free and not for sale
Now my soul is lost and my heart is in jail
Into my coffin lid, I feel another nail.

Abigail, dear sweet Abigail
I remember your lifeless face of pale
Then your beauty was covered with a veil
You went to heaven, my life became hell.

Abigail, dear sweet Abigail
Upon a ship I will and must sail
To the ocean alone with the albatross and the whale
In solitude and depression, I alone will yell.

Abigail, dear sweet Abigail
A strong woman and a beautiful female
You devastated and inspired this one male
Abigail, my dear sweet Abigail.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Achieved

I washed my hands my job is done
I've worked alone and my journal has been completed
My task has been reached with help from no one
Another project I attacked, and it has been defeated.

I have so happily and boldly both achieved
The reward that I have drastically sought
Though the same idea other people have perceived
But the work and sweat is what I have brought.

I now check off another item off my to-do list
My workload now has greatly diminished
Now as I scan over the items no other projects do exist
I can finally sit and relax, as my work is finished.

I happily look out upon all of my accomplishments
With heavy breathing and beads of sweat falling off my face
Only the wind returns a breeze with its acknowledgements
Life and work I give them both a great embrace.

I sit and I relax and so I contemplate
As I draw up some new plans on my chart
Now I am in a hurry and I am anxious and I can't wait
Tomorrow, GOD willing, my new jobs will start

Randy McClave

Adam And Steve

They say that God created Adam and Eve
But, he did not create Adam and Steve,
I do not know who he created, as I was not there
And who or why he created, I do not really care;
But, to create he did, and that I truly believe.

GOD created the devil, and he created sin
Though not mentioned, GOD created other races of men,
He created the handicapped and those with a disease
So, why could he not have created Adam and Steve;
According to the Bible and ancestry, aren't we all kin.

Creation was a thought then an idea was to conceive
Then the universe was created and man was to achieve,
Remember this GOD knows us each one and all
Whether we are Adam and Eve, or Steve or Paul;
It is always better to love than to judge and to grieve.

GOD created love and all of its emotions
Man then created hate, jealousy and also devotions,
Some people don't want to lie or to deceive
They say that GOD didn't create them, Adam and Steve;
I wonder where man receives his bias notions.

Did GOD only created Adam and Eve
He created our freedom and the air to which we breathe,
GOD knows us by our soul and not by our gender
To him we must be honest and not a pretender;
Whether we are Adam and Eve or Adam and Steve.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Adam's Apple

I tasted the apple and its taste was sweet
But I did not like the knowledge it gave unto me
So, I tossed it half eaten down unto my feet
It gave me truth and facts, but with it I did disagree,
I liked it much better being happy and unknowing
When I had no knowledge or worries at all
Now in my mind my thoughts and ideas are growing
That is why from my hand, the apple did fall,
The world was new and everything was a miracle
Wonders and not questions was wherever I looked
Men now are mocking and are so very satirical
The Devil added the bait and then man was hooked,
All had changed from that one bite of that apple
Now everyone is smart and also so very rude
With the Devil and knowledge man must now grapple
I liked it much better, when I was ignorant and nude.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Admiration

I had admired her once from afar
Like a butterfly kept inside a jar,
I saw that beauty in just a glance
But I wasn't looking for love; just romance,
She was that beautiful woman that day I saw
But seeing myself, I am nothing, but short and bald,
I had nothing to contribute or to volunteer
My life my belief and my living was all unclear,
But my heart it raced and my blood was on fire
She then became my fantasy and my desire,
Sadly to me she was another man's wife
I then had to lie, cheat and steal to get her in my life,
According to GOD she wasn't mine to have or own
But that law and belief, happily to her it was unknown,
Then I found out that she was just like me
She also lied and cheated, and used people constantly,
I found the beauty of hers was all on the outside
While her sin and evil conveniently she did hide,
The two of us we then became a perfect pair
We knew what we did was wrong, but we did not care,
I look back now at what we both have destroyed
While sinning and hurting those times we both enjoyed,
Once I admired her as a butterfly in a glass container
Now I wished that her beauty was much plainer,
We both lost our souls and our salvation
When she became my sin, and my admiration.

Randy McClave

Adulthood

I was tired of youth and being one of the boys
I wanted to hurry up and be one of the men
Finally I became an adult, so I threw away my toys
Truly now I wish, that I was a boy once again.

Randy McClave

Affection

I would give you a kiss for all of your tears;
I would give you a hug for all of your fears;
I would hold you tight, everyday and every night;
Then someday, all of your pain and sadness will disappear.
So I say unto you till then please don't you worry or cry;
Upon my love and support, you can always rely;
Remember, I will always be there, like a kiss or a prayer;
And my love will outlive all, even when I die.

Randy McClave

Afraid To Sleep

When you are old and afraid to sleep
And you can't find solace even by counting sheep,
Your eyes are tired and gray and your torment is deep
But, do not worry and do not weep;

Remember of a love that gave you your youth
Think of it with kindness and remember it as truth,
Sending flowers and being faithful at one time was very couth
But, now those days you need to sleuth;

Now at night do you no longer say your prayers
Are you afraid of not waking up, or going downstairs,
Is your life and your soul destroyed beyond repairs
Maybe you are not afraid of dreams, but only of nightmares;

How many times have you angrily supposed
Now that you think, do you wish you had dozed,
Maybe it wasn't love, but falsity that you had proposed
Should you be awake, or maybe your eyes should be closed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

After Death

Should we not believe, there is life after death
Instead of realizing it when we take our last breath,
Knowing that by our past deeds we will all be judged
And in the book of life our names will not be smudged;
What we have said or done will be read quite clearly
And by our deeds and our actions we will pay quite dearly,
So, should we just take our hereafter as a surprise
As we would wait for the end of a race for a trophy or prize.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

After Death (Final Reward)

When this life of mine is over
And then I will go to my eternal rest
What about my accomplishments here on earth
Will they all be remembered, and will I feel blessed.
And what about the money that I had saved and I hid
And the property and material objects that I owned
Will they all be left behind or will they all be given away
And my high status here on earth, will I be dethroned.
Maybe the money that I had it won't mean anything
And the women that I knew they will also be in the past
But, the suffering and sadness of the poor that I had ignored
I wonder? if that will be on my resume and would it last.
Should I be scared if I happen to meet any of the poor and the hungry
But now as I think? they will now be happy as they will be fed
I wonder if they will remember that I had scoffed them all
Maybe now though, they all will be satisfied since they are dead.
I wonder what clothes in Heaven that I will have to wear
Or will I have to wear what everyone else is wearing
And will we all be the same color there, can I discriminate
But, of course these are just thoughts of mine that I am airing.
Up in heaven will they give me any control or power
As I had achieved that while I lived here upon this earth
I controlled many men's lives and also their destinies
If only in Heaven they would allow my lifestyle and my net-worth.
I wonder if now, if I started giving money to some churches
Maybe then in heaven I would be allowed to become a landlord
If so, I wonder what gift of money or property I would be presented
When I go to heaven, for my final and ultimate reward.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Aftermath

'The Tree Still Stands! '
Exclaimed the boy clasping his hands
To his Father who was walking the rear,
And to his Grandfather who was nowhere near.
For happy was He.
For standing there so straight and tall
Was the tree whose limbs He crawled
And the branches from which He played,
And the root where His head once laid.
And the many leaves.

Now the Father whom hearing His Son
Came to his side in a moment run
Then He stopped; for the tree He saw
Then the Father just stood in awe,
And uttered; 'my old friend'.
For standing there was His friend
From which before His youth was spent
By climbing and playing games,
And hiding under, from the cold and rain.
And the wind.

Then the Grandfather came strolling up
And He paused, in a moment hush
To reflect to a different year
When He was a Child, and He cried a tear.
And He clasped His hands.
For he was then again a Child
And then again He cried and smiled,
For He remembered His Father and He,
And how together they planted a tree.
And it still stands.
'Thank GOD the tree still stands! '
Cried the Grandfather clasping His hands.

Randy L. McClave

Again, All Alone

Only in a city of millions
Inside a continent of billions,
With breaths and heartbeats in the trillions
It is where that I have flown.
I see couples everywhere from dusk to dawn
At me passing they just look on
With me and my passport I am just one
But, I am unknown.

In my small town of thousands
With a nearby city of ten thousands,
Inside the county of hundred thousands
It is where to my life I atone.
Wherever that I go I see twos
Boyfriends and Husbands that their partners did choose,
Newlyweds picking out their shoes
Here I stand, again and all alone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Alcohol

Drinking never made me a happier person
Nor did it allow me to enjoy my life more
If anything it caused my attitude to worsen
Then in the end I ended up face down on the floor.

It caused me to argue and also to fight
It made me believe that I am someone that I'm not
The drink made me obnoxious and never polite
All from this drink that I had happily bought.

I have done things that I am ashamed to admit
I have spent money that I should have saved
To that addictive drink I did happily submit
To that drink I am hopelessly and forever enslaved.

I've waken in the morning with terrible headaches
From the drinking for my relaxation and fun
I know from that drunken state I made many mistakes
And remembering any of them now, I know none.

It doesn't make me smarter and of course no wiser
I know one day it will be my destruction and downfall
It made me a bully a cheat and a womanizer
All from the drink I love, alcohol.

Randy McClave

All Alone

I would rather be all alone
Like the moon in a starless night,
Than to ever be with a vengeful woman again
Who is also full of hatefulness and spite.

I would rather be that falling star
That God has expelled from the sky,
Than to ever be with an evil woman anymore
Just for wants, and a reason to satisfy.

I would rather be like the night
Where I am not seen, but rather heard,
Than to be with a soulless, bitter woman
Life is too short, but not absurd.

I would rather become ashes in an urn
Where alone I would sit out an eternity,
Than to ever again be hurt by a woman
I don't need those thoughts or memories or pity.

I would rather be an abandoned cloud
That is fading away to nothing,
Than to be unhappy with any woman
So, unto hopes I would not have to cling.

I would just rather be lonely
Than to ever go through that pain again,
That a woman commits with pleasure and assertiveness
I would rather live in loneliness, than in sin.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

All Dogs Go To Heaven

All dogs will go to heaven
At least that is what they all say,
Even if though they don't go to church
Or know the words to pray.

They are our protector and defender
They are truly man's best friend,
And all that they ask for in return is companionship;
Until their life's end.

They will stand beside their master
Whether it is be a man, woman or child,
And they will never runaway, but will run with them
Knowing them, we all have smiled.

They don't care about our money
They will always be our guide,
And in our times of our sadness and worry
They will not ever leave our side.

When it's my time to go to heaven
I hope that in my pocket they will place a leash,
So, again I can take my dog for a walk
Then again I can find my happiness, and peace.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

All Lives Matter

Before anymore vengeance or blood splatter
Let me just say this, "all lives matter",
We all were created out of the very same mold
But, then we were colored with different dye, as I have been told,
If you would look into each of our souls from deep within
We all are the same, we just have a different colored skin,
Don't stereotype anyone because you think that you can
We all were created either to become a woman, or a man,
No matter if you are black or white, or yellow or red
God, sees us all the same while living and when we are dead,
We must see each other individually by our own acts and deeds
And not by rumors and stories where bigotry always leads,
If we bleed, is not all of our blood colored the same
From Adam and Eve our forefathers is where we all came,
It is terrible to think that we will judge people only by their race
Instead of hating or killing each other, we should recognize each face,
The color of ones skin doesn't formulate whom we are
Black, white, yellow or red, doesn't make you a killer or a drug czar,
Many myths and rumors I hope someday we will all shatter
But, one thing we must all remember, "all lives matter".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

All That Heaven Allows

I want to look at her naked
As a mother would look at her newborn child,
Then I want to awe upon her beauty
But, she will not be defiled.

I want to then sketch her body
From the top of her head unto her toes,
My drawing will give her no justice
But, there will be no woes.

I want to watch her as she turns
Beauty is in her every inch and curve,
I will have her as my inspiration
With pride, her I will observe.

I think of her as a masterpiece
My soul and body she does arouse,
But, that secret is mine alone to keep
That's all that heaven allows.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Alone

I am alone;
But, that is not a secret told;
Or a secret known;
And it's not an item sold.
It is a feeling that we have;
And a thought that we own;
It cannot be cured with a salve;
And it cannot be shown.
So, I am alone.

Randy McClave

Alpenglow

Up before sunrise I saw the alpenglow,
Upon the summits of the mountains
A long, long time ago.

The rising sun was at the mountains,
Which I stared from far away
It reminded me of colored fountains.

After sunrise I watched the falling snow,
The mountaintops were illuminated
And again I saw the alpenglow.

There were traces of the color of goldenrod,
The mountaintops were bathed
It was a terrestrial manifestation by God.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Already Cried

I will cry now for you; I think
Instead of crying any later
As of now I am happy and in the pink
And who knows how I will feel later,
So when I am finished sobbing
Let us both go out for a drink
By then my heart won't be throbbing
And once again, I will be in the pink,
Let's get all this sadness over with
While I cry until I can't cry anymore
I don't care for the truth or a myth
So, I will cry until my eyes are sore,
We both will then be so very happy
Our feelings we won't be able to hide
Neither one of us will feel sad or crappy
Because earlier, I had already cried.

Randy McClave

Already In Hell

Though here and now they lie and cheat
Just as easily as some people will greet,
They don't care who they use or who they hurt
They probably think it's their just desert.

They are always scheming another plan
Maybe to lie to a different woman or man,
They do their treachery without any regret or force
They hurt others without sadness or remorse.

Sometimes I wish that I had a weapon in hand
Then against their acts and ways I would make a stand,
With the stroke of fate I could make them fail;
But, why end their suffering, they are already in hell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Always My Bonnie Lass

My bonnie lass, your in my past
Wondering were you are now
You were my thoughts, but them I lost
As from my memories they have been plowed.
I think of you, when I am in the mood
To bring a smile upon my face
And your also there, in my prayer
Praying those memories would be replaced.
I think of us, and what once was
With a happiness in my soul and heart
And the things we done, underneath the sun
While praying that never we would part.
I call your name, when I am in pain
But never do you answer that call
So I shed a tear, which you will not hear
If only you could see what I have saw.
I remember our vows, as though they are now
As that time for me it will never pass
When you close yours eyes, I will be there inside
As you will will always be my bonnie Lass.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Always On Sunday

I remember as a family going to church
And there we would always sing and pray,
There, salvation my family would search,
Always on a Sunday,

There was nothing ever to watch on TV
Except for religious shows telling us to obey,
I watched them while sitting on my father's knee,
Always, and every Sunday.

Mom would always cook our Sunday dinner
Outside we were not allowed to play,
We were taught to obey and not to be a sinner
This, and every Sunday.

The Sabbath was the time for our rest,
We worked every Monday through Saturday;
In serenity and peace we were taught to invest
As my family did, every Sunday.

The stores they were always closed
Even the gas stations and the local cafe,
It was a different time, then I supposed,
Now everything is opened, and different on Sunday.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Always With Me

Though she never packed her clothes
And boarded onto the plane,
But, she was still with me, in my brain.
When I flew over lakes and oceans
To make my destination complete,
She was there, in that empty seat.
Whenever we had air turbulence
On the plane during the flight,
She was there with me, holding me tight.
When unto countries I have embarked
To explore their exciting land,
She was there as well, holding my hand.
While visiting castles and Shrines and old cities
And while walking there in honor and pride,
She was there also, at my side.
I have walked upon many stoned streets
But, never in sadness, but with charm,
Because she is there always, holding my arm.
Though she doesn't have a passport
To fly across any land or sea,
But, wherever I go, she is always there with me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Am Damned

He slammed his gavel upon the table
To all men I swear they all I will label
If in a woman's eyes if I should see a tear
Only her story alone do I want to hear,
While a man is strong, but a woman is not able.

The judge screams the woman will always win
I must side with her and never for the men
As when I go home I have myself a wife
So, I must scream guilty, and prison and life,
The same verdict I will announce again and again.

If a woman cheats or steal it is the man's fault
When a woman says listen, a man should halt
If a man and woman should ever come to my court
I know it is because of the man there is some distort,
As a woman could never ever hurt or assault.

I am a man, so of course I am damned
As my life and ways are being slammed
The judge cares not for the truth, but for the female
She will always win, so she will always prevail,
Woman and not by GOD is the judge programmed.

The Judge will slam his gavel upon his pad
His face will be red because of course he is mad
Woman is innocent and in all men I will see guilt
What man has destroyed, it is up to him to have rebuilt,
All I care is to make my wife and all females glad.

A Judge will go home to his wife every day
To her he is very thankful and to her he will pray
I will always believe the woman as one is my other half
She is my strength and belief and also my staff,
"Guilty to all men" the judge will preach and will always say.

Randy L. McClave

America - The Holy Empire

Overspending and a constant war,
Inflation widened the gap between the rich and the poor.
Fallen infrastructure and then military overspending,
Upon slaves and cheap labor they were depending.

Widespread corruption and incompetence and greed,
Politicians didn't care who they used or did bleed.
The country was controlled by lies and by a whip,
Citizens lost trust in their countries leadership.

I look at America as though I am a buyer,
Then I think of the fall of the holy Roman empire.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

America Great Again

'Let's make America great once again! '
Is what I have heard the people scream and shout,
I wondered though was it before or after they said, 'Amen'
But, I would say that with great suspicion and doubt.

I have been told that America was great once before
But, when exactly could that era really be,
I only remember many Americans as the needy and the poor
And did anyone care for them, nobody.

Was America great before we stole this land away
Or maybe it was after we bought and sold slaves,
Maybe it was between those many wars that we had every day
Maybe, that Great America is lying in one of those million graves.

I wished sometimes that I had myself a watch
And a history book so that I could look back into time,
I wonder when they shout, 'Let's Make America Great Again' a botch
As all I remember is seeing and hearing of hatred and crime.

Was America great before the great depression
Was it great after the assassins bullets rang out loud,
Those are some of the many thoughts that I still question
For a country to be great, what should be allowed.

Maybe America is a great country just for the rich
Or maybe it is great if we didn't have to pay any taxes,
I wished from corruption and sin we could escape with the flip of a switch
Maybe then many Americans wouldn't carry guns, knives and axes.

When was the time that America didn't have bigotry and racism
When was the time that the poor and the needy we didn't shame,
Maybe that is only preached and written down just for tourism
Then always someone else can get the blame.

When were women in America treated as man's equivalent
When was the last time Americans didn't revolt or demonstrate,
I wonder when us Americans have been truthful and not` ambivalent
Maybe only then, America would have been known as great.

Maybe America is great country just for the politicians
And why wouldn't it be, most of them are bribed and bought,
Becoming millionaires and to help their benefactors is their true missions
Someday in hell though, they all will rot.

'Let's make America great again! ', I heard the politician scream
But, first we must kill and rob and then deport,
Others nightmares will become our own joyous dream
Then in the end, the greatness of America, will be in God's court.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

American Flag

I am an American, I shout
When the flag marches on by,
I am American, and I am proud
As Her glory comes to my eyes.
The flag that which I live for
Is by which the same I would die
I am proud and free, I'm an American.
And forever I pray she flies.
And on the streets of America
Upon the streets of our World
I always walk in such pride and vigor,
Whenever our flag is unfurled.

I am an American, that is me
I'll proclaim that throughout my life,
And I'll live the way by which she flies
Until the day, that which I die.
Inside the books of history,
And upon the winds of time,
There lives the American story,
And the flag, that could never die.
And when I have no more breath to breathe
When the Worlds fighting all is through
I will have lived and died an American
And my flag, She would have proudly flew.

I am an American and that is how I live
And that is the way I write and what I believe
Though Many will not agree with what I do or say
But liberty has gave me the right to be me.
I have gave my thoughts and soul for this land
Though proudly I known freedom through sight,
And I would shed my blood, if needed be,
And if needed, I would gladly give my life.
When I have no more breath to breathe
And when the worlds fighting is through
I will have lived and died an American
And my flag, She would have proudly flew.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

American Pride

I am proud to be an American
I am proud of our flag which flies,
And when I feel life, freedom and see hope,
I realize sacrifice is not greater than the prize.

I choose the way I need to live
And I write and say what I believe,
Though many will not agree with what I do or say,
But Liberty, gave me the right to be me.

I have gave my soul and thoughts for this land
As proudly I know freedom through sight,
And I will shed my blood, if needed me,
And if needed I would gladly, give my life.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Americans, We Are

Americans, we all are
From nearby or from afar
We represent every stripe and star
We all are proud.

From different countries we all proclaim
We seek our own fortune and fame
To this country we all laid claim
We all have plowed.

We all are different religions
We all have different visions
Plus our own beliefs and divisions
We are a crowd.

The world always takes heed
We believe all men should be freed
It is in the blood that we bleed
We all are loud.

To protect and defend we will fight
Our constitution we will recite
Together, we are a might
We all have vowed.

A private club, we are not
For justice and freedom we have fought
We are patriots as we are taught
Admittance in, all are allowed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

America's Immigrants

One color or belief America is not
America indeed is a melting pot,
We all have come from a different land
With different beliefs, and so we stand.

We have fought in wars for our country to protect
We have all become our countries architect,
To build and to create we all are known
We worship no Monarch upon a golden throne.

We are a country of great pioneers
Newcomers to this great land who dreams and steers,
Without immigrants we would indeed fail or fall
We need no trenches, or fences or a wall.

Lady Liberty examines us all through a microscope
She looks for our dreams, and our faith and hope,
For her judgment I will not need to wait
Immigrants, have made America great.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Amish Women

She wears her dress below her knees
So, that she will not be seen as a tease,
She wears her bonnet to cover her head
So, that she doesn't bring God any dread,
She cooks and she cleans and she sews as well
But, she can't hold an outside job or she will go to hell,
To her husbands wants and needs she must always submit
And to all of his beliefs, she must also commit,
She maintains the garden and her families general welfare
Even in her sickness and sadness, and also despair,
Her husband will always reign at the head of their table
To have more or any freedom she is not allowed or able,
She is also required to have multiple children for the farm
Now when it comes to chores, there is another arm,
Her life and her living it has already been written
With only one love is she ever permitted to be smitten,
I wonder though if she was allowed to make just one wish
And if so, would it be that she wasn't born Amish.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

An Irish Lass

Indeed you are an Irish lass
Who wears the tartan, green as the grass,
Over the rainbow you may pass
Unto sweet Ireland which is your class.

Drink your whiskey from a glass
Then get drunk and become very crass,
Insult or compliment someone's ass
Then after your coffee, drink some chasse.

Indeed you are an Irish Lass
As sure as I attend the Lord's mass,
The blood in you which created your sass
Is the very same blood which gives you brass.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Ann

She and I met so very long ago
When times were different and very slow
She had caught my heart which I won't deny
Oh how I do wish, I had let her inside.
I remember her smile as the noon day sun
When her life was beginning and mine had begun
Together we were one but that was my thought
As that arrow from cupid she had never caught.
Would I had fought for her love I know that I would
Would I had lived for her now I wish that I could
She says that I shouldn't but I say that I can
Oh how I need and want, my precious Ann.

In my mind I reach with a quivering hand
Though to her and then to all to make my stand
But then came reality and she was not there
So I close my mind sadly, to GOD I said a prayer.
I turn back the pages of the loves of my life
I see girlfriends and lovers and even a wife
But one of those pages was intentionally left blank
Was it from a love whose emotions I had not drank.
I now reach out to hold her from my abyss
But will she step away from my hands and my lips
Again I will reach for that woman, as I to be her man
Oh how I need and want, my precious Ann.

Randy McClave

Another Birthday

Another blown candle ends another year,
Which brings friends and family happiness and also a cheer,
Reminiscing and celebrations, with memories and congratulations;
With grins and smiles, but it still brings a single tear;
It is your birthday and you aged another year.

Happy birthday they announce to you as they all shout
But, do you want to celebrate it? That I highly doubt,
It has been another year of aches and pain, and losses and gain,
You would rather be alone just to forget and pout;
You wished they'd forgot your birthday, or just had left you out.

The child excitedly waits for their birthday to arrive,
But, you don't care for birthdays at all, all you want is to survive,
You know it's just another bell chime, listened by father time,
Some are excited to get older, you are just happy to be alive;
Birthdays will come, and cake and card makers will always thrive.

Birthdays you believe are meant only for the child
When they can run and shout and sing and also go wild,
Happy songs are always sung, it's truly just for the young,
When the child receives their presents, they all are beguiled;
Birthdays for me and other adults; I am just reviled.

Another year older is all that a birthday represents
With cake and ice-cream for children and games and plenty of presents,
A child impatiently waits to be an adult, I see that as youth's insult;
But, that is my own belief when I add my dollar and cents;
Birthdays in reality are just nature's and business's calculated events.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Another New Year

Another year had come,
And another year has gone;
As though speaking to a friend,
I just say, "So long".

Memories and friends were made,
While friends, and dreams did die,
I will remember them one and all;
As I just say, "Goodbye".

Another year is coming,
Like it had arrived long ago,
What is there for us we can't explain;
So, I will just say, "Hello".

Joy and laughter is behind us,
As is the sadness and a tear,
So, we all must look for tomorrow;
I just say, "Happy New Year".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Are The Poets Dead

Who would had led
If all the poets were dead,
When I heard the bell's chime
I did not hear a rhyme,
Someone needed to give power
Back to the love of the flower,
And to the sound of the wind
Does it start, why does it end,
Through suffering or delight
No one wanted to write,
No one wanted to show them
By reciting their own poem.

The leaves fell softly to the ground
Sadly, I did not hear a sound,
Where was that cunning creation
That could stir a soul even a nation,
For the nature of speech and song
Which everyone could recite along,
Where were those powerful words
That ran wild like animal herds,
Words to arouse the lost emotions
Beauty, that creates forever devotions,
I listened, and it was not heard
No one wrote, or recited a word.

I waited, and I waited to hear
For the sadness, wonder or tear,
Had all poets truly vacated
No words or poems were created,
Inspiration was still everywhere
And to it, we are its heir,
Then I walked into a saddened graveyard
Asking, where was the bard;
Mankind was born from a pen
Words gave him sin,
It is mankind's obligation and duty
To write, about his own beauty.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Arms Of Mine

They have always been here to hold you,
As they have and will till the end of time
And they will die to defend and protect you
They are; these arms of mine.
Though other Men arms are stronger
That have held you and protected you before,
But my arms, have always been there for you
As they have today, and will forever more.
When you have been in tears, you they held
When you needed help, they were there for you
When you were in trouble, your load they carried
Whatever you needed, for you they would do.
Though other arms have held you once before
Arms, that would give you a smile from a frown
Arms that were there, for your love and care
But mine would pick you up; when you are down.
Though they are flawed and not that strong
And they are here, for just one lifetime
Though others might laugh, when their eyes they past
But for you they're always here; These Arms Of Mine.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Around My Neck

You wear a crucifix around your neck
Is it in decoration or a sign of your true belief
As around my neck there lies nothing at all,
Because in my heart, lies the love that you can't see.

I proclaim my belief to no one but me
A desire stronger than your crucifix on a chain
And if I could wear that belief around my neck
I would proudly wear it, as my love I'd proclaim.

I wear my belief as if it lies around my neck
As proudly and strongly as any crucifix on a chain
And if it could be removed, forever it would stay
Then you would know that love would always remain.

Around my neck there lies nothing at all
In my heart there lies a need that cannot end
So while the World can see your crucifix on the chain,
Around my heart, there is that love ready to begin.

Around your neck lies a crucifix on a chain
Which can be removed anytime or at any day
It can be a decoration to adorn your looks,
Or it can be an idol so you can worship on or pray.

I look at my belief which hangs around my neck
Though it can be seen and held only by me,
And proudly I hold it, and forever I will keep it
Because it is the only belief, that can set me free.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Art And Man

Power was given to the paintbrush
Then it was used to create a portrait
Fire and energy was created with each thrush
Pain exploded upon the canvas from the soul and gut,
A rainbow melted inside the eye
Then to this creation all went blind
The mixture was tossed high up into the sky
Colors were mixed with the universe and mind,
Pigments merged and they all became one
As they freely flowed with form and life
Art and creation became a liaison
Heaven and Earth were created through this strife,
Creation was finished the work was done
Where one color ended another began
They melted and blended they unified under the sun
Man created art, as GOD had created man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

As I Lay

As I lay there dying
You are somewhere not crying
As you know not where I am.
I ask the Lord to forgive you
Then I ask him my soul to soothe
Finally his glory I do understand.
I think back when we had met
I was full of happiness and no regret
But that was so many years ago.
But then you forgot what I did for love
Not for him or her, but only for us
And the love in my heart that once did flow.

As I lay there bleeding
You are nowhere near not weeping
And how happy I am just for you.
I fought this battle now I'm all alone
Your sins now you must atone
As for me there is nothing else I can do.
I take a walk inside my mind
Once again to a different time
When I wore a smile on my face and heart.
Again your actions come to my brain
As I remember them all once again
How I wish from life I could quickly depart.

As I lay there all alone
Knowing everywhere you go you are known
From the lies and sin that you have done.
I close my eyes and take a deep breath
As though its my last, it I excitably accept
As I wish and hope to see another sun.
But I still see and think about you
As I worry myself with the evils you did do
As I lay there all alone just sighing.
I want to enjoy my last hours on this earth
Before they bury me in the cold, cold dirt
Now I end up with you in my mind denying.

As I lay there with my heart slowly beating
I feel my life from me is fleeting
Slowly I take in my very last breadth.
I think of not the future put the past
How I stood sturdy and steadfast
And how in life I had just one regret.

I close my eyes for the very last time
No more writing poetry or reading a rhyme
As I fall in forever sleep in my bed.
Another day it will come and go
And about me one thing you will never know
That somewhere, I now lay dead.

Randy McClave

As I Lie

As I lie
And snap my fingers,
Remembering a thought
That still lingers,
While tossing and turning
In my bed,
I feel like then
An un-restless dead,
Trying to sleep
Then trying to awake,
With streams of dreams
I hopefully try to break,
I then see a vision
I then hear a thought,
That not long ago
I had caught,
It is now filling me
With silly rhymes,
From a different moment
And also a different time,
Why do I lie
Why don't I cry,
Why don't I sleep
And then softly die,
But then as I stare
And I see a book,
The visions not here
As I take another look,
So on my back
I will then roll,
To look at my ceiling
And then my soul,
And as I lie
And then I snap my fingers
Now that thought with me,
It now no longer lingers.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

As I Was Told

As I was told,
When I was not to old
About wisdom in many thoughts.
Always to look both ways,
Never from home do I stray
And always, release what I have caught.
But then I got older
Once again much bolder
And my parents gave me more advice.
Never anyone do I judge
Try never to hold a grudge
And always forgive, at least twice.
Then when they talked about money
And though, I thought it was funny
But never loan it too family and or friends.
As if I do make that mistake
That worry alone I must take
So never do I borrow, or do I lend.
Now when it was my time to teach
All though my son said preach
The lessons that I was taught.
In this world that he does travel
I don't want his world to unravel
From the things that he seek or sought.
But then one lesson I did learn
From which I had been burned
One that kept me in emotional danger.
So to my son this I will say
Work hard and be righteous everyday
And for work, always hire a stranger.
So there are lessons to be learned
To keep you from being burnt
When you walk down life's bumpy road.
Some will be given by your mother
And some given from many others,
But learn them all, as I have been told.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

As Known By

I wasn't her first
Nor the last to quench her thirst
Not including the men in between,
And all that she showed
Was she had no loyalty or a soul
Not even to GOD, Country or Queen.
She has used and used
And also stole and abused
To get from anyone all she can,
She had cheated and robed
And hoped not to be caught
By any Child, Woman or Man.
Whenever you see her around
She is with someone new bound
Her and him and of course her girls,
She'll make up a new alibi
Reasons she left the last man and why
To You, and Me and the World.
She will tell her own made-up lies
As though to confuse and to hide
As what she had done to everyone else,
She thinks all persons are gullible
When she acts sweet and lovable
Including neighbors, friends and yourself.
She now bows her head low
As about her everyone now does know
Especially when she's with her own daughters,
As sadly the thought to her will occur
That her daughters will be just like her
Sadly known by her Sisters, Mother and Father.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

As She Slept

I looked at her as she slept
So peaceful she was upon our bed
So happy she looked that I nearly wept
But then I found out that she was dead.
I fell upon my knees as I began to weep
As I said goodbye to her, in her forever sleep.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

As She Walked (I Stared)

She told me to stop looking at her boobs,
I told her I would if she wouldn't wear such a revealing top,
Then my eyes they roamed in wander to look at her shapely ass
She then turned around and looked at me, as she commanded me to stop.
I told her that I always looked at the coupons in the newspaper
And when I see a billboard I always give it a quick glance,
Then when I saw her walking around with her free advertisements
I was looking at what she was displaying, and not looking for love or romance.
I then asked her why she was wearing such a revealing blouse
If she did not want me to look at or admire her ample breasts,
When you display your belongings everyone will want to look or ogle
So why I ask her, at myself or other onlookers all the anger and protests.
Why do some women wear very short skirts or tight jeans I asked
If they do not want men to look at their legs or gaze at their butts,
Do these women tease or are they trying to provoke some form of jealousy
The way some women dress and the way they act reminds me of sluts.
I never had a problem if a woman wanted to flaunt her body
As long as she is happy I don't care what clothes she does, or does not wear,
My problem is, if she thinks she is too good for me to view her
So please don't dress provocatively, and tell me, I cannot or must not stare.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

As The World Looks In

While the world still looks in and upon us
Now with both terror and disgrace,
With all the hatred of the many and the fuss
Revolution we seem now to embrace.
While some here might still sit and laugh
When they see people being kicked out of our land,
I will say this proudly and on my own behalf
Do you think that our founding fathers would understand.
Now the suffering is placed directly upon you
So, is their hardship and their fright,
Their deaths is placed on your soul too
As you had helped caused them all to take flight.
You laughed and you cheered when they got arrested
Then you celebrated when you turned them in,
You said that they were all hated and detested
So, tell me please, who committed that sin.
Look, we are encircled by a filthy window
Countries clean it just to have a better look inside,
And what is seen is a greedy, evil shadow
Where liberties and justice have been tossed to the side.
You proved that we are not living in a Christian country
The world now looks down shamefully upon all of us,
I laughed when you said that this is the country of the free
You caused Lady Liberty to turn her back, and cuss.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

As We Spoke

As I was listening, your lips they were glistening
I remember that day that we spoke
I smiled and I agreed, your words I did heed
As I took them seriously, and never as a joke,
All your words I did hear, about your life and career
I was anxious and excited from every word you said
So I waited for your words, as though listening to songbirds
As you spoke, I listened to your feelings instead.

I began to converse, sometimes in text or in verse
What was going through my thoughts and my brain
You just nodded your head, from the stories that I read
As though I was alone and I talked from pain,
With me you were bored, so my stories you ignored
I felt so sad that I almost began weeping
You just didn't care, if I was here or over there
But then when I looked at you, you now were sleeping.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Ashland

I remember the city of Ashland of old,
When I was a young boy and I was so very bold,
I rang the old bell in front of the old police station,
I did it for fun and pleasure, and not for a donation.
Now I read a sign, and that bell has been sold.

I walk through Ashland on the once busy street,
I see no one there for me to chat too or even greet,
All the patrons now go to visit and shop at the mall,
The buildings of Ashland are so tiny, once they were so tall.
All I see now is asphalt and miles of un-walked concrete.

The many business's of Ashland they are no longer there,
But, we still have the churches we still need a place for prayer,
The toy stores and the retail stores they are all gone,
The only types of stores that are opened, are liquor and the pawn.
I look and I look and I see them everywhere.

I walked to the corner in Ashland where Santa once stood,
I remembered smiling at him and telling him I have been good,
To my sadness that corner he doesn't visit it anymore,
I guess he has just moved into a warmer mall store.
Then and there, I have lost my own childhood.

I went to the city of Ashland with such excitement and joy,
As when I was young to window shop or maybe buy a toy,
Now all the windows are painted and the doors are all closed,
This is progress and the future, I have supposed.
I truly miss the city of Ashland I remembered when I was a boy.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Ashland Tomcat

I don't remember that much about high-school
Except that when I went I was just a fool,
I remember not caring and always cutting classes
While always having an eye for the pretty lasses,
Nor, do I recall many if any of my past classmates
Maybe I will chalk that up to my luck, or unto the fates,
I do though remember going to some of the school's ballgames
But, if I were asked to remember players, I wouldn't know their names,
I didn't go to any of the school dances or even to the prom
But, I do remember my name being called on the school's intercom,
I remember the day and year when from school that I graduated
I was free from homework and tests, I was happy and pleased and elated,
It also was the same day that all the girls at school sat and cried
It was as though as a loved one had just left or even had died,
The tears were brought unto them by the, "ends"
As they would be saying goodbye to new and long made friends,
Some graduates have become lawyers, nurses and teachers
While others have become soldiers, union workers, and preachers,
But, since then I have traveled across the world to many lands
I have met many different cultures and I have listened to many bands,
To remember those days of school I will have to always look
Pictures and memories can always be found in the school's yearbook;
But, in our yearbook my picture was never taken
I never wanted to be remembered, alas I wanted to be forsaken,
And still unto this very day,
I still remember the colors of maroon, white and gray;
As I still try to remember this, or try my best to recall that,
One thing that I will never forget, I once was an Ashland TomCat.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

At My Grave

At my grave please do not stare
I am no longer there,
From in the ground, my soul did flee
So, under the earth, there is no longer me.
I am now your memories and your thoughts
To be remembered at different times and spots,
I am now in the clouds and in a tree
And in that grave, there is no longer me.
My body is cold and it turned to ashes
Even my mustache and my eyelashes,
Remember this I am no longer in a plot
So, there look for me not.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

At The Graveyard

I was at the cemetery when my uncle and aunt were buried
A worker there gave me a wink and asked me if I was married,
I told her that I was single and that I haven't interred any wives
So, I live in peace and harmony, and I respect all lives.
My cousins were there of course for the burial of their parents
They were obnoxious, and for revenge they were all declarants,
They were accusing non-present siblings as liars and thieves
I began thinking about picking up a dozen or so wreaths.
I listened and I watched as my cousins fought over possessions
Then I watched their bickering, and I heard their lewd confessions,
When I die I don't want any fussing or fighting with anyone related
I want my house with all my possessions all with me cremated.
My cousins talked terribly about their siblings, so I gave a shrug
The worker at the cemetery shook her head and then gave me a hug,
She then looked at me and said, "why not I be more than your
friend";
"Instead of leaving an inheritance, your money you and I could
spend."

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

At The Park

I sit inside the park, on a bench, so my thoughts I can ponder
About why I am here and also out yonder,
I see the squirrels and the birds and the many caretakers
As they thrive and survive and cleanup God's acres.
I watch the people as they walk and as they enjoy their day
They look at the flowers and the trees, I wish I could hear what they say,
Maybe they are just giving thanks to God and also unto the outdoors
What that we have now to enjoy, once was only yours.
A small breeze arrives I now watch the dancing of the leaves
The grass is now bowing to the wind, at least that is what my eyes perceives,
I see the colors of nature that would surpass the crayons in any box
The clouds and the park now give me many creative blocks.
I look towards the pond to watch the dancing water in the fountains
In the backdrop, I can also see the many beautiful mountains,
Then that quietness and serenity ends with a loud exclaim
From the crack of a bat, from a nearby Baseball game.
Inspiration it now surrounds me as I sit alone, on a bench, inside the park
Many of my own questions are answered, in the daylight and not in the dark,
My soul is now joyful through beauty, and entertainment, and delight
I now take out my pencil and paper; I then begin to write.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Atheist

An atheist died and he went to hell
He saw the devil and where he did dwell
The atheist screamed "you are just a child's tale"
The Devil smiled back and uttered, "well, well well".

The atheist didn't believe that hell ever existed
Even though preachers preaching it had persisted
The belief from family and friends had also insisted
But to believe in heaven and hell, the atheist resisted.

"For myself" spoke the Atheist, "GOD was never there"
Only fools listen and only fools need to say a prayer
To believe in Heaven and Hell, I do not, I do swear
"And to sin or not to sin", the atheist said "I do not care".

I don't believe in either the atheist said
Because when a person is dead, they are dead
We drink no more drinks and we eat no more bread
We will no longer exist, the atheist pled.

The devil looked at the atheist who tried to leave
He took his arm and he smiled as he did deceive
This thought was all mine, which only I could conceive
To believe in hell the devil spoke, I didn't want you to believe.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Auld Lang Syne

To the days of auld Lang syne
To that time so long ago,
When with friends I drank and did dine
But, now their names I do not know.

Many of those friends I have forgot
As they have become a part of a different tree,
Maybe one day though I will have a thought
Then we all can sit down for a cup of tea.

The past looks better than what it was
It now brings joy because it's no longer here,
Does memories help, sometimes I think it does
But, only if the past will disappear.

Kissing and drinking I remember that well
And also the summers and the sunshine,
But, just to recall one day I could not foretell
In those days of auld Lang syne.

Sometimes though it is just best to forget
As the past can also bring forth tears and sorrow,
Now unto those memories I will never commit,
As there will also be a tomorrow.

To the days that have already past
As though God had a greater design,
But, nothing good is destined to forever last
That is why we have those days of auld Lang syne.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves, in the trees
Falling to the ground
Colors of many, in the breeze
Of red and orange and brown.
Rainbow parks in the dark
Moonlight shimmers down
On the leaves, from the trees
Falling to the ground.
Lovers walk, hear them talk
To where Children played
See the beauty, and feel the warmth
From where nature stayed.
Barren trees, forgotten leaves
Another year gone by
All alone from a breeze
As the lovers softly cry.
Autumn leaves from the trees
Lying, on the ground
See the beauty, feel the warmth
And hear, autumns sound.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Back In Time

Last night; I went back in time
To see my wife if we never had met
I saw my ways, and my upcoming days
And my soul, was full of regret.
She wasn't there, but was in my prayer
As I surveyed the new life that I lived
And I walked alone, in my empty home
As my love for her I couldn't give.
I looked for her, and she couldn't be found
Last night when I went back in time,
So I searched her world, left nothing unfurled
But for her, nothing about her could I find.
So without me she took another path
Because then we had never met
But I stayed on that road, until I died old
Because no other woman in my heart would I let.
Then I had my thought when I awoke from my dream
And my woman she couldn't be found
So I closed my eyes and I sat down to cry
As my world was flipped upside down.
I remember now that she had left me
To be in the arms of another man
She was my love my life, my woman my wife
Now she's holding another mans heart and hand.
Why she left me; GOD will only know
But the love I felt once will never be mine,
I did nothing wrong, just loved her to strong,
Now again I wish, to go back in time.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Back To Scotland

I am telling my family and all my friends,
It is time for me to return to Scotland,
Unto the highland hills, and the poetic skills,
It is indeed for me to go back to Scotland.

I miss the country and the land,
That I seem and need to call my second home,
I pull out my pencil, to relive my stress and tensile,
As I create and write down another poem.

The sun was warm and the wind it blew,
But, those things I don't remember or really miss,
I don't even recall, the whole trip overall,
But, then there was that one tender kiss.

I want to walk on the land once again,
As I again look and wait for my own inspiration,
There my soul is bound, and I hope too there I will be found,
It became my desire and my own salvation.

To my friends and family I need to say goodbye,
As I need and want to go back to Scotland,
But then it might be my soul, that gets to go,
But, soon I will be heading back to Scotland.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bacon

I love to hear you sizzle while I watch you fry
With your sweet aroma filling up the room
I close my eyes and my lips are dry
From the anticipation that to me does loom.
I wait and wait for you to be done
So, I can place you upon my dinner plate
And then your sweet flavor will be upon my tongue
It's a destiny and pleasure that I can hardly wait.
You're in my thoughts every second of everyday
When I wake up, and when I go to sleep at night
I think of different ways for you to be displayed
As you bring me happiness, joy and delight.
I love you with all of my heart and soul
But, so sadly to many you are forsaken
Without you in my life and diet I wouldn't be whole
How I love you and need you; my bacon.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Baptized In The Ohio River

I was baptized in the Ohio river
When I stood though, my feet got stuck in its soft mud
My soul to God they said they would now deliver
The last words that I spoke were, 'glub', 'glub'.

Now my soul it is finally joyous and free
But, my body is still stuck somewhere in that river silt,
Maybe it was the devil that was holding on to me
Did he want to keep me because of my sinning and my guilt.

My body is probably still stuck in that Ohio river sludge
Where my heart pounded its very last heartbeat,
I am now ready to meet God, and for him to judge
Now my soul is finally clean, but now I have dirty feet.

I was finally baptized in the Ohio river
Then I drowned when my feet got stuck in the river's muck,
Now, I truly thank God for being my salvation giver
Without him though I would still be alive, but sadly without any luck.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Barren Land

As I walked upon a barren land
I saw pain and destruction from man's hand
What once was alive, no longer did thrive
And what once had stood no longer did stand.
Everywhere that I looked, I saw only death
With no pain, or remorse, or even regret.

GOD must had surely forgotten this place
As all that I felt and saw was hate and waste
No birds were flying, and angels were crying
Faith and hope must of left here in a haste.
I looked and I thought, I tried to care
But I didn't, so I cursed, I did not say a prayer

I began to hear voices as I walked
They started out as whispers then they talked
Persons were nowhere, voices were everywhere
I was being asked to 'not forget' as I was stalked.
Forget what? I then thought to myself
Were the voices from heaven, or were they from hell.

I looked at my hands they were now covered with blood
The boots that I am wearing are now covered with mud
Then I tried to recall, any memories at all
Then they rush back to my mind like a ravenous flood.
I was a soldier, and I fought in a war that day
But I was dead, and I forgot, and to eternity I had lost my way.

Randy McClave

Be Not Proud

Oh death; be not proud,
Oh grave, be not shallow,
For out reaching your darkened hand;
And refusing a boy to become a man.
Oh grave; I feel your sting,
And death, I hear you sing,
From the lives that you take;
From the lives that we gave.

Oh grave, be not proud,
For taking the littlest child,
For refusing them to grow;
Unto the adults, they will never know.
Death, I have seen you once before,
And I didn't know what to do,
I heard your knock upon the door;
So like a coward, I hid from you.

Death, be not proud,
For arriving like a thief,
To break the heart, and shatter the soul;
To fill the soul with your grief.
Death be not proud,
Grave be not victorious,
Pain be not loud;
Sorrow, be not continuous.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Be Quite

I will not give any person the glory
When hearing sadness that was just told
Most likely it is a fairy tale and not a story
Trying to sell me that tale, it can't be sold.
So please place your fingers upon your lips
I want to hear the truth and not your quips.

I have heard lies many times before
And I know they will be spoken again and again
But this time I know what I am listening for
Now I will laugh at you, you're the comedienne.
Instead of speaking lies just don't say a word
As I don't trust you, and you are absurd

I have listened to you as you spoke
You have judged others, but not yourself
Now I take you as a hater and a joke
I guess you hide your past deeds upon a shelf.
So if you don't mind and for my delight
Place your fingers on your lips, and be quite.

They say the guilty will scream the loudest
While the decent people they will always blame first
Remember the innocent person is always the proudest
They are the blameless, and not the cursed.
Now whenever you speak, all I hear is lies and smut
So if you don't mind, just keep your mouth shut.

I will not listen to the excuses why you are upset
From the lies and sins that others have committed
Now instead of excuses show some grief and regret
Because in the book of life, your deeds have been admitted.
So before you meet GOD you had better have some proof
Or better yet, say not a word as GOD already knows the truth.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Be Strong

I cannot count the tears
Nor can I count the hate
Though I can only count
The men that hate did take.

I cannot curse the World
Nor can I curse the few
Though I wish I could only curse
The Men that hate did knew.

I wish there was no pain,
I wish there was no grave,
But I know that will never be,
For like the rain, it comes everyday.

We are Given life,
And we are given death,
We are then given the choice,
To make it the worst or best.

I cannot count the bullets
Nor can I count the hate,
Though I can only count,
The Graves, where dreams are laid.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Beautiful Woman

With her legs and breast she does impress
Then she emphasizes it all with a sexy dress,
She wears blush and then she highlights her lips
And then she strips.

I thought that she was memorizing when clothed
How could man towards any woman ever loathed,
Upon her like a playboy I then survey
And then I see her in her lingerie.

Every part of her body is a sheer masterpiece
Upon which a painter would have many feasts,
She then removes elegant rings from her lobes
And then she disrobes.

A million and one thoughts come unto my mind
But, not one word could I ever find,
Upon her alone my eyes they are glued
I see her true beauty in the nude.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Because Of You

If I don't ever trust again,
It will be because of you,
And if I stay angry more than I want,
That too, will be because of you.
If I don't hold onto hope or compassion,
That will, be because of you.
And if it seems that I am full of hate,
It will be because of you.
And also it is because of you,
That you cheat and that you lie.
And it is also because of yourself,
That you, or no one has faith in your life.
It is because of you,
That you have no loyalty or a soul.
And if you think it will be because of you,
That when you grow old, you will grow old alone.
And it is because of you,
There's a debt that I owe to GOD and Man.
But then it is because of myself.
That debt, I did not try to understand.
And it is because of you,
What you did and the life that you live.
But then it is because of myself,
That I don't forget, and then you I forgive.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Becoming A Man

The father told his son when he becomes a man
To always be the very best that he truly can,
Becoming a man pertains to wisdom and not of age
Don't enter it with simplicity and never with a gage,
In your life you can become either ruthless or very clever
Truth and honesty will always be your best endeavor,
I hope you my son will choose wisdom and be very kind
Then truly as a real man you assuredly will be defined,
When you help the needy and the poor, manhood you will learn
But, don't ever do it for glamour or expect praise in return,
The day will come when the deeds of your life will be read
Then all will know you as a man, from the road you have tread,
A man can give his soul to God and become a caring preacher
Or he can give his life to students and become a fine teacher,
He could use his hands to become a farmer or a technician
But, please my son, don't ever become a politician.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Becoming A Ronin

I have no wife or girlfriend to be my master,
I don't go to church, so I don't listen to any preacher or pastor,
Soon when I retire from my job I will then become masterless
Not listening or taking orders from others, I will be confused, I must confess;
Though I still will be a fighter and a provider, but now I will have no lord
I will live my life lastly to my own ways and my own accord,
I will finally do what I want as I explore my soul from the depths within;
Then when that day arrives; I will become a ronin.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bedroom Window

I wish only to hold you forever,
And never would I let you go,
That is why I keep my doors opened,
And also my bedroom window;
I am invisible to everyone,
I feel as though that I do not exist,
I wish from my window I could escape,
This loneliness and sadness I can't resist;
But, if only I could hold you forever,
Then in this world happily I would stay,
I would then close my doors and my window,
I would be happy to greet a brand new day.

If only our breaths were just one,
Then my doors and window would be closed,
I would need no place to escape to,
Happy dreams I would have as we dozed;
Your head would be lying upon my chest,
And my arm would be holding your body next to mine,
I would find the contentment for which I have searched,
Then from loneliness and sadness I would resign;
I leave my doors and my bedroom window opened,
And on my bed alone there I do lie,
If only I could hold your forever,
Then in this bed of mine I wouldn't be afraid to die.

If only I could lie next to you,
I know that all of my problems wouldn't disappear,
But I know that they would be easier for me to accept,
And I know I wouldn't have any more fear;
I leave my doors and my bedroom window opened,
So from my life and my reality I can escape,
I have no one here to care or to love me,
So for warmth around my body my covers I drape;
I just wish only to hold you,
And I would hold you forever until the end,
Then my life it would end in happiness,
And only you would know the last words that I penned.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Before All

Before the heavens were created
Before there was that one first thought,
Did GOD waited and then debated
To bring fourth what he had wrought.

Before GOD had created the sun and the earth
Before he created all creatures and then gave them life,
Long before he gave man the right to birth
Did God know of hate and worries and strife.

Before GOD created all the stars and the sky
Before he created the world below and the heavens above,
Did GOD know of laughter and then did he cry,
When GOD had first created love.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Before I Go To Bed

I want to kiss you before we go to bed at night
I want to then kiss you when we wake up in the morning
And between those kisses, I want wishes and dreams and delight
For our excitement and need there will be no pleading or warning

I want you to dress-up just in the way to please me
I want what you wear to make me happy excited and turned on
Give me that, and I promise I will never let you go or set you free
You will be my miracle, and my pleasures phenomenon.
Life is so short since once again we have met
I wish to GOD that we were together many, many years ago
Because of that I see that part of my life as a sad regret
Now I wish and I wait and I am excited for our tomorrow.

I want to kiss you passionately at night before we go the bed
I want to go to sleep with my eyes and my soul filled with a hunger
And in the morning I want you to be my breakfast on the bedspread
I want the lust that you created, to make our desires younger.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Being Alone

As I walk within my home
Room to room I walk alone
Like a nomad I do roam
And everywhere I go I am known.

I look through my books in my book shelf
Memories I do remember of Passions I felt
And once again there is no one else
As I search alone all by myself.

I sit solemnly upon my comfortable chair
I again look and no one is there
So outside my window I do stare
I wonder for myself if anyone does care.

Outside in my yard I go for a walk
And once again to myself I begin to talk
Then I have a revelation so I had to balk
Is my life but a canvas and I its chalk.

In my yard I pick up a stone
I think to myself what I have I own
And never do I whine or complain or moan
So why I think is it so bad being alone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Being An Apologist

She told me that she studied psychology,
And that she was a psychologist,
I told her that I studied religion and philosophy
As my belief I informed her, I am an apologist.
Inside us all I believe we have our own soul and temple,
And to me that is life, it is just that simple.

She said sometimes in reality we all must be a hypocrite
Especially when the shoe is on someone else's foot,
I told her in those times that the shoe just doesn't fit,
No matter in what part of your mind that is put.
Her forefathers might have been Wundt or Hippocrates,
But, mine of course he was Socrates.

My religion differs than what she was taught
I believe inside us all we are meant to be who we are,
Another belief of feeling we should never have sought
We are not none the same; by far.
She told me the difference between an apple and a tomato,
I told her to read, "The Allegory Of The Cave" by Plato.

All men and women are weak that is our animal urges
She wrote that down for me and I informed her that was libel,
She said from our brain impure needs and desires emerges
I told her to read the 10 commandments from the Bible.
She told me she was a psychologist she studied psychology,
I told her I was an apologist and I gave her my sincere apology.

Randy McClave

Being Counted

A foul stench arrived and was introduced to my nose
Brought to my attention by food not properly disposed
My eyes then watered and then I got ill
Fetid food had made me sick and green to the gill
Then it gave my stomach aches and gave me the woes
My blood pressure boiled and then my nausea rose.

Quickly I left the kitchen and headed for the bathroom
So there my sickness I could quickly resume
Into the toilet I hastily returned my lunch
Along with my breakfast, and also my brunch
My stomach was emptied from all food consumed
Then upon my face, clothes and body I quickly perfumed

Onto the street I quickly ran for some needed fresh air
I noticed the many people that were walking and talking out there
They were hustling and bustling and many were obscure
Even though they were worried and sad, and even unsure
Many of the people were liars and cheats, and they did not care
But they knew how to curse, but not how to say a prayer.

So now I figured it best to leave when the food is rotten
And I remember as well, some people are best when forgotten
When it is my turn I thought, how do I want to be counted
By the food that I saw spoiled, or by the people I have discounted
Until then I will hold my nose and in my ears I will place cotton
I will eat only what is cooked, and I will ignore the misbegotten.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Being Friends

Let us now be friends
Just don't call it love,
But, I will still pretend
The way that it once was,
I will still kiss you with love
And you will kiss me another way,
I'll just pretend how it once was
Long, long, time ago;
We will hug like we once did
Even though if it's in the mind
But, now it becomes a curse
Unto me and also to my time,
I still will remember to a tear
How we use to hold each others hand,
As we walked down the street as one
To the laughs only we'd understand.
But, now those days are all gone
They went silently with the wind,
Maybe one day they will all come back
And then maybe we will just be friends;
Let us now just be friends
Taking one day at a time
But, remember if we do it that way
We are making love a crime,
We are forgetting all the good
Retracing all the bad,
Not doing the things that we should
Not remembering, what we have had,
I remember all those tears
Not of fears, but only of joy,
I still remember all those dreams
And the happiness they had seen,
You can still be my friend
The way that it is right now,
But, I remember how it once was;
You will always be my love.

Randy L. McClave

Being One

Being single is the way you ought to be
That is, if you want to be totally free,
Spend your money you want, go where you want
And never hear, "I want, want, want"!
Never have any worries about staying up late
Or forgetting about any important date,
Always do what you want to do
Because you are one; and not two.
Eat the food that you want to eat
Meats or breads or any type of sweet,
Burp or belch no need for you to be quiet
Remember that you are one, you need not to diet.
No other people will you need to worry about
You can cry or curse or even shout,
Gamble or play poker with your friends whenever you can
And don't have to worry about a curfew or a ban,
No need to ever worry about someone else's dealings
And of course you need not to worry about others feelings,
Never have to worry about if someone is gone
As there are not two, you are just one.
Buy and wear the clothes that you want to wear
And if you like them who else needs to care,
Think twice before giving up the life of a bachelor
Where you are happy and independent and secure,
Only problems and worries you have are your own
All headaches and distractions are already known,
Watch the shows on your television that you want to watch
While drinking your beer and scratching your crotch,
No need ever to worry if you stay out all night
No need to make up excuses and no reason to fight,
Wake up late and go to bed past dawn
Do what you want, as you are free and one.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Being Rich

We were not meant to make ourselves wealthy;
We were meant instead to make our brothers and sisters rich,
With love and care, which is normal and healthy
Isn't that how life should be? Without a catch or a hitch.

No one person should ever live alone in a mansion;
Not one person should ever live better than anyone else,
We should all be equal, if we could only just imagine
Then we all would be happy, as we all shared life's wealth.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Being Ruled

I will not be ruled by any man
Who would tell me what not to do or what I can
To no-one will I get down upon my knees
Where my existence is for them only to please,
My being ruled is not in my life's plan.

I will not be governed whether in Heaven or Hell
Wherever I am sent, I will prevail
I will lead the life that I want to live
Which is mine to have and only mine to give,
As my conscience and my soul is not for sale.

I will not be forced to comply to any law
If so from that society I happily would withdraw
By any one person I will not be judged
Through the books of inequity I have trudged,
As I was created perfect without a flaw.

I will never be another man's servant or slave
Never will I carry that lie to my grave
I will not be told what to do or what to say
Even who to worship, or to whom to pray,
As soon enough will come my own judgement day.

I will not be controlled under any stipulation
Whether it be by law or man or even a relation
Leadership is mine to make and mine to lead
As I plant my rebellion and revolution from a seed,
And this will end, my final conversation.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Being Sick

In my bed I lay sick
I don't feel like yuck I feel like yick
I am nauseas and my head it is on fire
I feel like I am on my own funeral pyre,
Underneath my blankets I begin to shiver
I now feel pain in my stomach and I quiver
My body begins to ache and I also begin to cough
I wish there were a switch to turn these symptoms off,
Now I am off to the toilet once again
I nest on it as though if I were a hen
Now my business is through I am back to my bed
I now feel more pain in both my back and my head,
But then I think to myself maybe I have a disease
Then I vomit and I retch I have the dry heaves
Once again I run to the toilet towards my nest
Just to return the food that I did digest,
I sit and wait both in agony and pain
I cry and I shout out and to the world I complain
Now off to bed again hopefully for some sleep
While praying for peace and solitude for me to reap,
I now throw off the covers as I am becoming hot
Maybe I should had seen a doctor for a shot
But until then I will lay in my bed as I am quite ill
Hopefully I will get some medicine or take a magic pill,
I feel poorly I am under the weather I am ailing
As though my immunities died now my health it is failing
Another urge arrives and I must make it to the toilet quick
I hate the way that I am feeling, and I hate being sick.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Being Yourself

Be the way that you want to be
Not the way that others have chose
Be not your Mother, nor your Father,
Because in your body their blood does flow.
Be what you want if you so desire
If that's what's in your soul
Bring forth a wish or make a dream
And never be stopped by "No".
Laugh if you feel like laughing
Even though the world might frown
Laugh from your soul, even if there's woe
But laugh, because it is your sound.
Sing a song as loud as you need
Even though friends will turn their head
And do the things that you do seek
And never follow when you should of led.
Seek your pleasures before you seek others
Forget what other books have wrote
Worry for yourself, before anyone else
Then unto life you will proudly hold.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Beneath A Soldier's Grave

Beneath a soldiers grave I do lay
As I still wait for my judgment day,
And so do other soldiers who have died
Placed underground where many have cried;
And for our souls, many still pray.

We all were soldiers one and all
And for our country we all did fall,
Now we wait for our judgement, never would we hide.
Beneath a soldier's grave.

Our deaths are now a holiday
We died, democracy and freedom we would not betray,
On judgment's train we all did ride
Where honor and vigilance was our guide,
Now we wait to pass through heavens archway.
Beneath a soldier's grave.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Betrayed

As Jesus spoke to all that would hear
Maybe with a sadness and even with a tear,
He was disappointed, but he was not afraid
From one amongst him, he had been betrayed,
And then came the proverbial kiss upon his cheek
Christ then knew that his life was bleak,
As he was betrayed by the one that he trusted
Now as I read of that, I am mad and disgusted.

I looked upon my bed where my wife had laid
She is gone again, and I she had betrayed,
I think of all the promises and vows that she broke
While I was asleep, and even when I awoke,
She was unfaithful and untrue while she wore our ring
The one true object that I trusted more than anything,
I trusted her with my soul but her love was a charade
As she gave me a kiss, and then I was betrayed.

GOD said to be faithful to your spouse and yourself
As when you cheat, you are destroying someone else,
So as they nailed and crucified Jesus upon the cross
Where he would die slowly, and a friend would be lost,
In a tomb he was placed where he would be laid
And all this was because, by a friend he was betrayed,
I now think of myself and how I wast treated
My wife she betrayed me, as she too lied and cheated.

On my knees to GOD, I have prayed
I ask for forgiveness, for all that have been betrayed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bible Verse

I asked the child why did she curse
Her answer was, she knew not a Bible verse
She never went to church or knew how to say a prayer
So all that she knew, was how to curse and swear,
I was told that her mother had taught her well
But never taught her about heaven or even hell
And all that she knew is from what she had read
While listening to the words that her mother had said.

I asked the child why did she lie
Her response to me, it is better than to cry
As things got bad and then they turned worse
That's all that she knew, and she knew not a Bible verse,
Her mother had told her the things not to do
But then they differed from other's points of view
And all the child knew was from what she had seen
As she watched her mother, which was unforeseen.

I asked the child why did she steal
Taking from others for a terrible ordeal
She answered me, as she placed the goods in her purse
'It is the way that I am', and I know not of a Bible verse
Someday soon I will probably smoke and drink
Spoke the child to me as she began to think
But then am I not the girl that my mother did raise
And every day to my mother, I give her praise.

I asked the child why did she fight
She then said to me, it's better than being polite
Her mother's honor again she had to defend
And fighting is all that she could comprehend
So the child then wiped the pain off of her face
As she slowly walked away in sadness and disgrace
The last thing she said to me as we did converse
She said, I truly wish that I knew a Bible verse.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bills And Die

Were we born to just pay bills and then die
Then to worry about credit scores and sigh,
And then to mourn and to worry and then to cry
That is, if a bill isn't paid in full, or even on time.
Creditors want us to pay all of our bills late
So, late charges we are forced to pay at their rate,
And then with us they will not ever negotiate
As though we have committed a crime.
Moneylenders beg and plead with us to get a loan
Then when we apply they ask what do we cherish and own,
We are tempted and seduced from a spreadsheet shown
Then they greedily take our last penny, nickel and dime.
We pay all of our bills every month with ease
Sometimes our last dollar we have to stretch and squeeze,
An early payoff we visualize only as a tease
As the debtors wait for their "LATE FEE" bell to chime.
When we are born, our debits begin with our hospital bills
Then we get older, we generate debts from our doctors and our pills,
Then when we die we institute obligations from our wills
Only from death, away from financial liability will we climb.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Birth

I was once all alone,
Now I am not;
To the world I was unknown,
Now I am not.
I was first born,
Then my feelings were stirred;
In my soul was placed a thorn,
Now! I will be heard.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Birth Of Man

Preachers tell me that I was created by God
Some Teachers have told me that I came from an ape
Of those two contradicting beliefs I am confused
While pondering those two thoughts I cannot escape,
Did my ancestors crawl out from a pool
Then made their first footprints upon the sand
Or was my ancestors created from only dirt
I wonder how man was created upon this land,
I know a spoken language and how to utilize fire
To actions or deeds with abstract thinking I will respond
I can laugh and I can cry and I can also anticipate
I hope through this knowledge I came not from a pond,
Never do I sleep half the day and I never climb into trees
I don't eat bugs off of others or do I beat my chest in rage
My body is not covered with hair and I never walk on all fours
So I hope I don't see my relatives when I look into a cage,
On two feet I walk and I also reason with thought
I enjoy reading and writing and also teaching to trust
When I look into a mirror I need to see my maker
I truly hope and pray that I was created from dust.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Birthday Flowers

I sent her birthday flowers
But, that time I guess wasn't ours,
She gave me a moment and not hours
Love didn't exist.
She gave me a written "Thank You";
A sincere sentiment that was past due,
I hoped that our love was true
I didn't get a kiss.

The flowers weren't sent in jest
They were sent as an emotional test,
To put my mind at ease and at rest,
Does she care.
She thanked me for the gift
My feelings her compliment did lift,
The flowers then by her were sniffed
But, I wasn't there.

I then became very vexed
After receiving her flowers I was perplexed,
She thanked me with only a text
I got a heartache.
I see and hear from her no more
Emotionally in my face was slammed her door,
So, I am through, therefore
I didn't even get a slice of birthday cake

Next year when her birthday comes around
Flowers from me to her will not be bound,
I will be nowhere to be found
Even if I am sent a birthday invite.
I cannot ever forgive or forget
When she needed help I would always submit,
Now alone for her birthday at my table I will sit
An RSVP of "No" to her I will write.

Randy L. McClave

Birthday Forgot

It was my birthday and my immediate family forgot
No wishes were given to me, and no presents bought.
There was no birthday cake or ice-cream nowhere for me to eat
And for me looking for non-existence presents, was my son's greatest treat.
It was that one time of the year when my birthday had arrived
No one seemed happy or pleased, that another year I had survived.
Though my neighbors and my friends congratulated me on my one special day
But, for my son and his fiancée, not one birthday wish to me did they say.
When it is my son's birthday, it is the greatest day of my life
It was the greatest gift that was given to me by my ex-lovely wife.
And every year when it comes around for my son's birthday, it I happily
celebrate
But, for my own birthday my son doesn't care or even wants to participate.
Happy Birthday he will always sing to his other family members and friends
But, birthday wishes or gifts to me, he or his fiancée never sends.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bite Someone!

Sometimes I wish that I were a dog
So, I could bite someone on their leg,
And "Woof" wouldn't be my only dialogue
And for no-one would I ever sit or beg.
My toilet would be where I wanted to pee
Not only on a pad or in the yard,
And I would happily give anyone a flea
And my poop, others would need to discard.

Sometimes I wish that I were a dog
Always being ready when nature calls,
I could chase then birds and maybe even eat a Frog
And when I wanted to, I would lick my own balls.
Every day I would probably roll in the grass
And I would always sleep under the sun,
Cats and squirrels I would always harass
And I would always have my fun.

Sometimes I wished that I were a dog
Furiously at everyone I would always bark,
I would snort and also wallow like a hog
Life for me would be a lark.
I would do what I wanted without permission
I wouldn't care if I were wrong or right,
And I would always be the one under suspicion
And someone's leg, I would always bite.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bittersweet

The other night when I was asleep
I awoke then I began to weep,
Then I reached over and I kissed my wife's head;
I had dreamt that I was dead.
I was so happy for her soul
It was easy for me to let her go,
And when years came and past her by
She had forgot that I once was at her side.
But, my son just stood and cried
His tears could never be erased,
I was his love and him my strength
Without him, life was a waste.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Black And White

I look up so I can see the color of the sky
And by its color I know if it's going to storm
But, unto that color should my senses always comply
Then why for me should the sky conform.

I too know the color of the water that we drink
If it's brown it's dirty and if it's clear it's clean
But that analyzation was taught to me from a kitchen sink
That is how I was learnt, so that is my own routine.

We all know the color of each other's skin
But, do we know the color of our own heart
By my color should I be hated or loved or judged for a sin
Or should I be painted and deemed as a work of art.

They say that the steps up to heaven they are painted gold
And that the steps into hell they are a fiery red
What is the true color of the evildoer and also that of the bold
Maybe GOD will show us, and maybe we all were misled.

The lucky man is the man who cannot see or look
Whom is blind and colors are an illusion and a facade
Colors are stories he hears about, and also heard read from a book
Do we even know the color of our soul, or the color of GOD.

I look up at the sky at night and the sky it is pitch black
Except for the moon and stars which are a shimmering light
I would be happy being blind with my head covered with a sack
Colors or no colors, I think would rather see everything in black and white.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Black Cloud

This day of mine it is inevitable
As I look above my own head
Today I can't be charitable
This moment and time I will dread
My dreams they will be shattered
And my hopes will be washed away
Like my clothes they will become tattered
Inside my house today I should stay
My dreams and hopes will be destroyed
As I look upon my own horizon
I grab my umbrella this storm I must avoid
As I wait for the tempest to be done
All of my deeds today they will go awry
Negativity and error they are in bound
Today I will not dream or even fly
I must keep my feet firmly upon the ground
Again I will venture to go outside
I will try to be both brave and proud
Then I see my shadow at my side
Above me, there hangs a black cloud

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Blames The Mother

She blames all of her troubles on her mum
She never blames her faults on herself,
The reason she got married so many times
Its because she did like her mum, why else.
The reason she drinks is her mum did too
And that's the reason she goes to the pubs,
And the reason she has had so many men
Its because her mum, never showed her love.
She does not know how to make a commitment
And that too, she blames on her mother,
And the reason she swears and that she also curses
It is because of her mum, and no other.
She has her daughters to hate their own fathers
Just like her mother had her hated her on dad,
And then years later when she found out the truth
She agreed with him, that her mum was mad.
She lies and cheats and she also steals
Just as she said her mother did the same,
And now she says she sees not a problem in it
And that too, her mum is to blame.
She uses the people that she does meet
To get from them all with her dishonesty and lies,
And when they do not agree with her type of living
She abandons them, and never for them does she cry.
She thinks of herself first only in this life
She doesn't care who she has used or even hurt,
As that's because of the teaching of her own mother
That she must and will always put herself first.
She lives in her own little world which is true
Probably the same world where her mom does live,
Where no one has had it as bad or as hard as her
And so she takes and takes and never gives.
So now I think in years or even days from now
When her daughter are talking to each other,
About the sins and and evils they have done or will do
And I wander if they too, will they blame it on their mother.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bless Your Heart

She is a southern lady from Louisiana,
That is a fact that she will tell y'all,
But she is not quiet or even dainty,
Especially while watching her Saints play football.
She likes to make her own life's rule;
And she will let you know it when you depart;
But, she will never call you stupid or even a fool,
All that she will say with a smile is, 'Bless your heart'".

She enjoys drinking her iced-tea,
And eating real biscuits and gravy and country ham,
Nothing good eating unless its home cooked fixing,
And she greets everyone with a sir or a ma'am.
To her no one is dumb and you are not stupid;
But, if you offend her you are not at all very smart,
From the things that you do or the things you have said,
In disgust she will nod her head and say, "Bless your heart".

She is a southern lady,
From the top of her head to the tip of her toes,
She is hospitable with everyone that she meets for the first time,
And of course she enjoys to dress up in her new clothes.
But, if you are preoccupied when you meet her;
And if you place the horse in front of the cart;
She will just walk away from you and mumble;
As she will say, "Bless your heart".

Her friends and family are all the same,
They all could have fallen from the same acorn tree,
They all believe the same and all think the same,
And with each other they will always argue and disagree.
But, then of course if you are like me who is an outsider;
You will notice you couldn't tell her family or friends apart;
And she or them will never ever call you an idiot;
All that they will say is, "Bless your heart".

I wasn't born or raised in the south;
I was born and reared in the east,
We were taught not to be disrespectful with our mouth,

And we must always respect our elders and our priest.
But, then comes the time when we are mad and confused;
As though life is written on a stupidity chart,
So, instead of being dumbfounded when I am abused;
I become southern; I just walk away saying, 'Bless your heart'.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Blessed

Blessed are the dead
For they worry yet no more,
With no troubles for them to weep
For now they sit beneath the Lord.
For they are the blessed
Who cries not a tear,
and they are the happy
Who knows not any fear.

Blessed are the dead
For they hunger not any more,
Now all their souls are filled
Through the nourishment of the Lord.
No smiles for them to seek
And no home for them to search,
No more times for them to be weak
And no more times for them to hurt.

Yet now, WE are the living
Living day upon the day,
And then when tomorrow comes around,
We might be, blessed among the dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Blessed Is

Blessed is the nation
That speaks of God's creation,
We all were born into sin.
Amen.

Blessed is the country
That feeds the poor and the hungry,
And forgets, where others have been.
Amen.

Blessed is the land
That praises God's mighty hand,
And ignores the evil of the lions den.
Amen.

Blessed are the people
That speak of love and peace not only from a steeple,
We all are siblings and kin.
Amen.

Blessed are the ones who holds no wrath
The ones that follows Jesus's path,
And as God would surely write with a pen.
Amen.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Blessed Mother

Oh praise the woman, the mother
Praise her more than any and all other,
Whether you are a husband, or wife, or sister, or brother
May God bless her as you won't have another.

Precious female placed upon this earth
To give all of God's creatures their entrance, their birth,
But, that is not all of their heavenly worth
They also give hope, and love, and mirth.
As though alone she sacrifices all just for her child
Even when worries upon her shoulders are piled,
Even if she is used and feels beguiled
From her heart her baby(s) are never exiled.

To God, I need not give her thanks when I pray
As he too felt the warmth in his own doorway,
A woman known, who would never ignore or betray;
God too, had a mother, as they did say.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Blowing Of The Wind

I felt the blowing of the wind
As it enters my soul from deep within
It entered my soul, and wouldn't let go
It is the wind from where life begins.

The wind, she is known by all man,
And from whomever sits or walks or stands
For the wind is known, when she has blown
And when she is silent, the world is alone.

The wind, it is mans friend
As I journey through the world of men,
She strengthens my soul, and she wont let go
So upon her breath, I will forever hold.

The name of the wind, I will call her friend
As she enters my breath, from deep within
She surrounds my soul, and takes a deep hold
And I pray that never will she not let go.
She is the breeze, I do believe
From the steps I walk. and from the air I breathe,
When she touches my face my sorrows are erased,
For she is the wind, the mother of the breeze.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Boots

I found a pair of boots upon the street
So I took them home to wear on my feet
I washed them I cleaned them and I aired them out
So I could put them all later when I would walk about.
I put my new boots on, and I walked down the road
They seemed so very sturdy to carry my heavy load
Then they took me places where I have never been
I could tell that these boots were very well broken in.
They felt so very soft and comfortable upon my feet
How excited I was for my new boots others would see.
And when I did my walk many persons just stared
As they looked at my new boots but I really never cared.
Maybe they too just wanted boots just like mine
But this one thing I knew they were hard for me to find.
I had so much fun with my brand new pair of boots
We walked everywhere they placed me in a happy mood
And the longer that I walked still no pain did I feel
I was excited and content my life became so surreal.
So it started to get late so I decided to walk home
So that's were we head just me and my boots alone
And then when I took them off I placed them beside my bed
So I could be ready for my next journey or adventure ahead.
I wore those boots of mine for many, many years
They always felt so comfortable never brought me any tears
I would wash them and clean them and polish them too
Now they were always mine and they always looked brand new.
Then one day I wore another pair of shoes when I went out
I left my old boots home alone so they could air out
So myself and my new shows were gone most of the day
As I had errands to run and also many bills to pay.
But sadly when I got home I was taken by surprise
My boots were stolen and that brought tears to my eyes
I thought to myself who would steal those old boots of mine
Boots that have been worn and used who would commit that crime.
So I went out and bought so many different pairs of shoes
And none are that old as they are all seemingly brand new
I still go for my walks and I still go to town and all about
My feet are so much happier now I myself with joy wanna shout
But every now and then I think about those boots I once wore

The ones I found on the street and I never bought in the store
I wonder now if they are ragged and torn and beyond repair
But that's someone else problem now, so why would I care.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bora-Bora

She told me that she would make a trade for her sister
And if not to me, then to any interested misses or mister,
In return all that she wants is her very own tropical hut
Where she can relax drinking beer from a coconut.

She told me that would be her lowest and final bid
To sorrowfully trade away her sister and her memories to get rid,
We could still discuss the offer alone at a fora-fora
But, all that she wants for her sister is a hut in Bora-Bora.

She told me that she will always love her sister dearly
But, she would trade her for property she spoke that quite clearly,
Her sister, she says is as beautiful as any flora-flora
And all that she wants in exchange for her is a hut in Bora-Bora.

"My sister" she said could be your most obedient slave
You could be her master until the day they put you in your grave,
Until then she could be your servant and your personal whora-whora
If I could only trade her for a hut in Bora-Bora.

So, her offer was placed upon the trading table
I could have her sister whenever I was financially able,
Her sister she says is surrounded by her own beautiful aura-aura
And it would be a fair trade for just a hut in Bora-Bora.

Then I thought why would she trade away her own sibling
Was her sister really mean, and hateful, and always quibbling,
Then I remembered the story about Pandora-Pandora
Would that be my curse for trading her sister for a hut in Bora-Bora?

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bored

I go to bed late, but I wake up much later
I read the news and with everyone I have become a debater,
Thoughts enter my mind on what that I should do
But, the answer to that question I have not yet a clue.
I pay someone else to clean my pool and to cut my grass
Some say that I have become nothing more than a lazy ass,
I now constantly in prayer talk to Jesus Christ my Lord
And in prayer I always ask him, why am I so bored.
I have retired from my job, now I have all the time in the world
I make plans and sketches, but they have not yet unfurled,
Some say that I should get a hobby or unto charities devote my time
Instead I think that I want to travel, and find a mountain to climb.
I guess I am just lonely without a girlfriend or a spouse
I don't even want to make my bed, or clean up my messy house,
When I wake up every morning I always think what is next
A simple question to some, but to me very complexed.
Should I go for a walk, or maybe I should enter into a marathon
But, then I think, I just want to sit and keep my pajamas on,
My life before retirement I was always working and sometimes scheming
Now, I just sit in my chair, look out my window and start daydreaming.
Some friends say that I should find another job or just get rehired
But, I don't like that scenario, I am just so sick and depressed and tired,
With the job that I once had I was both excited and intrigued
But, now I do nothing, I am so lonely and disinterested and fatigued.
There are also those days that I feel like I am stuck inside a trap
And the only way that I can escape that feeling is when I take a long nap,
I wished with excitement I could again find an adventure as some
But, as for me currently, all that I see and all that I know is boredom.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Born A Female

The child was born a female
Now her journey in life will soon begin,
As she enters into the world of the male
To prove that she is equal to all men.
She will be dressed and shown as produce
That is packaged and ready to sale,
Where she can cook, and clean, and reproduce
For any rich, and or acceptable male.
Soon she will be taught to become a wife and a mother
By her own parents and her enviroment of course,
Then one day too, she will become a grandmother
Only life for a female, with or without divorce.
She is not always treated as a citizen or a taxpayer
Sometimes not even as a human being,
In some Churches she is permitted to give a prayer
And sometimes she is just meant for the seeing.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Born In Ashland

I was born in the city of Ashland,
Nowhere near or on the hot beaches sand,
I was born near the river and the mountains,
Not near the museums, waterfalls or fountains.

I was born in the mid fall of the year,
With the scintillate of stars and a parent's tear,
So happy and excited my birth had been,
That I was given a brother, who is my twin.

In the summer I went to the river to swim,
Just for the fun and the excitement from a whim,
And in the winter I walked upon it's ice,
The danger of falling in, I never thought twice.

I climbed trees and I had snowball fights,
In the park I chased squirrels and girls and flew kites,
We ate crawl-dads, collards and roshuneer corn,
That's what we did in Ashland, where I was born.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bottom Feeders

On the bottom of the swamp lies the bottom feeders
The racists, the bigots, the adulterers, and the leaders,
They are the ones who speak of hatred when they preach
They are the leech.

They profit from the things cast off or left over by others
To give or to aid is never their wants or druthers,
To help someone or anyone they will not ever wish or do
They are the slacker, through and through.

They have a total lack of responsibility to provide for oneself
They are the urn that sits upon the shelf,
They rely heavily upon the gullible and the unknowing for sustenance.
On the labors and suffering of others, they have become gluttonous.

They are the losers and the lowlifes hanging out in seedy bars
Filling others needs and wants and desires into empty jars,
As maggots that come from filthy trash that others might kick or stomp
So, comes the bottom feeders, crawling out from the swamp.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Bring Me Flowers

Bring me flowers when I am living
Don't bring me them when I am dead,
Let me enjoy them in the giving
My mother always had said.
Let me hold them in my hands
And smell their fragrant scent,
Then I will reminisce of different lands
Before; I am heaven sent.
I will reflect back when I was young
Or, I might think back not long ago,
When I walked underneath the sun
Or, when I felt the wind as it blowed.

Bring me flowers when I am here
Please don't wait until I am gone,
So, I might reflect to a different year
And my memories will last on.
I might reflect to a different time
With every breadth and scent I breath,
And knowing the flowers are mine
Shows how much that you love me.
Let me enjoy the flowers again
Let me feel them on my fingers,
Because I just don't know when;
And how long my memory will linger.

Bring me flowers with a smile
Please don't bring them with any sorrow,
And I will hold them just like a child
As I held you, and held on until tomorrow.
I want to see them once again
As I place them on my table,
And then they will be my friend
And I will greet them while I am able.
They will be a part of me
My mother always had said
So, bring them now to me please
And don't wait until I am dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Broken Home

It was fun in the beginning when you came to play
As from another persons heart you slowly did stray
You had yourself a spouse but you didn't care
As you thought to yourself that we where a better pair.
You snuck out of your house whenever that you could
Forgetting about your family as you thought you should
You became the Christmas tree inside my home
Glittery shiny and new I was excited and not alone.
Now the fun and excitement is gone and now the guilt is here
Joking and laughing has been replaced with sadness and a tear
In the beginning I told you stories which were only but a lie
But I did all that I could as I wanted you at my side.
You are now with me every minute of every single day
Every night my guilt to GOD on my knees I must pray
How I wished that I wasn't the one to break up a marriage
I was weak but you were weaker to a love you should of cherished.
But now your like the Christmas tree up all year round
You clash with the furniture so now I wear a frown
I don't trust you, you don't trust me as we've done this before
I wish I could take the Christmas tree out of my door.

Randy McClave

Build An Ark

God said, "Hark!";
Then Noah built an ark,
Upon God's commandment Noah did heed
Then on the ark there was two of every breed.
"A storm!" God said he would deploy
This world he will destroy,
From sin man would not transform
So, God would send a storm.

The earth's wickedness it was great
With every thought of evil and sin and hate,
The earth was filled with mayhem
Man's way was corrupted, so God did condemn.
Man was full of violence and gaul
So, the rain it had to fall,
Then to the adulterer and the whore
God would send a great downpour.

To the world Noah did explain
That there would come a mighty rain,
But, the people laughed and did gloat
When Noah told them all to build a boat.
Then the earth it turned into mud
As there came a mighty flood,
Then there was not a sound
The world, it had drowned.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Building A Wall

You teach your children to build a wall
From brick onto brick, so that it will not fall,
From crayons and paper they designed a barrier
On the other side they are taught, is someone scarier.

You raised your children with bigotry, prejudice and hate
So, they build you a fortification, a blockade,
On the other side of the wall there lies their foe
They are Mexicans, and your hate for them does grow.

Upon that wall I will bloody my fist
Day after day the pounding of mine and others will persist,
Not one dime of mine will I ever pay for that wall to be built
I will proudly show my blood and sweat, but not ever any guilt.

No matter how rigid or even how tall
Or the colour it's painted, or its strength, or its belief overall,
Whether it's separating a culture, or a person, or even a town
I will raise my children, to tear that wall down.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Burden To Carry

Every man has a burden to carry
And some seem to carry it very well
While others complain, about the burden and strain
And as their fall from grace to all they must tell.
They will blame all others for the life they live
And then brag and lie for pity and shame
They will tell themselves to halt, that it was never their fault
So they figure their loss will also be their gain.

Every man has a burden to carry
And some need to carry that burden alone
As they don't seek help, from no one but themselves
And only GOD will feel their pain or hear them moan.
The burden they have is their right of passage
As they walk through life to become a man
Every step that they take, another worry they will forsake
And truly that a vigilante only he should understand.

Every man has a burden to carry
And so many carry it with a vigor and pride
As they head down the road, with their own life's load
While keeping a happiness and love and joy deep inside.
They live the life that was presented to them
And never once do they complain or quit
They take life in it's stride, they throw their chest forward in pride
And what they lost or will loose, they will never miss.

Every man has a burden to carry
And to see it just look upon a mans face
He will either be wearing a smile, like holding a child
Or else you'll see pain and sorrow and even disgrace.
Just walk in his footsteps at least one time
Take his journey as he run's or walks or even tarries
Then you will feel the weight, that man can't escape
As every man has a burden, that he must carry.

Randy L. McClave

Burnt

I patiently waited for my love and my desire,
I waited and I waited for my heart's fire,
Then when it arrived, my loneliness I survived,
From searching and hoping I would finally retire.
Together as one I thought we would always be;
But, that was a dream that was told unto me,
For true love I had waited, as I have stated,
But, nothing in this world is ever a guarantee.
Love it is taught and of course pain is learnt;
Together I thought we were to be, we weren't;
What I once had felt, it got old so it did melt,
I had waited too long, from the fire I got burnt.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

But Myself

I might not do any better
But I wont do any worst
I will never die without love
But I will die because of thirst
I will never stop looking for answers
And that road I will always search
I know that I will never be last
And before many I have been first.
I will never be a rich man
And I swear to you I will never be poor
I will never start a fight with any man
But I am not afraid to enter into a war
I will never ask for sympathy or money
But also on no one will I shut my door
I might date many different women
But I will never make woman a whore.
I might one day might have nothing
But then I will always have my pride
I will always rather joke and laugh
Never will I cause anyone to cry
I am not afraid to ever walk alone
Or I don't care who walks at my side
I might tell many different stories
But no story I tell will ever be a lie.
I will never asked for handouts
As what I have I have earned
I might not be the smartest man around
But from life many lessons I have learned
I might not worry about our world today
But of peoples life I am concerned
I might not go to church as I should
But I know that I will never burn.
I do not care to walk alone
And I don't care to be with anyone else
I don't care if you have no money at all
And I don't care to hear of your wealth
I might not be there when no one is near
But I will be there if you need my help
I am not afraid or ashamed to look in any mirror

As always I will be no-one, but myself

Randy McClave

By Kingdom Come

As though the sound of God snapping his thumb
I said to myself, by kingdom come
This will be the end of ourselves and our earth
There will be no more death and no more birth
To the force of GOD we all will succumb
As we will say to ourselves, by kingdom come
That time will arrive, when we will see our last dawn
All that we knew and loved will be forever gone
Taps are blown and there will be a beating of the drum
We all will say to ourselves, by kingdom come
This, we will know will be the end of our days
Along with our deeds undone and our evil ways
Upon a harp, the final note an angel will strum
Then we will know to ourselves, by kingdom come
All that we can expect will be our own death
As we choke away on regrets, and our very last breath
But all that counts is where we have come from
And where we will go, will be by kingdom come.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Call It Destiny

As I sit at home in my chair
I think of her as she's not there
Remembering the talks that we once held
As we thought of no one, but only ourselves.
For a moment as though we were just one
Then that moment disappeared and that feeling gone.
We smiled and laughed as we sat and talked
So we decided together, to go for a walk.

As I walked around a local park
Am all alone now and it's after dark
I think of memories that once had been
But now they are gone, as though never seen.
I think of her as she had held my arm
But that was yesterday and that was the charm
We walked not knowing if we were lovers or friends
Wished I knew the beginning, and not the end.

As I reached out to touch a star
As though to hold it from afar
I close my eyes with an opened hand
Then once again I finally understand.
You are not here but your in my sight
Not just in the daytime but also the night
As in my heart, there you will always be
You can call it love, but I call it destiny.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Call Of Love

I walked towards the ocean
As she began to roll and began to roar
Then she put in in a daze, I remembered today
As I thought of a woman, that I knew once before.
Her eyes where as deep as the ocean
Her soul as loving as the ocean is blue
Her skin as white, as the sand that night,
A statement, was never as true.
The breeze then went through my hair
As though as a woman was standing there,
She then touched my heart and kissed my lips,
At the ocean, I just stood and stared.
The ocean then took itself a form
Was a form to set myself and soul free
So then I closed my eyes and I fantasized
And then I accepted the ocean, inside of me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Called Mom

She jumps rope and she also plays jacks
Her legs are all bruised, still too young to wax,
She then runs and climbs and does a twirl.
She doesn't care or worry about her skinny knees
Or if someone else has coughed or did sneeze,
She is just a sweet little timid girl.

She is in the metamorphose of her years
Not yet listening or yet caring for her peers,
Soon though it becomes her result.
She thinks about herself as always first
As though she should always be reimbursed,
But, then to soon she will become an adult.

She never thinks about the food upon her plate
All that she cares about is that she has ate,
Then one day, she will go to her prom.
But, for now she rides her bike and she hates all boys
Dolls and makeup are still her favorite toys,
Happily one day, she will be called a mom.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Calling Names

They called him a nigger, go figure
Because of the color of his skin,
Is that a freedom of speech, that we teach
That by colors we can judge all men.
I will proudly shake anyone's hand in peace and not a fist
But, then I am not a supremacist or a racist.

Do they call her a whore, and worse furthermore
Because she had many men in her life,
But, do they have a right, to judge her on sight
Because she is not ready to be one man's wife.
I call them narrow-minded and a bigot,
They sputter their stupidity like a leaky spigot.

Some men raise their sons, with hate and guns
And also with discrimination and prejudice,
I raised my boy, with tolerance and respect and joy
And hate and racism and bigotry he must always dismiss.
He will judge no man by the color of their skin,
And he is better than no one because of hate or sin.

Inside a chauvinist mind, what else will you find
Besides its bigotry and its racism,
Would you find a peace and a love to grow, I would say NO!
Instead you would find hate, excuses and criticism.
But then their lies is their truth, and it is their only fear,
Especially when they get older, and they see evil in their mirror.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Came And Gone

To all my friends which have come and gone
I would like to tell them all so long, so long
Someday though we will meet once again
But, of that day and time, only GOD knows when,
You my friends, will never be forgot
To ever think my memory would vacate you; think not,
But, until that day we must be patient and strong
So until that time arrives, to my friends I will say so long.

In one day we are born and in one day we will die
One day we say, "hello" and in one day we say, "goodbye",
In one day we are saved and in one day we wed
One day we are alive, and then one day we are dead

I promise you this, we will get together once again
Whether it's in the world of angels or in the land of men,
But, not knowing that time or place that we must meet
Whether in a bar or a church or passing each other on the street,
All that I can say is when and where I just do not know
But, until then I have stories and memories to sow,
Pressing times and issues in front of me now are greater,
So, I think it would be best if I would say, I will see you later.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Campaigning

Once again it is that time of the year
When mother nature begins to disappear,
The leaves in the trees they all are changing
As nature once again starts her rearranging,
Fallen leaves are now in the people's yards
But, then I noticed the oversized playing cards;
But, to my error they are not cards, but political signs
Then I quickly read between all the lines.
The politicians say they need and would appreciate my vote
According to their signs what is pictured and what they wrote,
The signs were strategically placed at the homes of the fortunate
I wonder if the politicians cared if they were thieves or an abortionist,
The signs remind me of a school's popularity contest
Where the wealthy are the ones that are always blessed,
Some signs that I see are also at the places of a business
I wonder if the owners are hoping to attract more customer's visits.
Up and down the streets I now see these signs they are everywhere
In the yards and on cars and trucks at them I can't help, but stare,
A pretty penny the politicians pay to get someone's vote
The politicians with the most signs won't get mine; that I quote!
Campaigning season has arrived and signs are placed on supporter's lawns
Each one that I see, it quickly awakens their pros and cons,
Just think! Do us the voters these politicians truly remember;
Or do they just recall us, in the months of September unto November.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Cancer

You took my brother
You tried to take my mother,
With sickness you are a kaniver;
But, I will not let you win
I will laugh at you and I will grin,
As I am a true survivor.

If you want, you can make me sick
But, the bucket I won't kick,
Even if you cause me to lose my hair;
You I will mock and I will beat
I will not ever feel incomplete,
And I will not! live in sorrow and despair.

You took away my mom's breasts
You caused her to get sick from tests,
To you, that was probably just a joke;
You don't care who we are
You randomly pick us out from afar,
And you don't care, if we don't even smoke.

The question is, what will I do?
And what medicines will I choose,
Victory! is my only answer;
You are my enemy and my foe
From this life I will not just let go,
I hate you, and I despise you, my cancer.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Carolyn

The gorgeous alluring Carolyn
How could one man describe her beauty
If I were an artist I would paint her
As I believe to GOD and art that would be my duty,
Her eyes are as secretive as a mystery
And her hair it shimmers with fragrance and gold
Her lips they could melt the coldest heart
But of that taste, I have only been told,
She walks in the steps of the angels
With every movement or step that she makes
Sadly though I walk in the path of a sinner
With my own pain and sadness and aches,
She is the hypothetical angel with a broken wing
Upon Earth she is placed with hope for man
So she walks in beauty underneath the sun
And she's been there since my love began,
Someday though I hope that our paths will cross
And finally we will meet each other once again
I will introduce to her myself now a happy soul
And hopefully I will take the hand of Carolyn.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Carrying A Gun

A man doesn't need to carry a gun
When he walks down the street,
A man doesn't need to think to run
Thinking adversities he might meet.

If any man lays worried and scared
To leave his home without having a gun,
Let him with a gutless man be compared
Bravery and confidence he has none.
He should walk proudly upon any road
Filled with honor and empowered,
Let him become his sons mold
To carry a gun, that is for the coward.

A man doesn't need to carry a gun
Fearlessness alone proves that he is a man,
I know that I am not better than anyone
But, I will never carry a gun and never have I ran.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Chances Are

Chances are if we'd meet again,
You won't know who I am,
Though you might remember the smile
Or you might recall the walk,
But chances are, you will not.
And if we did meet on the road again,
Would you smile and call my name
Or would you forget who I was,
Because now, we are not the same.
Chances are, you would walk away,
And you would forget what you saw
Even though you knew me then,
But now my face, you couldn't recall.
And if we were in trouble in the sea of life,
Would you be there to toss me a line
I know I'd be there if but for you,
But alas, that was a different time.
And chances are, if we were alone
You would then smile and talk to me,
You would be my friend, and remember again,
But chances are; that will never be.
Chances are, that I will never change
And that I will stay the way I am,
And you will stay the way, that you must be,
But I don't care, in this world of man.
I will act the way that I want to act
And I will do the things that I must do,
And I am not ashamed of anything or anyone,
But chances are, the hypocrite is you.
And as life is full of chances of her own,
She has her own steps and stairs,
And could I see you on your way down,
Chances are, I will be there.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Changing Of A Woman

She once used them to tease
And then for a man to please,
Then, them her child did seize
Now they hang to her knees.

She use to wear a short skirt
With her high heels as an advert,
She loved to walk as to flirt
Now her legs they always hurt.

As a brunette she felt a delight
Sometimes she'd have a highlight,
She would change color from dark to bright
Now her hair is all white.

To show off her body she got a tat
I think maybe of a simease cat,
Her arms toned and her stomach was flat
Now it is hidden, as she says now she is fat.

Like all beautiful females
Hers were manicured with great details,
They are a woman's cure to a depression that ails
Now they are just broken nails.

She gained a couple dress sizes
Sadness and regrets now arises,
Her looks in the mirror she criticizes
Now, she happily exercises.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Changing Of The Waitress

She sometimes serves me my lunch;
Then sometimes she will serve me my dinner;
She always makes me feel so special;
That sometimes it causes me to feel like a sinner.
When I order a drink, she will give me a wink,
And if I order a dessert, with me she will always flirt;
Then when I smell her sweet perfume,
She knows more food I order to consume;
She makes me feel so strong and very able,
Especially when she is waiting at my table.

She sometimes shows me her cleavage;
Sometimes she'll give me her special smile;
Sometimes I don't care how the food it tastes;
But, I must say she makes me feel worthwhile.
When I order more food, she says I am looking good,
When I order an extra treat, she then calls me sweet;
And when she takes down my order,
She is inside my own private border;
As she is waiting at my own personal booth,
I am in love with her, to tell the truth.

She is now waiting at another table;
She is now flirting with two other gents;
Now I think I have figured out her scheme;
She was flirtatious only for my dollars and cents.
They order from her a drink, she gives them my wink,
Now they order an appetizer, I now feel like a miser;
Was she ever at all interested in me,
Is all that she cared about was her hours and her fee;
Did she not care about my work or my latest trip,
Is all that she really cared about was the size of my tip.

She is cooking me my breakfast;
And now she is flashing me a satisfied grin;
She is now serving my eggs and biscuits upon my request;
And I am at not at a restaurant or a country inn.
I ask her for some water, she tells me it's not a bother,
I then ask her for a slice of cake, which for me she did bake;

She sits besides me and asks me how was my day,
And for my breakfast and a tip she said "no! " for the pay,
She informed me later she will be cooking me my supper;
My caring new waitress, it is now my own dear mother.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Chattering

Clucking, clucking goes the hen
Across the barnyard again and again
With worthless chatter, as that hen gets fatter
Clucking about what or even who knows when.
But soon no more clucking will be heard,
As on my dinner plate I will serve that bird.

Gossiping, gossiping goes the wife
Another facet of her busy life
Telling her stories, about men, women, girls and boys
Bullying, infidelity and physical abuse is also rife.
But one day though all of her gossiping will end,
When she loses her husband and she has not a friend.

Squeak, Squeak goes the mouse
As it darts in and out and about the house
Throughout the day, food is its only prey
Ends up frightening myself and the spouse.
But soon enough mousie it will find its bread,
As it will be in the trap and it will be dead.

Randy McClave

Cherry Blossom

I stare out at the cherry blossoms
In marvel and joy I watch them bloom
Then they burst out with their effloresces
As though awaking from mother nature's womb,
And there I watch awestruck and in wonder
As though GOD splashed paint upon each branch
Through beauty, and only for beauty I cry a tear
As the blossoms explode in a pink and red avalanche.

No more beauty and wonder could one man ever see
Than watching the cherry blossoms upon a tree.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Child Of God

I am a child of God!
With different beliefs than my creator,
Some people call me weird, strange and odd
But, I don't care as I am still loved by my maker.
I speak to the Almighty in a prayer every night
Even after people have cursed me because I am gay,
He doesn't care about that, or even if I am wrong or right
And I thank him for his love every day.
He and not those hypocrites was the one that created me
With my gender and brain and my own pain and aches,
I love him, and I know that he truly loves and accepts me
And I know that God doesn't ever make any mistakes.
I obey each one of his Ten Commandments
As every proclaiming Christian should always do,
To each and every one of them I can prove my innocence
But, I am hated because to another man I said, 'I love you'.
All sins are they not all equal
Not one is unforgivable or any greater than the other,
I too have a caring and forgiving everlasting soul
So, why am I judged and hated, is it because I love my brother.
Like any child I will always listen to and will obey my father
And I know God's love for his children it is not flawed,
But, many times I know that I have erred and that I am a bother.
I am a child of God!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Child's Grace

It is so nice to watch a little child's face;
Especially when they begin to utter grace,
Then to watch their little hands clutched in a prayer
And them knowing that GOD is listening to them out there.
They close their eyes and then they bow their head,
Then they happily and thankfully eat their meat and bread.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Chris

Dear sweet Chris
With a heart so pure and true
Wishing you were here, so I could dry your tear
As I really do worry and care for you.
Once again as I stare out my window
And sadly I see that you are not there
I wander why not, as you I have sought
So for us I will say another prayer.
It seems as though you should be happy
And you are not meant to be by yourself
And sadly I too, have walked in those shoes
As I wish also, there was someone else.
I want to give you so much tenderness
And the love that only one man can give
So I close my eyes, and I feel you at my side
Maybe you are the reason that I do live.
Though we might be so many miles apart
But in my mind you are next to me
Though I wished that was true, so I could kiss you
And so happy my soul and heart would be.
So when I write, I will write for you
As that brings the joy into my brain
And in my soul, my love for you does flow
And gone is all my sadness and pain.
So once again sadly I will go to sleep
As still thinking something in my life is amiss
But what could it be, that would make me happy
Then I know the answer, it is the sweet loving Chris.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Christina

Christina was depressed coming out of the loo
She wasn't the vibrant happy woman that I once knew
She then looked up at me and then she cried
She said she was confused, because now she has a baby inside.

She said she tried to be a good girl and follow the rules
But her sister told her that her habits were for fools
So she drank and smoked and then she went wild
Now she has a headache and worries, and also with child.

Christina wanted a career and a family that was her plan
She wanted to be married and not just live with a man
A role model she wanted to be for her cousins and nieces
Now she thinks of her future and how it's slowly falling to pieces.

She wanted so much from her future and her life
Someday, one day she wanted to be a mother, but first a wife
She wanted so much not to be like her mom or her sister
Now she walks their road, with the same shame and blister.

Christina sat on my couch and then she began to weep
She thought of her reputation and how could she ever go to sleep
There is a baby inside of her and soon she will be a mother
She never expected it to happen to her, but always to another.

She pondered and pondered on what she should do or say
Her future and life is gone, she has chucked both of them away
Now her family and friends she will soon have to confront
She is no longer that sweet and innocent girl, she is now pregnant.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Christmas Night

Christmas bells they all are ringing
Children choirs everywhere are singing,
As we all heard of the star shining bright
So with happiness we sing for that light,
As tonight, it is Christmas night.

Christmas songs are being sung
Church bells everywhere are being rung,
I see happiness and joy and delight
The lawns now are snow covered white,
As tonight, it is Christmas night.

Christmas drinks are now being poured
For the rich man and also the poor,
We all hope to see a happy sight
We feel compassion with all of our might,
As tonight, it is Christmas night.

Christmas lights they are blinking
Holiday toasts people are drinking,
The world is happy and loud and not quite
We all have received a soulful invite,
As tonight, it is Christmas night.

Christmas kisses to all are given
No ones soul is ever unforgiven,
Together hymns and songs we will recite
We know our wrongs, but we try to do right,
As tonight, it is Christmas night.

Christmas hopes are being made
Christmas wishes are being prayed,
Once long ago a newborn child had cried
Now we feel that warmth and joy inside,
As tonight, it is Christmas night.

Randy L. McClave

Christmas Time

Presents are underneath the Christmas tree
Friends and relatives are coming here,
Children begin dreaming of that one special day
With all of its happiness and its cheer.
For it is Christmas time, and it is coming near.

Christmas lights are shining bright
And all the houses are full aglow,
Songs are being sung by individual choirs
As the children run and play in the snow.
Youth once again is in our veins and it begins to flow.

Oh Christmas time it is everywhere
I feel it and I see it wherever I go,
My heart and my soul they feel the warmth
So, my fingers and my nose doesn't feel the cold;
As I walk upon the snow covered road.
I know that stockings and cards are hung by the chimneys
Christmas cards and letters I too will send,
Parties are being given, people are being saved
Something special is in the mind and in the wind;
It is Christmas magic; and it is to begin once again.

Christmas time is all around us
It is being written upon everyone's face,
This is the only time that I have ever known
That living has slowed down to a happy unhurried pace;
Along with the Christmas paper and lace.
This is the time of year for my own Christmas wish
So, please do not forget and do not go,
All that I want from you is that one special gift
That we can share standing underneath the mistletoe;
And to that request, I hope unto me you will bestow.

Oh happiness of all, joy is being felt
By everyone that I hear and that I see
This is the holiday that changes our very soul
Everyone that I know they now must believe;
My heart is happy and my soul is jubilant and free.

Merry Christmas unto all that is what I believe
To whomever that I see upon the street,
This is the season for all to be caring and happy
To whomever that I might meet or greet;
For this is Christmas, that time that we all need.

This is the end of my words, my poem has come to an end
Merry Christmas to all, and especially to my friends,
I now write this stanza in the very last line;
As I now send wishes and hope with love and a grin;
I hope again next year we will all meet once again.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Church's Bell

I hear the ringing of the church's bell
Sounding off from the old wooden steeple
Upon that sound my soul does swell
As I am summoned to it, like the other church going people.

It rings and rings as the ancient bell tolls
To remind me and all others that church is soon to start
So, I hurry with the other found and lost souls
While hoping someday to receive my own sacred heart.

The bell chimes to tell me that GOD is in the church
So, I must not be late by the chiming of the bell
For the salvation of my soul I do not want GOD to search
And I definitely do not want to end up going to hell.

Ding dong, ding dong such a wonderful spiritual sound
That resonates into my soul from deep inside
I believe that any lost soul could be saved and also found
As I am now looking for a permanent home to reside.

When Church is over and the Church's bell has been rung
Its sound will become a sweet music fading
I will remember the hymns and the songs that were sung
Then I will miss GOD's sweet promise and serenading.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Click Of The Gun

He pulled the gun's trigger
With all of his beliefs and vigor,
And all that he heard was just a "click";
Seemingly, the correct bullet he did not pick.
He then looked into the gun's black bore
&"Why"? He thought, wasn't he lying on the floor.

He pulled the gun's trigger once again
But, first he quietly said, "amen";,
And then there was another loud "click";
But, there was no explosion or even a kick.
Was there an angel at his side
Did God, not want him to commit suicide.

Now to make his plan plain and simple
He placed the barrel directly to his temple,
Happily he now knew that God wanted him to live
But, then fate and odds wanted him to give.
He pulled the trigger for another round;
To him, there was not a sound.

He had placed the gun unto his head
All that he wanted then, was to be dead,
His life though, it was spared to him twice
Death to him was not going to be his greatest sacrifice.
But, then when he pulled the trigger that third time
That is when his own luck, allowed the crime.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Close My Eyes

As I lay here dying
I watch the people pass me by
And not one person here is crying
Even though they know that soon I will die,
An honest and caring person I was not
As I had used and lied and cheated
What they and others didn't see, GOD had caught
My soul and conscience had retreated,
Now my victims are all standing around me
They watch me suffer while waiting for my last breath
Not one of them will listen to my mercy plea
They all just sit and wait only for my death,
I wish that I could not hear them
As they talk and whisper and likewise
I know to Hell my soul it is condemned
And for that journey, I wish someone would close my eyes.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Clouds

I watched the clouds up in the sky,
As they drifted silently in the air,
So relaxing and peaceful in that moment am I
That I sat back and relaxed in my chair,
I watch the clouds as they passed me by
With one joyous form after another,
Bringing joy and wonders to this mans eye
If only for myself, and to no other,
The wind it gently gives the clouds a nudge
So they might continue upon their flight,
Unto another persons eyes so they can judge
The shapes and form brought to their sight,
I now see castles of white in the sky above
Followed by a cloud that resembles a tower,
Then I see the face of a long lost love
I am saddened, as now I see a flower,
The clouds I watch they again take form
As now they begin to resemble animals in a zoo,
I now see elephants and giraffes as they transform
And now these clouds becomes a whale and a kangaroo,
The clouds they change mystically in front of me
As though they are trying to play a game,
They show me how my mind and thoughts are free
As they become pictures inside a picture frame,
But now I look and all the clouds they have gone
Their parade is over for this day
As though GOD has erased what he had drawn
As now comes the rain to wash them all away.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Coal

They told me that I needed coal to survive,
I told them all "No", I need air and water to stay alive.

I need clean water and air to both drink and breathe,
Coal from my body it does not seethe.

Coal is removed from the earth as though it is a cancer,
It is then used to bring pleasure to others, is the suppliers answer.

One day soon though the earth's belly will lay barren,
As a disease coal will be gone, now who will be carin'.

Then all of the souls that have died from coal will then arrive,
"Because of coal! " they will scream, is why that they did not survive.

We will always have the rain and also the wind,
Without coal? Our lives will continue on and not tragically end.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Cold Dead Fingers

In my cold dead fingers there won't be a gun
Or a weapon of any type to harm anyone,
If they ever find my lifeless body lying upon the ground
Remember this, to it my soul will not be bound.
There will be no weapons near my pulseless wrist
And my fingers won't be clinched to form a tight fist,
If someone had wanted my living here on earth to ever cease
They surely would accomplish that, but then I'd find my peace.
When they place my cold dead body down to its eternal rest
I hope that everyone realizes, that in life I was truly blessed,
In my closed cold dead fingers I hope to be clinching a Bible
Clutching the good book and not a weapon, was my survival.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Cold Dinner

Lord, I want to thank you for the food upon my plate,
And please ask my wife to forgive me for showing up late,
A few hours ago my dinner was both tantalizing and hot
But, now it is unappealing and cold in the pot.
My wife had slaved over a hot oven for a meal to create
Now look at me, I come home hungry and delayed for our date,
My wife screams at me as though I am a criminal caught
Now my dinner is very cold, and my wife is very hot.

Lord, I asked for my wife's forgiveness before I sit down to eat
As she is still mad, as she stares at that cold piece of meat,
Lord I ask you a request before I grab a fork and a toothpick
Please tell my wife to forgive me, and please don't let me get sick.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Color Me

I wish that they would color me
The color of the rose
The color of the spring
Or the color of the snow.
If again they'd color me
The color that I would be
Would be the color I could see
As long as I am free.
As I wish that they would color me
The color of the trees
Or the color of the leaves
And then that color I would be.
I wish that I was a rainbow
With the many colors of the sky
Or the single color of a star
Shimmering in the night.
And if again they would color me
The color that I would be
Would be the color that is me
Is the color that I could see.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Color Of A Woman's Hair

Why does a woman color her hair?

Does she do it out of sadness and maybe despair,
Or maybe she is in disguise, from some roaming eyes
Or maybe she is exiting from an illicit affair.

Isn't she the same person underneath those roots?

She might as well change the color of her own shoes and boots,
Her hair might be dyed, but she is still the same person on the inside
With her goodness or badness, or with a soul that pollutes.

The color of a woman's hair doesn't change whom she is

It would be the same as a bald man wearing himself a wig,
They are the same person, with their lying, cheating and cursin'
With a different hair color do they believe it is easier to renege?

Why would a woman impregnate her hair white?

Does she not know that now that she is in everyone's headlight,
Maybe she does believe, that it will help her soul grieve
Or maybe she does it for shame and she hates her old sight.

Does the color of a woman's hair reflect their true acts?

Does being a brunette mean to ignore her faith and all the facts,
If a woman is blond, to adventure and recklessness is she truly fond
And does a redhead mean rage, so keep her away from a knife or an axe

Why does a woman need or want her hair bleached?

Did she become that woman that she once against had preached,
Or maybe she thinks it will make her soul pure, I am not for sure
Or maybe her mind and dignity has finally been breached.

Why does a woman not keep the hair color that she is given?

Does she believe changing her hair color will help her be forgiven,
Or maybe she is just bored, and she seeks out a new reward
Who truly knows why coloring her hair, a woman is always madly driven.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Color Of My Skin

My best laid thoughts is to do the best that I can
As I am equal in GOD's eye to any one man
Judge me by my deeds and what's deep within
Don't ever judge me by the color of my skin,
I am better than no one and no one is better than me
I am a human being, so I am my creators trustee
Freedom and equality was placed in my soul
To help my fellow brothers and sisters is my true goal,
I might stand alone and I might die where I stand
But for all I am ready to help with my outstretched hand
I work very hard to put food upon my dinner table
If I can breathe and walk, then I know I am able,
I will judge no man as I will not be judged
As I don't know where they've been and they don't know where I trudged
I will hate no one because of their race or their creed
As we all breathe the same air and red blood we all bleed,
I will fight any battle or war for freedom and independence
No one should be a slave who must rely on someones dependence
We all were created with mud and then shaped in a mold
And by no man were we created to be owned or controlled,
Equality is the belief that is etched inside my brain
My life here on earth should not be lived in futility or pain
Under the breath I am judged lazy and stupid by other men
And all because, of the color of my skin.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Come Home To Me

I want you to come straight home to me,
I want you to become my destiny,
I want us to stare at the same stars together
Then doing that, our fate no man can ever sever.
The tears with me that you will cry
They won't be caused by an if, or a who or a why,
Nor will they be caused by attempts to annoy
They will arrive, because of your happiness and joy.
I want you to walk happily through my front door
Then never in regret look back with a sadness, that I implore,
I know that if you were younger from hurt you'd quickly walk away
I now say please run, and then with me, please stay.
Life is too short and sometimes it can be very bitter
But, for you I am no deserter and never a quitter,
And if you ever want or need to shed a tear
I will wipe it away, that is if you are here.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Come Sit At My Side

Come sit by my side
My mate did say,
So, we can talk about things
Before it is yesterday.
We can talk about us
Or we both can just sit and smile
If you would only come by,
And sit for a while.
Let us forget about our worries
And our child and work for one day,
Let us think about us once again
Because time quickly passes away.

Come sit by my bed
My mate cried on,
Because the more that I think
The quicker time passes on.
What's the greatness of victory
If no one comes to see you win,
And what's the might in any wealth
If no one knows where you had been.
Tomorrow it is my enemy
While today and yesterday a friend,
Let us talk and enjoy each other for a while
Before the coldness enters the wind.

Come sit by my side,
My mate asked me so true,
We can talk about anything that you want
If only you would say that you love me too.
I will tell you all of my secrets
Even the ones that no one else does know,
Then you will understand
That you are a part of my soul.
Sadly, I never came and sat at her side
In those days that she use to crave,
Now I am alone, and I always cry
Because, now I go and I sit by her grave.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Come This Way Again

If we come by this way again,
Let's not come as children
But, let's arrive as Men,
Not to show up in fit or fury,
Just to waste time and leave in a hurry.
And if we come by and we shall meet,
Let's greet each other
With a kiss on the cheek,
Let's smile and laugh and talk as friends;
If we shall ever, come this way again.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Come, My Lady

Come my lady
Give me your hand
As there is no rest
For a working man
For it is in by a clock
And home late after dark
And no time for my rest
Only time for my work
So come to my table
Bring me my bread
Lay down my dinner
Then I can go to my bed
Give me all your troubles
I will take all your worries
For I am a working man now
Who has no hurries.

So come my lady
Give me some time
For I am a working man now
Who needs some rest
My shoulders are wide
And my troubles are many
I will take all that you got
For now you are my lady.
So come, my lady
And give me a kiss
I am a working man now
Who needs a kiss
So give me a hug
and then some of your love
For I am a working man now
Who cannot get enough.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Coming For A Visit

In front of man they curse and swear and they also cheat,
They openly sale their souls and drugs upon any street,
Their acts and ways they don't care, as to all they will exhibit,
I guess that they knew that the Devil was coming for a visit.

What is forbidden by laws or rules some people are ready to break,
They don't care about the impact to others, to crime they are never awake,
They know what they do is evil and wrong and also very illicit,
But they don't care at all, as the Devil is coming for a visit.

They mock all christians and also their belief in heaven and also GOD,
They scream and shout that religion and church is nothing but a fraud,
Some say the Bible is wrong, and even that God does not exist,
Didn't they know soon that the Devil will be coming for a visit.

Some people will beg and plead and steal for anything they can't control,
They care not about others or the salvation of their very own soul,
For sex and drugs and iniquity some people will hungrily solicit,
Soon enough down their path, the Devil will be coming for a visit.

You cannot worship GOD in government or inside any public school,
It became the law of this land and to others it is the perfect law and rule,
Saying prayers and giving thanks many people and politicians will prohibit,
Soon enough in their life and their soul, the Devil will be staying for a visit.

Some people are opened to stealing, violence and all sexual activity,
To others they have no pride or honor or any sensibility,
The closing words and text in the book of life is very truthful and explicit,
You knew the Devil, you saw the Devil, then you allowed him to come for a visit.

Unquestioned obedience to wrongdoing clearly many will act and state,
They believe not in heaven or the soul or hell as the ultimate fate,
Some people's faith in evil and sin is so very strong and implicit,
They welcome all to join them, as soon the Devil too comes for a visit.

What some do is wrong against morality and ethical belief,
They do only for their own pleasure and their own personal relief,
Sin, wrongdoing and evil some people will elicit,
Soon enough upon their door, the Devil will be knocking for his visit.

Truth and modesty and innocence some will prohibit and prevent,
But, to hate, lies and adultery they will always quickly consent,
Peace and love and caring the Devil will never give or inhibit,
When you find your soul empty, the Devil has stayed for a visit.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Coming Home

Coming home from work I was once nervous and worried
Would my spouse have a reason to argue or to complain,
Or would she be hungry or tired, so would she just be hateful?
Maybe again she would be mean because it had begun to snow or rain.
I was once used and neglected at the place that was my home
The only peace and quietness I had was when my wife was asleep,
Then came the day when I had arrived home, my wife she was gone
Our marriage vows and promises of love, to me she did not want to keep.
Once I hurried home to my best friend who I had loved and adored
I wanted to hurry home to spend time with my love, my wife,
I needed and wanted to be next to someone who I truly loved
And I wanted the person to love me for whom I am, for the rest of my life.
Now when I come home I am excited to enter into my house
I now hurry home to be with my best friend, my pet
She is always excited and happy to see me when I arrive through the door
And she is never hungry or tired, nor at me is she ever angry, moody or upset.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Commissioner Race

There is an upcoming commissioner race
I know them all by their name, but not by their face,
Their signs I have seen posted almost everywhere
They all must have money, and not living off welfare.
I heard if elected what they say that they will do
But, to do what they promise I have not a clue,
Some say that they will do this, and also might try that
Then they conclude by saying that they are a Republican or a Democrat.
And for the commissioners that have been in office before
I still hear about drugs and taxes and there still is the poor,
Then those who are trying for office for the very first time
If they are elected I hope they don't destroy my city with greed and crime.
Maybe one day soon they might all have a debate
Then they can tell us who they like, or maybe who they hate,
But, then we all know that politicians words spoken are usually cheap
While the owners of those words, are waiting just to reap.
All that some politicians need is that grand prize
They don't care how they get it, even through deception or lies,
Sometimes I wonder why those with money want to be elected
Maybe better deals they seek, is that what is truly expected?
The commissioners will be remembered by a curse or by a prayer
Standing by the greedy, or with the middle-class the true taxpayer,
Commissioners can be anyone even a really good friend
And for their truth and righteousness no one will need to defend.
So, I say that very soon from now it will be an election day
For truthfulness and honor and honesty I sincerely do pray,
Remember if those that we vote for are elected as our peers
We will have them in office with truth or lies, for four long years.

In my city, there is an upcoming commissioner race,
I wonder if it will be remembered with respect, or disgrace.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Competed

He never won a ribbon or an award,
In any event that he had ever entered,
Nor had he never won a trophy as a reward,
Even though he was taught and mentored.

He always did as his coaches and teachers had said,
He trained and practiced to be the best that he could,
Towards hard work and studying was always in his head,
He knew it would all pay off to be the best that he would.

He always came in last place in all the races,
Whether it be by running in a race or for an election,
So, he studies his books and he ties his shoelaces,
All he seeks is a victory and not glory or affection.

He always entered every contest or any sport,
In his heart he knew that them all he could win,
He never begged or pleaded for any person's support,
As he knew soon he would be joining the company of men.

He never gave up trying he kept on competing,
He was always known as the slowest of the fast,
But, after every lost and after every beating,
After every race and contest he always stood steadfast.

And when he came in last place or when he lost,
Towards his opponents he was never ever bitter,
Always into another event or match his energy was tossed,
He was never to be known as lazy or as a quitter.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Confession Of A Judge

Though everyone knew that she was lying
The judge still believed her because she was crying,
Maybe he thought that he must believe in her story
Because he has a little girl, and not a little boy,
And one day soon his daughter another judge might be trying.

For enjoyment upon his farm he rides upon his tractor
He enjoys his wife and daughter calling him their benefactor,
But, for him that is where it ends at him remaining a male
Now he is controlled and believes in only the female,
To be a man, to be a man, he is now just an actor.

To this I think and maybe one day he might confess
Maybe this change accrued while wearing his robe (the dress)
Perhaps he got in touch with his own feminine side
Now he is scared of the male, so in the laws he will hide,
Now the woman in him, he will grow into and try to impress.

A man shouldn't be a coward and tell others to fight his own fight
He must stand on his own two feet and defend what he believes is right,
And the woman who lies because it is easier for a man to blame
And when a judge believes that woman, because of gender it is a shame,
To him I would say towards the man why the hate and all the spite.

The judge slams down his gavel upon the sound board
He declares a price on all men's heads as a just reward,
Men are all bullies and bosses he testifies to that
We must always believe and trust in the woman as they are a man's diplomat,
So says the judge, and so says his wife whom is his master and lord.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Corruption

There is a corruption around our cities and our states
Where greed and power and privileges alone dictates,
The government wants to own us and then take control
The police wants to be our vengeance, and judges want to be our soul.
If we are erred against, they want to seek our retribution
Do they believe that them controlling our lives is the only solution,
We are treated like children as though they know what is the best for us
But, it is not any of them, but only in God that I truly trust.

Elected politicians work for the taxpayers, which is both you and I
Then by honor and GOD, them I must assuredly will deny,
How can a paid servant who works less hours make more than his boss
To that question alone I can't answer, I am still at a total loss,
We say no, we scream no to a law to which politicians happily say yes
Politicians care only for themselves, someday to that they all will confess,
We are taxed, and we are taxed until we all are left broke and poor
So, why not send the politicians who will profit, off to our countries war.

When politicians get together do they all sing the same old hymn
It's not what is the best for us, it is always what is the best for them,
They will not listen to us, even when we shout and demonstrate and vote
Maybe it is time for us the constituents that we all should stand up and revolt,
We pay their wages and we give them paid retirements and free healthcare
So, why do they think the rest of us should live in poverty and despair,
There is a corruption around us, and it's all in our government
Maybe we should impeach and then destroy, and then create a new blueprint.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Couch

After a hard shift working at the mill
I am so excited to come home to a hearty meal
While my head is aching and my muscles still hurt
I am so very excited to get home from work
But before I kiss my wife or my child on the head
Even before I take a shower and head off to bed
One thing makes me happy so I am not such a crouch
That is when I sit down, and relax upon my couch.

Made out of wood, and covered with leather
My couch is my companion and we are joined together
My magazines and mail are placed upon its seat
And sometimes when I come home that is where I will eat
My child has his table, and my wife has her armchair
And I have my own sofa, and it is mine I do declare
My chair gives ease, but sometimes it causes me to slouch
How much I enjoy that comfort and the softness of my couch.

My couch is my comforter and it is my throne
It is where I read my paper and where I enjoy being alone
It is also where I relax and where my decisions are made
And every year from that seat, I enjoy the Christmas parade
Sometimes when I am tired, and I need a quick rest
That is where I sit, but it's never available for a guest
I always do my best thinking upon that sofa I will vouch
The world it is cruel, but it is much kinder when I sit on my couch.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Could Cry

If you could cry,
But just one tear,
Be grateful for your cheer.
But if from hate,
That your tears do wait,
Be sad from your fears.
For the tear that is unwept,
Is from sorrow somewhere kept,
It is a bad thing to hold and keep.
And if it is better to smile,
Than it is to ever cry,
I would rather sit and weep.
For if you could cry,
But just one tear,
From only just one thought.
I truly feel for you,
And the friends that you knew,
And the love and memories you lost.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Count The Tears

I cannot count the tears
Nor can I count the hate
Though I can only count
The Men, that hate did take.

I cannot curse the world
Nor can I curse the few
Though I wish that I could only curse
The Men, that hate did knew.

I wish there was no pain
I wish there was no grave
But I know that will never be
As like rain, it comes everyday.
As we are given life
And we are given death
We are then given the choice
To make it the worst or the best.

I cannot count the bullets
Nor can I count the hate
Though I can only count
The graves, where dreams are laid.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Coward

Here stands the coward
As you look upon his face
So afraid of the world outside
His soul is full of pity and disgrace.
He talks behind ones back
When they are never around
As he is tough when he is alone
And he is always coward bound.
He will never talk face to face
When conflict heads his way
He will just run away and hide
And to GOD for protection he will pray.
He lacks the courage to do many things
As he always runs out of mans sight
He hides while no one is looking
As he can never fight his own fight.
He will make up his stories and lies
So he can cover up his cowardly way
As that is all that he knows to do
He is so afraid of all danger and pain.
He will laugh and will always smile
As that too is part of his act
So persons might believe he is brave
But bravery and manhood he does lack.
He is brave when females are around
Then he pretends he is something he's not
He feels their heads with his lies and stories
Or of deeds that other men had done and sought.
He is so much like a frightened animal
With its tail tucked between its legs
To all he shows that he has no courage
Which is more than a cowardly plague.
He is also known by other names
Which he has been call in the past before
He is also known as a chicken and sissy
And that too is branded upon his core.
He timidly wakes up everyday
And takes himself a sadly shower
He washes off the dirt from the night before

But he cannot wash off being a coward.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Creation

GOD smiles upon us and he blesses us
With his gifts and his love and all of his trust
We are born with the desire and the want to express
We were formed from dreams and thoughts, not only dust.
GOD is the Almighty, the creator of all creation
He gives man purpose and the gift of inspiration.

Man with a pen or a brush he can and will create
He sees and senses what no other man can feel
In his mind and his dreams his thoughts they cultivate
Then he creates, and then to all, his works he will reveal.
Man creates for himself, and GOD he wants to please
While GOD, he just sits there and watches and sees.

GOD the creator he gives and shows and he inspires
Man paints and creates for his soul and his inspiration
Man he paints and he writes and he sings in the choirs
GOD is the creator, and the builder of all creation.
While man burdens himself to write or paint, he creates
And GOD, he sits and smiles and he waits.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Creation Ingredients

Maybe there is a reason that we are the colors that we are,
Maybe we are ingredients in God's cooking jar,
Maybe we are white for the sugar, or flour or maybe even the salt,
And if we are born hateful without taste, maybe that is the fault.
Maybe we were born black for pepper or the taste of the cocoa bean,
And if we are forgotten, maybe that's why we are hateful and also mean,
Maybe we were born yellow for the tang of lemon or lime or the eggs yolk,
And without them we would be bland and also easy to provoke.
Maybe we were born red for the savory of the strawberry or the cherry
And without that added, wouldn't life be un-sweet and un-imaginary.
Maybe we were created white, black, yellow and red for a reason
Maybe we were meant to be ingredients to each other as a season,
At the end of life we are described as either sweet, sour or tasty
Maybe we were meant to be combined, to become sweet as God's pastry.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Crooked Politicians

Thieves and crooks have their hands in every pot,
To benefit man? Or to help others; I think not!
I wished that pot was lined with hooks, so the thieves would be caught
Then politicians would catch themselves, the crooks that they had sought.

I enjoy going to church just to listen to GOD'S word
But, then in whispers there is the lies and gossip that is also heard,
Politicians try to serve two masters, GOD and the demurred
Now their speeches and beliefs, those politicians must always reword.

A politician truly cannot serve both man and also serve GOD
To say that they can do both, they become a liar and also a fraud,
Whether he slams down the gavel or strikes down the rod
A politician who says is godly, he is mistaken and also flawed.

The ten commandments as we know is GOD's most sacred rules
If he or a constituent breaks them, do politicians see them as only fools
Or do they just hide their gavels, and their other political tools
Then happily in their houses, they count their money and hide their jewels.

Randy McClave

Cross On A Chain

You wear a crucifix around your neck
Is it in decoration or a sign of your true belief
As around my neck their lies nothing at all,
Because in my heart, lies the love that you cant see.
I proclaim my belief to no one but me
A desire stronger than your crucifix on a chain
And if I could wear that belief around my neck
I would proudly wear it, as my love I'd proclaim.

I wear my belief as if it lies around my neck
As proudly and strongly as any crucifix on a chain
And if it could be removed, forever it would stay
Then you would know that love would always remain.
Around my neck their lies nothing at all
In my heart their lies a need that cannot end
So while the World can see your crucifix on the chain,
Around my heart, there is that love ready to begin.

Around your neck lies a crucifix on a chain
Which can be removed anytime or at any day
It can be a decoration to adorn your looks,
Or it can be an idol so you can worship on or pray.
I look at my belief which hangs around my neck
Though it can be see and held only by me,
And proudly I hold it, and forever I will keep it
Because it is the only belief, that can set me free.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Crossing A Picket Line

Any person that crosses over a picket line
That action by them it will soon define,
It will show a lack of character and no moral belief
From unity and honor they will not find any relief;
They don't care for the struggle of the working person
And they don't care if their pay or working conditions worsen,
Into the back of any striker they are ready to stab
And they will always will be known to me and you, as a scab;
A boundary that is established by workers who are on strike
It should always be respected by both you and me alike,
Never from the lack of pay or from intimidation will it I cross
As I protect and defend the strikers, and not an avaricious boss;
Workers must stand together and for solidarity they must fight
Though not for corruption or for individuality, but for what is right
Any supporter or believer who does not have a greedy spine,
They will never attempt or will want to cross over a picket line.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Crossing The Street

As a pedestrian sadly I have no right
Especially when there is no traffic light,
Whenever I cross the street, I always take a chance
With life or death, to continue or end my romance.

I always look both ways as I always do
Then here comes a speeding car out of the blue,
But, there is no red light telling them to, "STOP"
Soon with the car, I probably will be lying on top.

If I am only injured and I do not die
I will be lucky, as there is an hospital that is nearby,
This type of situation I truly regret
I feel like it's a form of Russian roulette.

I am now scared to death to cross the road
Especially at night, or after it has rained or snowed,
If I get killed they will call me a hearse
And if someone else is hit, they will get me, a nurse.

The city seems like that they don't care at all
By an unyielding car I am not the first to get hit or to fall,
Next time I know that before I cross the street
It might be God, and not my family that I will be going to meet.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Crown Of A Poet

When my pens are all dried up
And my writing on Earth is done
I will then take off my tarnished crown
And I will hand it off to my son.
To continue the writing that I have started
As from this world I have parted.

A poet my son he will become
To reflect his life in rhyme
To bring forth beauty and wonder of himself
Which will take a never ending life.
For the last poem is like a kiss,
For one is born whenever there is a wish.

A poets pencil is his best friend
And a piece of paper is his canvas of white
To paint the words that have been unpainted
And to stir the soul and open the mind.
To bring forth again the smiles and tears,
That has been locked away for so many years.

And when my pencils have all been broken
And my writing pads are burnt in fire
I will then loose my poetry crown
As I will seek a higher power.
Where my poems will be written upon the sky
Where tears again I will never cry.

My tarnished crown will become my sons
To write on Earth what he sees best
To write during the day and at night to pray
For a poet, as he knows no rest.
For sleep does seldom ever come.
To the one whose fingers are always numbed.

And when his hands are old and tired
The Lord then will give him his sleep
For a job isn't finished until the Lord says so
But then never again will He weep.

And then my crown I will give to my son,
So the dream of ours, will never be done.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Cupid's Arrow

I forget the exact time and the day
When Cupid shot me with his arrow,
Was I he trying to save, or to slay
As he laughed when he flew away like a sparrow.
But, I remember the scent of a beautiful flower
But, I forget the exact minute, time and hour.

When I was in love it was intoxicating
It was the melding of two wants and two desires,
It was a drug created by GOD for the mating
And not once did I think, that love too expires.
To truly love it is the greatest gift man can receive
Without love why do we paint or write, why do we breathe?

If Cupid only knew what he had done unto me
When his arrow had struck me in the heart,
I wonder if he gives his victims any tears or pity
When he rips their lives like mine apart.
When that potion of his finally wore off,
Seemingly it had come and gone like a summer's cough.

Now I am jealous of the Angels and the birds,
As they fly and look down upon me from above,
All that I have left from love are my words
In which case I would rather once again have love.
To Cupid and the Angels I know that I am well known
As I am the man who sits and waits for love all alone.

I pricked my thumb with a roses thorn
Happily I had thought that Cupid had shot me once again,
I was hoping once more that love in me to be reborn
So, I waited for it to start and my love to begin.
But, the woman I found she wasn't my fate
I was looking for love she was looking for lust and hate.

I remember that time so very long ago
When Cupid had arrived into my life,
With his arrow, love unto me he did bestow
Then that love had given me a child and a wife.

But, now that love and her are gone like a beautiful flower,
Sadly I can't remember the day, or even the hour.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Daddy's Little Girl

They say that she is daddy's little girl
As she curtsies and does her little twirl,
But, the moment she is ignored or you interrupt
She becomes self centered and violent and she will erupt,
She will whine and cry and then run off to her room
She will hate her life with all of its doom and gloom,
You must then go and apologize to her for your mistake
With a gift and some flowers, and also a slice of cake,
Sometimes at you she will smile and at everyone else she will nettle
You can then visualize her with a cat, stirring an iron kettle,
Girls they will all slam doors and windows and they will pout
Boys on the other hand will always argue and fight and shout,
But, like their mother's little girls all have their drama
Around them men must be more forgiving like the Dali lama,
Girls will always be their daddies little princess
Until when daddy gets older and he comes to his senses,
But, she will also be her mommy's little drama queen
When she doesn't get her way, she will pout and pout and then she will scream.
You can punish both a girl and also a boy
Take away their privileges and their candy and a toy,
And then you could send them off early to their room and to bed
In the morning the boy forgets, but the girl will hate you until the day she is
dead,
A girl will hold a grudge and she will never ever forget
She even remembers the time in grade-school when the teacher made her sit,
A boy will get in a fight with his very own best friend
And when the fight is over, the fight is over, and that is the end,
But, when a girl has an argument and a fight with her own pal
She will always hold a hate and resentfulness and will destroy her friends morale,

To have a daughter you indeed must have the patience of a saint
I know if I had a daughter, I would need chains as a restraint,
A girl just like a woman is hateful and conniving and mean
But, that side of themselves they hide well, and try not ever to be seen,
Having a daughter they say will give you endless love and joy
But, I don't have the tolerance of a prophet, so all I ask for is a boy.

Randy L. McClave

Daddy's Little Klansman

My dad and I never did toss a ball
That is what I remember most of all,
But, instead stones and bricks we did toss
And together occasionally we burnt a cross.
Many times we dressed up as though trick or treating
But, only when dad and me went to a special meeting,
There we were taught of hated of all blacks and every Jew
Then we would fight them all, until we were black and blue.
We screamed to everyone that God was on our side
Of course that wording was blasphemy, we lied,
My dad, he had raised me to be a true patriotic man
With prejudice and bigotry as with every member of our Klan.
When I was younger I was told to eat everything off my plate
Then I was taught how to judge, and also why to hate,
Dad always said that our country should be white once again
Even though it once belonged to the red men.
I was trained for fighting for people's liberties and rights
But, not for the blacks, reds or yellows only the whites,
I still remember the games that dad and me once did play
Now like my dad, I am a member of the KKK.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Dandelion

In my garden there was a dandelion
I plucked it from where it did grow
Like a child I was amazed by its mystery
So then upon it, I gently did blow,
I made a wish as I did when I was young
As the seedlings had taken to the air
The thought brought me back when I was a youth
And for a moment once again, I was there,
Hundreds of her seeds then hit the breeze
As they floated and began their wandering
It was an odyssey that was created by myself
But where would they go, I started pondering,
Some took to the breeze to continue their trek
And some floated slowing to the ground
While some went sailing out of my sight
That moment for me was quite profound,
In my garden all my dandelions are now gone
Their seedlings have been taken up in the wind
Each one I released with a wish and a breath
Freedom and a new awakening to all I did send,
The seedlings soon will find themselves a new home
Upon a yard they will land and will lie still
Now what once was mystery and an odyssey to me
Will now become a reality, as a yellow daffodil.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Dare

Remember me if you do dare
When we walked together in winters air
We held hands throughout our walk
Then we laughed and joked if we did talk,
We were one! a husband and a wife
As we journeyed together throughout this life
My vow to you was forever more
Through good times and bad either rich or poor,
Your promise to me was to be at my side
Where you'd always stand and never would hide
You would give me strength when I am weak
And the support from you I would always seek,
We shared the same dreams as I had thought
As the same happiness and joys we had sought
But now I think back to that one December
If only now you were allowed to remember,
We walked and talked throughout that night
We held on to each other with all of our might
But then that day we forgot to say a prayer
Remember that as well, if you do dare.

Randy ve

Randy McClave

Day's

Yesterday It has come and gone
Once again secretly it has left us behind
Now all we have is regrets and past wishes
And the many dreams we never did find.
Those days are now part of our memory
While we might think back to why didn't I
But then remorse we will always remember
While we always question ourselves just why.

Tomorrow it will never be here
As tomorrow will always be tomorrow
That is were we put our dreams and our hopes
And where we escape from our sadness and sorrow.
It is the days that we do dread
And the days that we hope and pray to arrive
Where love is held and deadlines our met
But some how they never do survive.

Today is all that we are guaranteed
As we are promised no future or even past
We are here now so we much cherish that
As in the end that is all that might ever last.
We must live and learn by the day
So we must enjoy every second that we live
Never to put off till tomorrow do it today
As today is the only day that we hold captive.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Days Numbered

All of our days of calmness are numbered
Along with all of our turbulent nights
Our future is also encumbered
From all our pleasures and so delights
A pendulum for each one of us is swinging
Counting off the days that we have left
Listen closely and hear the angels singing
As they soon will bid us farewell into the cleft
Tonight it might be our very last day
Or maybe that time it will be tomorrow
So for now I will review my life and pray
As I hope not to leave with hate or sorrow.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Dead And Gone

In years from now when I am dead and gone
Will people read the words that I had wrote
If they do will they agree with what they read
And if so truly, understand the feelings I had spoke.
Will they feel the pain and suffering that I felt
In the many days of my own life
Maybe they will etch my feelings inside their soul
And If so, I wonder for me if they will cry.
I wonder if anyone will go into a deep thought
After reading the words that I had spoke
And then will they think and understand that feeling too
While inside their soul or heart a memory I will had awoke.
Maybe they will be with me in those lonesome nights
When my soul and I felt so very alone
When I couldn't sleep so I had to write
While my soul stayed stationary, but my mind it did roam.
And will they feel the pain that I did feel
With every line that I suffered as I did write
Will they shed a tear that my lover never shed for me
While she was always in my heart and in my sight.
And when they finish my book and close it shut
Will they reflect my feelings as they walk away
Will they say they know the pain that I have felt
As they too had felt it in their very own days.
Will they cry the tears that was never cried for me
As they go searching for my last resting place
To give the sympathy they might say I deserve
While trying to visualize my soul through my face.
If they look and find and then walk unto my grave
I wonder for me if i will receive long forgotten grieving
Telling me how sad and the pity they hold for me
After reading my words, maybe they will start believing.
And maybe they will walk to the graves of the others
The ones who did me wrong and who sealed my fate
Who made me the poet whom I had to become
Will they tell them their souls, and living they do hate.
So as I finish writing with these last few thoughts
I hope forever my words and feelings will continue on
As I know I am not alone and my pain is not fastened to me

But really who will know, until I am dead and gone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Dear And Sweet

Dear sweet and loving wife
You give me love and also life
You give me happiness and never strife
Without you my love how could I survive.
You have turned our house into a home
The love we have it is always shown
Together forever in life we've been sewn
Never will we ever be sad or alone.
When I am off to work I think about you
As I know there will always be us two
To live without your love I have not a clue
When we sleep at night my soul you soothe.

Dear sweet and loving mother
As I know like you there is no other
You keep me warmth you are my cover
You gave me life and also life to discover.
You kiss me goodnight when I go to sleep
When I am sad you help me not to weep
No steps you said for me are ever to steep
You taught me truth and not deceit.
You taught me honesty and never to lie
Honor and pride you said will be at my side
Because of you I wear a smile at night
As you gave me love and you gave me might.

Dear sweet and loving mistress
Does your husband know you are my misses
For myself you will cheat as you undress
Your children do not know that you never confess.
You come visit me when your family is asleep
You sneak out your house so not to make a peep
As my life and myself is all that you seek
I wonder does anyone know the secrets we do keep.
When your husband is at work you are thinking about me
When your children are at school you are free
Whatever I say or do you will always believe
Hopefully the truth you will never find or see.

Dear mean and hateful woman
You have done again things that you shouldn't
Though we are all weak and only human
You have done things that any other couldn't.
You suppose to give your family your very best
So your soul and life would of been blessed
But then you gave your feelings to all the rest
In love and life you should never start another quest.
But in the end of course you will be caught
You lied to everyone and against what you taught
Righteousness and love and truth you never sought
Your body has been sold and your soul has been bought.

Randy ve

Randy McClave

Dear Mister President

Dear Mister President, I am a vet
My family still doesn't have health insurance yet,
Will you please help us with our mounting debt;
Mister President said, 'Nyet! '

People that I defended are on medicare
But, they need it more, than just a simple prayer,
Without it, their living they just cannot bare
So, now they all are frightened and living in despair.
Now you want to take away their Social Security
You want to take it away from them without shame or pity,
While destroying every state, town, and even city;
You are not at all caring, or even that witty.

Dear Mister President I don't have an asset
I now begin to worry and to sweat,
Can you please help me without mocking or regret
Mister President again said, 'Nyet! '

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Dear Wife

Dear Wife I write you this poem
As I have been told it would do me well,
To let you know what you have done to me,
And ask why you put me through all this hell.
I brought you here all the way from your home
To be my wife and my love forever more,
I then gave you all, and I did without,
But then your went knocking at other mens door.
I then found out you were telling lies about me
And love letters and phone calls to other men you sent
But you I had trusted with my whole heart and soul
So your many affairs on me, I never had the hint.

Dear Wife this is your poem
I hope you read it over and over again
Your sister said your affair on me wasn't your first
As you did it also with your other husbands and men.
Did you tell anyone else what you did too me
About mentally and physically abusing me all the time
And how you always put yourself always first
And never what was yours was also was mine.
You left our house when your family had slept
So you could go out and be with with another man
As you didn't care who you used or had hurt
And you I don't think no one could ever understand.

Dear Wife here is more of your poem
I truly hope that you will read it all
Have you told anyone who you left me for
Or are you ashamed and want that to be my call.
He too is a liar and and user and also a thief
And in so many ways he is just like you
As he too has not a job but lives off others
So he now tells you what you can or cannot do.
He had cheated on his wife so she left him
And also I found out he is a Momma's boy
He is a coward and he cant fight his own fight
And as you know all of that is a true story.

Dear Wife here is more of your poem
There is so much more that I need to write
Are you going to raise your daughters the way you live
And have them believing that you were always right.
Will they think its alright to jump from one man to another
And its better to always take than it is to give,
And to ignore GOD'S word and think only of themselves
Tell me is that how you want them to live.
Soon one day all of your family and friends will find out
Of all of your lying and the ways that you do act
And hopefully none of your family will turn out like you
And as you know those are not lies, but only fact.

Dear Wife this of course is your poem
And you know that none of it is a lie
I never expected what you had done to me
So deep inside my soul I surely did die.
I kept all the messages you sent in your letters
Even the one about your hickey given in our house
The one your bragged about that was given to you
And it wasn't given by me, your spouse.
I remember when you told your daughters and me
How every Sunday that you had to go to school,
Even on Valentines day and your Birthday you had to go
Then I found out it was lie, and once again I am the fool.

Dear Wife here is some more of your poem
I am beginning to feel a lot better now,
As I did nothing wrong and it was always you,
And truly I do feel so happy with my soul and I am proud.
You committed adultery and you robbed and you stole,
And I stayed truthful to my wife and love which was you,
When you were abandoned in Scotland for over a year
Remember it was I your husband who wanted you.
I still have the pictures and the mail you had sent
And everyone even your family knows of your past,
All your adultery and affairs and cheating you have done,
The evils you have done to others will always last.

Dear Wife again this is your poem
If not without you it would of never been born
Some talk about the fury inflicted by scorned women

But I tell you this, a man too does not like to be scorned.
You have gossiped and criticized everyone in your life
Told of secrets and promises that you swore to keep
You honor no one and loyalty is not your friend,
And for you soul, sad to say no one will ever weep.
You have talked about your sisters and your brother
You said of their problems that they have many
Then you talked about your ex-husbands and ex-lovers
And this and we say Wife; Problems you have many.

Dear Wife This is the end of my poem
I hope truly that you have read it well,
And I hope all that know you, have read it too,
As they will too know, the truth is all that I did tell.
You have no conscience or dignity about yourself,
Is that why you changed your looks once again,
You cant change your soul, like changing of your hair
Seems you cant stay away from adultery and sin.
When you sleep tell me how do you sleep
I bet you sleep well, that is if you have not a soul,
And are you waiting for another man to come in your life,
So you can again start another life not far down the road.

Dear wife, I wonder will your daughters be like you
Later in years when women they will become
You already have taught them how to lie and steal
And how to use men for gain and also fun.
I remember when they told me about all your boyfriends
And all the men you had stay with you for the night
And sad to say I later became one of those men
I guess I became the man next in your expanding line.
I wonder if your daughters are happy with you
And the life that you gave them to live
They don't know how to be true and virtuous woman
The greatest present a mother to her daughter she could give.

Dear Wife, that name I wont call you anymore
As my wife to me you can never be
As you did the sins no other wife would ever do
And everyone of that one fact would always agree.
So you can tell your lies to everyone that you meet
Do you believe any one but a sinner would believe your lies

As you don't and never did walk the steps of morality or virtue
Now when you feel the cold wind that is GODS sadden sigh.
So using me and abusing me will happen no more
As to my mind and soul on that one thought I do reflect
As i can do so much better but you will not ever
And now my Dear Wife, you will ever be known as my ex.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Death Comes

Death it is not so scary
I am not afraid when it arrives
I am gone my soul survives
So my body alone they will bury.

I am not afraid of dying
When my time comes I will go
Place me in an urn or in a meadow
That time I will not be denying.

Someday soon I will be dead
That will be the end of my existence
I will go without fighting or resistance
Nothing more will I fear or dread.

My life I am not afraid to leave
And I will not leave with guilt or shame
When that day comes my body death will claim
And my soul GOD will retrieve.

I am not afraid to die
Death will visit us one and all
I will not beg and I will not crawl
I will accept it as I say my last goodbye

Death it is a doorway
It is not a dream or a dead-end
One day that event we all will attend
As death comes for us all one day.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Death Is Coming

Death will come to us one an all
Maybe in the springtime or even in the fall
Or even in the summertime or maybe the winter
But, whom knows when death might enter.
Death might come in the wink of the eye
Before we start a laugh or a tear to cry
Or maybe it will arrive just after a fight
Or will it come in the daytime, instead of night.
Will it come before we say forgive me please
But, no-one knows when that time might be
Maybe it will will come after we had sinned
Then we'll lose our soul before it we could mend.
Death will come and when it does we won't know
Maybe it will be tomorrow, when we say hello
Or maybe it will be later on tonight
When we are to tired to argue and to tired to fight.
Could it come before we say a prayer
As for our soul and salvation it doesn't care
All that I know death is coming for me
As it is death and not I, whom controls my destiny.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Death Of Love

When my arm is cold and numbed
And then laid to its final rest
I wander what thought that it could have
If only to God and man it could confess.

When my eyes close for their very last time
What would be the last sight for them to see,
Would it be a sight, that gave a delight
To be cherished by my soul through me.

When my fingers loose their sense of touch
What touch would be missed most of all
Would it be the roses in the summertime
Or the many leaves, that I touched in the fall.

When my lips quiver their last time to close
What would be the last thought of it to miss
Would it be to say a prayer or maybe speak a thought
Or would it be, to give my one last kiss.

When it is my time to to leave this world
I know from this world I must leave alone
But I need to feel love, as I say goodbye to life
As never again will my soul or thoughts roam.

Before my arm goes it needs one last hug
Then it will go with a pain and a delight
And before my eyes close shut as surely as they will
They must see heaven in sight, that night.
Before my fingers loose their since of touch
A woman's hair or a rose I need to brush
They must feel the softness that they once had known
Then happily they will leave with just a hush.
My heart would beat one last time for you
And for my lips, what would be their final wish
Would it to say a prayer or a poem to recite,
Or it would be a last goodbye kiss.

When my body is gone and it is buried deep

And my soul is heading to heaven above
No one might worry about me leaving this world
But when I gone, there will be the death of love..

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Deeds

Of all the greatest deeds
That man has ever conceived
It would be that one deed
That no-one ever did see.
The greatest deeds of them all
The one that people would recall
It would be that one deed
That no-one had ever saw.
The deeds that are always shown
Is like the wind that has blown
You are are cold and then awakened
But its memory is never known.
The good deeds that are quite
They are the ones with all the might
They are never, ever forgotten
And they are always in ones sight.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Depressed

He wants my money so that he can pay his bills
So, I will put off on buying my pills,
I now can't even afford to have a stroke
Now I am just poor, and also broke.
He has taken my every nickel and dime
So, in his life he can have a good time,
Now I stay so sad and also bereft
I don't have anything left.
He always says that he will pay me back
But, a substance to that promise he does lack,
Because of him my credit cards are all gone
He doesn't care, as he smiles with a yawn.
My house I once owned it both free and clear
From years of hard-work and blood and a tear,
I hate to sound judgmental and also mean
But, because of him, my house now has a lean.
He just calls me when he needs money to borrow
He ignores my calls when I am in sorrow,
And when to God for help I plead in a prayer
He just listens, but he doesn't care.
I know that I will be buried one day in a pauper's grave
To him I will be remembered as his financial slave,
I am just so sad and broken and always depressed
Every morning that I awake, I don't want to get dressed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Deserving Better

You deserve better than me
Said the Apple to the Tree
For all I do is hold you down
And then I plummet to the ground.
And then you I leave.
You deserve better than me.

You deserve better than I
Spoke the old Man to his Wife
For around you I tied such a heavy load
Now I, must live in that woe.
Then the old man softly cried.
As He stammered, you deserve better than I.

You deserve better than me
Shouted the river to the Sea
For all I do is pollute you
While I never salute you.
Then in the winter time I do freeze.
You deserve better than me.

But without you, the Sea exclaimed
I would be a pond awaiting the rain
You give me the strength that makes me roar
And you give me the power that makes me soar.
And YES, I am a mighty, mighty Sea.
But without you, there would be no me.

The old Woman smiled at Her Husband dear
Through eyes of pain, and many years
"Yes", the load I carry it is a might load
But the load I carry, is from the load I chose.
Then the old Woman gave the old Man a hug.
For what you called woe, I call love.

I let you plummet unto the Earth
Likened the way I did before your birth
And I was protected, so my roots went deep
Then after many years I became a Tree.

And you, Deserve better than I.
Spoke the Tree, to the Apple that died.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Desire

To live our life without desire
To enter those days without a craving
Having nothing to search for or acquire
Would make our existence so depraving.
To not having the want to need or search
Or the passion to look for and then obtain
We would be like the parrot upon its perch
Only to look and watch, and then complain.
We must have that aspiration and that need
To fill our hunger and also our longing
To make a wish and then plant that seed
And then feel the passion and the belonging.
We must live our life as if its our very last day
With a hunger and want and a soul on fire
And then gritting our teeth and do as we say
And then live this day and life in only desire.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Desire Gone

I once had a desire
But, lackluster now there is no fire,
So, with a heavy heart and a dry eye
To you; I will say goodbye.

Once there was an inferno
Inside my soul I thought it to be eternal,
The magnitude entered my soul, so I thought
That you..... Were the only one that I sought.

You were inside my brain
I was going mad and quite insane,
But, then our moment I did seize
I then found out, you were just a tease.

Now the fire it is gone
As now I wake up with a fatigued yawn,
Now with past memories and a heavy sigh,
To you; I must now say goodbye.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Desires For A Cheating Wife

I would rather be stabbed with a rusty kitchen knife
Than to again be married to a cheating wife,
That pain in my body I could easier withstand
Than that of a cheating woman wearing my wedding band.

I would much rather be smacked in the face with cleats
Than to be kissed by a woman, a wife who cheats,
My skin would someday heal and it would not decay
But, the taste of her vile lips would never go away.

I would rather be in my bed with ants and an anteater
Than to share my bed ever again with a wife who is a cheater,
Both of them would end up with something to gain
But, only one would enjoy it when I am in agony and pain.

I would much rather live my life in anguish and a sufferer
Than to survive again with a wife who is a liar and an adulterer,
That type of woman and suffering there is but one answer
An adulterous wife is worse than any type of cancer.

I do not want an unfaithful wife's grave placed next to mine
And I don't want us to ever rest in the same church or shrine,
When the worms come to consume her meat and bone
Her soul and her body should be suffering, and all alone.

Never again do I want a wife who is also a whore
With the life that I know now, I couldn't survive it anymore,
A wife who continuous and flauntingly has affairs
How could a man live with her, without drugs, alcohol and prayers.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Destiny

As I sit at home in my chair
I think of her as she's not there
Remembering the talks that we held
We thought of no one but ourselves.
For a moment as though we were one
Then that moment disappeared and the feeling gone
We smiled and laughed as we sat and talked
So we decided together to go for a walk.

As I walk around a local park
Am all alone and it's after dark
I think of memories that once had been
But now they are gone as though never seen.
I think of her as she had held my arm
But that was yesterday and that was the charm
We walked not knowing if we were lovers or friends
Wished I knew the beginning and not the end.

As I reached to touch a star
As though to hold it from afar
I close my eyes with an opened hand
Then once again I finally understand.
You are not here but your in my sight
Not just in the daytime but also the night
As in my heart there you will always be
You can call it love, but I call it destiny.

Randy Lee McClave

Randy McClave

Destiny Mine

Some people they will die rich
While many more will die broke and poor
Though at the end of life we will all meet
At the entrance to the very same door,
We have no choice to the life that is given us
We choose not were to be born only were to die
The road and paths we choose are not our decision
So we either ignore it or happily we will comply,
I have never walked in another man shoes
Nor have I wanted another man to walk in mine
I accept the life that I am living for myself
And in life my living is how I will be defined.

We none choose our own beginning
Into this world we enter it with sadness or hope
A decision must be made only by ourselves
Will we win and survive or we will lie down and cope,
The pain and scars from life are our badges
I too have been tempted, but happily I walked away
All that I am I have made it for myself
So I live so I can walk and fight another day,
Some people they are born very happy
While some people are born very sad
But still the very same raindrops they will fall
Upon the heads of the heartbroken and the glad.

Randy McClave

Devil Created By Man

Through shame and guilt as time and souls might forbid
What if GOD never created the Devil, but man did,
What if the Devil had come from man's own imagination
Now he is known and feared and loathed in every country and nation.
The father tells his child not to stare at the sun or he will go blind
And if he ever does evil to anyone, him the Devil will find.

Where could the Devil live, man then might had thought
In the heavens with GOD, where love and peace is sought,
Maybe the Devil should exist without form and be an evil spirit
And his home is for the lifeless, so he lives in a fiery pit.
The Devil of course needed a place to rule and also a home to dwell
So maybe man then decided to create him a dominion, so he called it hell.

What if because of man's Devil, man then had to create himself a religion
As man was easy and gullible, and he is timid as a pigeon,
Man must always be told what to do and say and also how to live
And always for his soul and salvation, money and gifts to the church he must
give.
If you are not good and obedient, the Devil will grab and take your soul
Then into the fiery pits of hell screaming, he will drag you down below.

What if all that we know and see, GOD alone did create
But, as for lies and sin, the Devil was man's fabricated fate,
Maybe hell and that fiery pit with demons was man's own fabrication
Man could never build a Heaven, but a hell could be his own creation.
A place is saved for evil and sinners, so to goodness sinners might want to
reform
Maybe man gave birth to the Devil and his beliefs, and that gave him a form.

Through pain and suffering and hardships and all that GOD will permit
Towards happiness and goodness and truth, man is always unfit,
Could man have made the Devil to give himself and everyone a faith and a belief
Heaven is a place for the righteous, now there is a place for suffering and grief.
If you are good and sinless in heaven someday you will reside
But, now because of the Devil, in hell the sinners will go after they have died.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Devil's Share

When I am cruel to anyone or another
To whom I hurt, I really have no care or druther
Am I that way because of demonic forces
There is evil in this world and I feel it as it courses
Manifestation of evil in this world I do feel
It overpowers me so much that I go ill
Some people well-being I don't worry and I don't care
When I have that feeling, I give the Devil his share.

I would rather be good and that is the honest truth
As I despise being vulgar, uncivilized and uncouth
But that goodness in me, I just cannot find
Maybe because this world that I live in, it is not that kind
When I do something bad, which is not good for myself
It is always better for me, if I blame it on someone else
Now I end my nights asking forgiveness with a prayer
I know what I have given GOD, I also gave the Devil his share.

Never can I remember the good in a day
I don't want to help anyone instead I want to runaway
I know the bad that I have done it is written down in a book
Also I know one day that GOD, will take a look
To GOD I have given nothing and I say that with a tear
I pondered if I try to speak to him, would he want to hear
Now when I look in the mirror I wish someone else was there
Because all I see is myself, as I have given the devil his share.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Devil's Treat

When I was good I would receive a sweet
I was told the angels had brought me a treat
And when I was bad and not very good
The devil's treat to me was cake and food
Then when I was sinful I would always get sick
I realized, if the devil gives you a treat, it will be a trick.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Devoted

You must always be devoted
From what you do to what you believe
If you are not you will be noted
And only to yourself will you deceive.

If you are not faithful and committed
And unless you are truthful and credited
You will be excluded and omitted
You then certainly will be edited.

A man must always be true
In his dreams and also his goal
He must be dedicated and always pursue
Then he will find joy in his soul.

A woman she must be zealous
In her wants and needs she must be inspiring
Never should she be enraged or jealous
Calmness and virtue is her own requiring.

If a person is not devout
From what they do and from what they say
They will live their life in confusion and doubt
And heavy their soul it will weigh.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Didn't Know

Didn't know what you had
Until you lost it
Didn't know what you own
Until you got it
Didn't know of your sins
Until you fought it.
Didn't know what you needed
Until you sought it.

Didn't know your lies
Until someone spoke them
Didn't know of the truth
Until someone wrote them
Didn't remembered your dreams
Until someone awoke them
Didn't know they died
Until someone chocked them.

Didn't know you had guilt
Until you cried
Didn't know you felt sadness
Until you tried to hide
Didn't know you felt shame
Until you lied
Didn't know you believed in GOD
Until you asked him why.

Didn't know you felt sorrow
Until you shed a tear
Didn't know that you were scared
Until I saw your fear
Didn't know that you hated
Until you were near
Didn't know that you were unhappy
Until you looked in a mirror.

Didn't know who you truly were
Until your ways you sewed
Didn't know that you were evil

Until the truth was showed
Didn't know you did this before
Until I saw all of your woe
Didn't know who you really were
Though I wished then I did know.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Die By The Sword

Those who live by the sword
Will die by the sword,
Heaven or hell will be their final reward.
To take another's life
Is not ever accepted by Christ,
Destination will be the souls final price.
Those who judge and condemn
Which causes evil and mayhem,
Retribution will fall upon each of them.
No person can be tricked
To be called a killer or a convict,
And they will die by their sword in conflict.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Digging A Ditch

I prefer not ever digging a ditch
I am much more suited for being rich,
No diaphoresis on my brow or blisters on my hand
Being rich is how I recommend all to stand.
The government is always on my side
As me and the politicians are cut from the same hide,
We all together want a progressive and better life
But, not with the working-class mixing with my children and wife.
True I am wealthy, but I always want more cash
I want to pay less taxes and also buy more trash,
Though they say that I can't take it with me when I die
Believe you this, I will surely try.
The middle-class they can pay on our country's debt
There are more of them, so they should be happy and not upset,
They all get paid a decent living wage
And then one day they can retire when they reach a certain age.
Being rich is so much better than being middle-class or poor
We don't have to beg for food, or fight in any war,
And sometimes when there is a social standing fuss
The poor and the middle-class, they will side and fight for us.
Without the wealthy how could the middle-class survive
They need us before their futures could arrive,
We gave them their jobs so they could have reasons to live
Of their jealousy or contempt for us, we will try to forgive.
Whenever I see a poor person begging on the street
I think how my designer shoes could never fit his dirty feet,
He is best suited for the tidious and backbreaking manual labor
And of course he could never be my friend or neighbor.
I have no worries and not one single regret
I am happy with my life so I don't worry or sweat,
With their financial worries the middle-class will always pout
While the government and them will always happily bail me out.
I will always be well groomed and always healthy
God has blessed me and my family and all those who are wealthy,
Fame and fortune I need to amass
So, digging a ditch, is meant for the poor and the middle-class.

Randy L. McClave

Dining Out

Good foods I have always enjoyed to eat
The tastiest noodles, with the most tender meat,
Seafood taken freshly from the sea
Along with fruits and vegetables, and always fresh poultry.
Seasoning and broth I surely do adore
I slurp it, I sop it, and over my food it I will pour,
I have traveled the world for places to dine
Hopefully they are a ten, but I will settle for a nine.
I have traveled to eat in the far off east
For the finest sushi and ramen which for me to feast,
I then flown over an ocean for another quest
For the heavenly taste of Haggis and Angus to digest.
I have driven my car up to the north
For pasta dishes that chefs had brought forth,
And I have also traveled down to the deep south
Where gumbo and crawfish waters my mouth.
I always enjoy having myself a full plate
And I will always applaud the culinary artist after I have ate,
Sometimes it seems that my stomach is never full
As I constantly need some form of delicious, tasty culinary fuel.
I so love to please and tantalise my defined palate
For me all foods are upon my voting ballot,
And when in the kitchen I hear that lonesome barren clatter
I think, so many dreams with just an empty platter.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Dishes To Wash

We always have dishes to wash
And also a house to clean,
In the bin they'll be trash to squash
That is just our normal routine.
And of course errands to run.

There will always be a meal to cook
And always a bed to make,
A jacket or keys to hang on a hook
Waiting for us after we wake.
That is how our day begun.

There will always be a floor to sweep
And also clothes to put away,
Containers and pins to use and keep
Just for that other specific day.
And then for us the day is done.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Divorcing

She was not divorcing because of a tortured soul
She was divorcing because of a small loophole
Though she swore an oath that including her life
Now no longer could she be her husband's wife,
Now she must pay that ultimate toll.

She is filing for a divorce because of an oath
Now this will end the love and any spiritual growth
The pain and suffering it all came from a pledge
From an act and deed that she did allege,
Happy and content they will never be both.

She filed for a divorce now she leaves a broken trail
Even though she never experienced either hate or hell
Her parents never divorced because of a simple swear
Which could have been remedied by a sincere prayer,
So, I sit and twiddle my fingers and think, well, well, well.

She now will decide on what is his and what is hers
Hopefully without anger or any hateful slurs
Once all of their possessions with each other they shared
But that is the time they loved and a moment they cared,
Now they have become each other's saboteurs.

She sleeps on the bed and he sleeps on the couch
He tosses and turns with the occasional 'ouch'!
Neither one have dreams they are about to divorce
Soon enough their time it will run its course,
Now she will be heartless and he will be a grouch.

She will live in their house and he will live in a hotel
From their marital home her husband the law will expel
And all of this tragedy was from a silly vow
Which she could have stopped, but instead she did allow,
So, I twiddle my thumbs and I think, well, well, well.

Randy L. McClave

Do You Remember

Do you remember when you said that I wasn't listening to you,
But, you know that I really couldn't.
Do you remember when I asked you to repeat what you had said,
And unto me you said that you wouldn't.
Do you remember when you got mad at me daily for my hearing,
And I told you that you shouldn't.

Do you remember when I flew thousands of miles,
So, that I could just be with you.
Do you remember also when I flew you here to my home,
So, that we could become more than just two.
Do you remember when I did or went wherever that you wanted,
And all that you had to do was only ask me to.

Do you remember how I went into deep, deep debt,
So, that I could get you all that you did and do own.
Do you remember how I said that everything of mine was yours,
Which included my heart and also my home.
Do you remember how you then mocked and laughed at me,
When collectors would come and not leave me alone.

Do you remember when I prayed to God for our love,
Every single day and also every night.
Do you remember how happy and proud I always was of you,
And all you had to do was stand at my side.
Do you remember all the arguments that you started with me,
And with me you would love to argue and fight.

Do you remember those many plans that we had made,
But, never alone but while we were together.
Do you also remember how I would always say,
That you and I would always be forever.
Do you also remember as I still do and that I always will,
That once again you secretly chose some other.

Do you still remember the many sins that you've done,
And also the many lies to me that you had spoke.
Do you still remember the times that you weren't in our home,
Especially the times that you weren't there when I awoke.

Do you still remember those many times when you just hid away,
I wonder still if your conscience ever did choke.

Do you still remember and of course I always will, ,
How you had used this man again and also once before.
Do you still remember how you had use all your other men,
So, that you could get what you were looking for.
Do you remember how you lied and how you used them too,
Maybe that's why you always left for a different shore.

Do you remember the vows and promises that you made,
And once again in front of God and in the presence of man.
Do you remember how you would always be at your man's side,
While you were holding onto another mans hand.
Do you remember all those promises that you made and then broke,
I wish truly that you I could understand.

Did you also know that years or even days from now,
Your eyes will begin to grow a bit dimmer.
Did you also know that about that same time from now,
Your heart will rebel and will begin to shimmer.
Did you also know about that same time God you will meet,
And then did you also know, that God too will also remember.

Randy McClave

Randy McClave

Does God

Does God ever sleep
Or is he always awake,
Is he the daybreak
Does God ever weep.

Does God watch over us
Every second and every minute of everyday,
Does he hear every word that we say
Does God hear us cuss.

Does God know our thoughts
Does he know our ideas,
Are our minds his gallerias
Or are they just empty pots.

Does God ever wish
When he looks down upon the earth,
Upon every death and birth
If he had only just created birds and fish.

Does God ever wonder
If only he had never created,
If no one had ever hated
Does God ever ponder.

Does God ask why
When he see his children kill,
And when we ignore his will,
Does God, ever cry?

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Does Not Exist

Because you say that he does not exist
Doesn't ever make that so,
People will still slit their wrist
Even when believing there is no place to go.

Hate does not ever quieten or stop
When someone closes their window or their front door,
Bullets will fire and bombs will still drop
And there will always be rumors of a war.

For Christmas a child might pray for a toy
But, that toy might not ever arrive,
Then friends tells them that Christmas is just a business ploy
Then that child believes that God is not real or alive.

Children and the elderly will always get sick
With diseases many of them will die or never heal,
Religion they scream is only a trick
As people will still hate and kill.

After a time a soul might start resisting
And then they might not want to ever perceive,
But, God does not ever stop existing
Just because you or I do not believe.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Doing Her Homework

I pushed her up against the school's wall
Then I whispered into her ear,
I held her so that she would not fall
Then I breathed what she wanted to hear.
Pressed against the wall she did sigh,
As though on my bed, she did lie.

Against the wall she was firmly pressed
Against her I fervidly leaned in,
I felt the excited heavy breathing from her chest
Then when I withdrew, she gave me a grin.
She now has a new thought and outlook,
Which she knew wasn't taught from her schoolbook.

She gathered herself after being released
She picked up her books and walked away,
Her blood pressure with a smile had increased
Her feelings though, would them she truly obey.
I had also given her a tiny smirk,
After telling her, I wouldn't be doing her homework.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Donna, Donna, Donna

Hey Donna, Donna, Donna
When are you coming home,
Your daughters are still asleep
And I am here all alone,
You have been out every night
And now I am wide awake,
Hurry and come home to me please;
Before it is daybreak.

It is early in the morning
Time for your girls to go to school,
And it's time for me to leave for work
Why are you being so cruel,
You leave our house almost every night
Whenever I and your girls are asleep,
Where are you going my dear love
Don't you hear your children weep.

Hey Donna, Donna, Donna
When I am asleep why do you sneak out,
Is there another man involved
And you don't want to hear me shout,
You are my wife and my everything
You are my life and my only one,
But, when I wake up on those cold nights
I noticed that from our bed you are gone.

Maybe you went out to buy groceries
Or maybe to visit a sick friend,
Maybe you went to clear your head of thoughts
Or perhaps someones heart you went to mend,
Your daughters are back to sleep
They say they will cry for you no more,
They know that when morning comes around
You will be at their bedroom door.

Hey Donna, Donna, Donna
Please tell me where have you been,
I don't think you've been to an all night church

Because I smell the cologne of other men,
Your daughters they are not crying
But, they are still asking all about you,
Who knows maybe when they both get older
They might be sneaking out of the house too.

I am going back to our bed
If you need me you know where I am,
I got to go to work early in the morning
And when I leave, the door I won't slam,
I got to stop this worrying
About where you're going or where you're at,
Oh Donna, Donna, Donna
I am so tired, and I hate being a diplomat.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Doubter

I came into this world an atheist
An unbeliever and a doubter
A naked and unknowing little baby
Who was a screamer and a shouter.

I knew nothing about this world
But I was ready and prepared to be taught
I listened and watched everything about myself
Truth and information in my life I sought.

I was taught how to walk and how to bow
As I strolled about the house and the yard
Then I was taught when and when not to speak
Saying a prayer I would happily disregard.

Then later in life I became a heathen
I believed not in religion or in any GOD
Sky was above me and that is all that it was
In magic and not in miracles I was awed.

Everything I saw I did not eagerly accept
I expected no one to lie unto me
I saw wonder and magic wherever I did look
While I believed only what I did see.

Since my birth I have walked many miles
I saw miracles that some would never believe
People really caring and GOD really loving
I asked for help, and willingly it I did receive.

When it is time for me to leave this world
I will leave knowledgeable and not as a deceiver
As I will have learned the truth through my living
I will live the world as a true believer.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Down Life's Road

Do not surrender, do not retreat, do not give up that fight
These are the words of encouragement that I will not forget
And always fight for the just, and the truth, and the right.

Stand strong, and stand tall, and be ever so brave
Practice these virtues, and by GOD live by these deeds
Then the great road of man for you will have been paved.

Be honest and be truthful, and live by the words you speak
Graft your life by these rules and mold yourself be these values
And then one day honest men and scholars you they will seek.

Be giving, and be kind, and always reach with an open hand
Let all others go before you, and proudly let them go first
Then the ways of humanity, you will undoubtedly understand.

Be you, yourself and never differ, and always stay the same
No matter what other people, want or might ask or expect from you
Then never will you have disrespected yourself or know of any shame.

Live by these rules, learn by these ways, in your soul let them be sewed
Always be who you are, and not what others ask for, or want
Then happy and proud you will be, as you walk down life's road.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Dreams Or Nightmares

I enjoy escaping this world and it's reality,
At night when I go to bed and then off to sleep,
In which there is not hate or hunger or brutality,
As away from my mind that reality I do I sweep.
I close my eyes and then I escape in a trance,
To the place where happiness and joy is the theme,
I am happy and in love as I have found a new romance,
But, to arrive there, I must first dream.

I enjoy taking a nap when I am on a break,
So, that I can escape once again into a dream,
Where I have no worries, I truly hate being awake,
While dreaming, I am not weak or poor, but supreme.
Some people will say that I am dreaming my life away,
But, then my dreams are mine and they are not theirs,
While being awake I am no one, but everyone's prey,
So, I would rather dream than to have my nightmares.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Drinking

Can I have myself another beer
Just to help me forget,
And could I please have one after that
As I have a deed I've done that I regret,
Maybe if you would buy me just one more drink
I might start to begin feeling better,
Then I could forget about some of my problems
Which also includes my bills, and a debtor,
As you might not know I do not like to drink alone
So I always enjoy drinking with others,
I go to the bars and also to the clubs
Where I go to drink; I have no druthers,
Sometimes though when I drink too much
To get home from the bar I must find myself a ride,
Then there are the times when I wake in the morning
I don't know who is sleeping at my side,
When I drink I am a happier person
I enjoy singing and dancing and acting the fool,
But then there are the times that when I drink
I curse and I get mad and I even drool,
I like to drink because it makes me feel prestigious
My friends and I are in an elite crowd,
Everyone knows us when we go out to drink
And when they see us they shout our names out loud,
Sometimes though when I go out to the bars and clubs
I will spend all my money just for the drinks,
Then when I go home in the morning my pockets are empty
Sometimes I feel drink is my curse or maybe just a jinx,
So here I am now and I am sitting all alone
My glass is empty and all my money is spent,
My friends left me because of something I said or done
Later today to them I must apologize and also repent,
I enjoy my life better when I am out drinking
All of my worries and problems disappear,
I become more free and I am so easy
So could you please give me one last beer.

Randy L. McClave

Drops Of Water

Raindrops falling upon my head

I could count them one after another

So weak and timid when they fall alone

But so powerful, when they join each other.

As one raindrop will fill a puddle

Two raindrops will fill a sea

Three raindrops will fill an ocean

Four raindrops will drown, both you and me.

I saw a woman who was sadly crying

I watched the tears come down her cheek

I then watched her sadness become a smile

Though she found the comfort that she did seek.

As one teardrop will clear your mind

Two teardrops will cleanse your soul

Three teardrops will clear your memory

Four teardrops, and you will let anyone go.

I walked upon the morning lawn

And a welcomed surprise came upon my feet

Dampness was left upon the glistening plants

Once again mother nature had left that treat
As one dewdrop will moisten a blade of grass
Two dewdrops will tease a flower
Three dewdrops will feed a plant
Four dewdrops will tempt a lawn for a shower.

Drops of water as they come into our life
Some in volume, but then someone at a time
Sometimes they seem the question to an answer
Or maybe a riddle and that would be the only sign
As one drop is so that we will take notice
Two drops to make sure that we are aware
Three drops so we will pay close attention
Four drops to know that they are there.

Randy McClave

Dying Alone

A man got tired of the asking and the "no's"
Even of the silence and its woes,
To date one woman he had tried his very best
But, he felt like to her he had become an unwanted pest.
And like a new day starting with a beautiful dawn,
He just got tired, and then he moved on.

The man then found someone new to impress
She was happy for him and she quickly said, "Yes! ",
Years later he and her got married in a minster
While the woman that he wanted, had become a spinster.
And like all life, each life comes to an end,
But, not all hearts are ready to forget or even mend.

On judgment day they all went to meet God
And to all of the couples, God gave them a smile and a nod,
Then the spinster asked God why did she die all alone
Especially with all the beauty and the words that she was shown.
God said to her, "What was there for me to do? ",
You died all alone, because you wanted to.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Dying Thought

Towards the heavens I did stare,
My hands were clasped in a prayer,
I knew then that I was there dying
So I began to reflect instead of crying,
I did not worry as I began to think,
As life comes and goes in an moments wink,
Death was coming and it did not bother me,
Finally from my worries and fear I would be free,
I sighed and smiled while waiting for my end,
While knowing my body it would never mend,
My mind was calm and my soul was peaceful,
As I entered into numbness I wasn't resentful,
Finally no more pain and suffering will I be giving
As for worry and hate, I will leave that for the living.

RANDY L. MCCLAVE

Randy McClave

Ebony Princess

Her hair was as black as the calm of the night
And was as black and as dark as I could see
Her body slowly moved like a bird in flight
I saw her, and I was overwhelmed by her beauty.

Her eyes they shined like a full moon glistened
And her smile was that of a new day sun
My soul before her was locked away in prison
And releasing that key, it had already begun.

Her skin was as soft as the finest silk
And her lips they tempted me with their mystery
Her teeth they sparkled and was white as milk
And her skin, was the color of ebony.

I looked at her and then my look became a stare
She became my muse and also my destiny
Her skin was dark and black was her hair
Then she whispered in my ear, "Don't forget me";.

"Don't Forget me", she whispered those words to me
And like a raven with secrets she went away
With her skin so soft and the color of ebony
I pray again that we would meet again one day.

Her name forever is locked inside of my heart
And it will be lost, until to God her name I will confess
Until then if any man asks me who was the beauty of my art
My answer will be, my sweet and beautiful ebony princess.

RANDY L. McCLAVE

Randy McClave

Education

My schooling was over as I was told
Now it was time for me of a dream to take hold
So I closed all of my books I finished all my classes
I put away my pencils and pens and cleaned off my glasses
I would use my education to serve me best
It was time for the young to earn and the weary to rest
I took my education with my diploma in hand
One day in this world I will be remembered by this stand
But until that day a job I must find
That would utilize my education and also my mind
No longer a philosopher or a poet would I be
I must pull my own weight according to my degree
Unto this world I must make a mark
As into the world of reality I would embark
Since my learning and education is all complete
It is time for me now to stand on my own two feet.

Randy McClave

Eleanor

I close my eyes and I see your face
It fills my soul, with your beauty and grace
My heart it pounds, my brain it begins to roar
So, I must call out your name once more.
But, there is no answer to the name that I call
So, upon my knees I must surely fall
At the stars in the heavens I then do stare
Where is my inspiration, to GOD I even dare.
But, there is no answer to this plea I made
How long in pain on this Earth must I wait
Must I journey alone until the day that I die
Must I shed my tears until no longer I can cry.
I remember the day when we first met
Sometimes I live that moment with sadness and regret
As I still search and pray, but you I cannot find
Sometimes I wish, that I was deaf and blind.
I take a deep breath I still remember your scent
Which brings me joy and also a lovers torment
Sometimes I think I can still hear your voice
Why! as I curse myself, did I make the wrong choice.
I now close my eyes, I must remember your face
With the beauty of a rose and softness of lace
I must remember that kiss until I can't think anymore
I recall your scent, as again I call out for Eleanor.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Elected President

If a needy man were elected president,
He would help the poor.
If a sick man were elected president,
For cancer he'd help find the cure.
If a veteran were elected president,
He would never want a war.
If a middle-class man were elected president,
For everyone he'd keep an open door.
If a Christian were elected president,
Peace and kindness he would had swore.
If a working man were elected president,
Strengthening unions would be his chore.
If a caring person were elected president,
Racism, bigotry and hate we'd hear no more.

But, a egotistic billionaire was elected president,
"Help The Wealthy"! is all that we hear him roar.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Elope

This advice I want to give to all parents,
Only if with less worries and stress they want to cope,
When it's time for your daughter's wedding don't be tyrants
Just give her the money, and then pray that she will elope.

I pity a brides poor stressed out mother
As she runs about here and there searching for help and hope,
Upon the bride with food and advice she will smother
Then with nervous agitation, she is ready to end it all with a long rope.

Then there stands the brides father with his opened wallet
As he pays for this and that and everything within his scope,
He wants the best for his daughter's wedding, with only one but!
That she won't be sad or cry, and especially that she won't mope.

Parents before you think of your daughter's wedding
Think first of stuffing all the cash and stress into one large envelope,
If not, to counselors and to the pharmacists you will be heading
So, get rid of the tensions and the worries and tell your daughter to elope.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Empires

The nature of an empire is to expand
To conquer a country and take their land
Invading and taking over without sorrow or regret
Conquering by the sword, and then by debt,
Resources and people are seized from their nation
Through war and hate and death and then taxation
The young and old victors fall in love with this enterprise
But they know not of the suffering, only the prize,
I stand besides the wealth and beauty of my country
I know that there is good for the needy and the plenty
Government and people's freedom our fathers had cried
That is why all empires and tyrants have died,
I believe in a country and not an empire
We all have dreams and wants and our own desire
The nature of an empire is to conquer and grow
That is when we should end it, and then overthrow.

Randy McClave

Empty Picture Frame

An empty picture frame sits upon my desk
Where once upon a time a picture in it did rest
But now the frame stands lifeless and bare
Now it reminds me of a love that once was there.
As in the past the picture brought me happiness and joy
Gave me the reason to live and to write my story
To glance upon and dream of when no one was near
To speak the words of love when them she couldn't hear.
But when she left me I threw her picture away
But I kept that frame to remind me of that day
In remembrance of what she did in and out of my sight
As she was my candle but she blew out that light
So that picture frame I keep it in my plain view
So every time I see it I know what to say and what to do
As once upon a time her picture was in the frame
But now picture is gone but the memories still remain.

Randy McClave

End Of Days

To GOD we worship and also give praise
This is as we know is the end of days
Around the world this revelation is coming true
For the Christians and Muslims and the Jew
GOD soon will be returning to this earth
Then every soul will be judged by their worth
The seas and the waves they are becoming violent
And only GOD alone will make them go silent
Through wars and hate we can now see the sign
Then we will wait for the words of the divine
Until then towards the sky we all will gaze
As this certainly is the end of days.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

End Of The Trail

I have set my sights
I must not falter,
I have walked into the nights
My ways I will not alter.
I have seen the many roads
The direction though is my choice,
I carry my own loads
I march to destinies voice.
Life it is the beginning
Death of course is at the end,
To survive tomorrow is winning
To God we must not ever offend.
I have seen my own temptation
With demons stalking,
I have felt sadness and starvation
So, I just kept walking.
Today it is here
Tomorrow it might not ever arrive,
Someday someone might shed a tear
But, for now I am alive.
I will not give up on a dream
As I am a proud determined male,
Up ahead I see a gleam
As I search for the end of the trail.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Ending Of All

Someday we all will turn to dust
As there will be an end to us all
And as assuredly as iron will rust
Death for us all, it will fall.

The stars will fall from the sky
And the sun will become dead
Everything we perceived will die
And no one will hear the last word said.

The nights will then be forever
No sound will ever be heard
All living and births will sever
Our living and history will be absurd.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

English Language

The English language it contains thousands of words
Which includes nouns, adjectives, constants and verbs
Structuring them together to create novels or speeches
So we can speak or read or listen while a teacher teaches
And of those thousands words that we have at our command
Some are the few words that decent people have banned
Sadly those few words most people use to swear and to curse
They are crude, coarse and obscene which are used alone or in a verse.

The English language contains thousands of words
Which equals to the stars in the sky or the multitude of birds
They are used in conversation and to define who we are
Words are the building blocks from a vast reservoir
But then we have those few words that are very crude
People use them to hurt or to insult and also to be lewd
Judge a book by its cover and the people by the words they use
When we speak, speak with caution and ponder and then be a muse.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Envious

I was so jealous of him when we first met
When I first saw him all I saw was a threat
Everything I wanted he had already owned
Sadly I wished, him I could have dethroned.

When I was growing up I had no toys at all
I had a stick and a rock he had a bat and baseball
In school I wore torn jeans and a tattered coat
At me he just smiled, as though trying to gloat.

Everywhere he went he always went in style
And everywhere I traveled I had to walk each mile
Every woman he met she wanted him to be hers
She wanted to be pampered, and covered with jewels and furs.

He gave wonderful parties from what I have been told
His glasses were made out of crystal, trimmed with gold
Served was the best food and also the very best wine
While he sipped on his brandy, I drank moonshine.

Since I was young I woke up early as I had to work
I heard he always slept past noon and always woke with a smirk
I worked very hard daily as I had bills to pay
He never had to work, but instead he went out to play.

He always had friends wherever that he went
They all knew him by his clothes and his fancy scent
Everyone that met him they all wanted to be his friend
But was that their reality, or did they just pretend.

He lived in the finest mansion on top of the finest hill
And through my binoculars I can see it still
Now as I look at his house I see none of his friends inside
Sadly they must have heard that this morning he had died.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

European American

My ancestors came here to the United States from Europe,
But, from where in Europe I truly do not know,
Was it from Scotland or Ireland, Wales or maybe even Germany
Or maybe they arrived from England or from Australia down below.
Now like many others I want to find pride and honor in my roots,
That is where my blood began! And, now another flag gets my salutes.

To show my heritage and my pride of my ancestors what should I do
Maybe I should wear a kilt, or play bagpipes or maybe make sauerkraut,
Or maybe I should fly the flag of my families ancestral country
As I am proud of my heritage as that is what myself and my family is about.
Because of my forefathers I am an American with its honor and pride,
The same patriotic feeling I feel wherever I might travel anywhere worldwide.

My ancestry should be held by myself with dear reverence
I should be proud and honored of the country where my forefathers were born,
Even though they were European and I am an American should make no never-
mind
By them coming here to the states my honor and pride to them must be worn.
Many Americans proudly call themselves a proud African or native American;
So, from now on I will say to all that I truly am a proud European American.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Euthenics

Life would be better if we cared about our environment,
Before we cared about a job, or starting our own retirement.

Our world once again could be another Garden of Eden
When the improvement of our living conditions would become our beacon.

We could all watch together the gibbosity of the moon,
As we sit on the grass under the stars in early June.

With the planting of the seeds and the cool favonian breeze;
We could figure out what GOD knows, from what man learns and sees.

We could breathe fresh air and watch every star at night,
As they burn in their beauty with hope that gives us light.

Clean water in our streams and lakes, would purify our souls,
While learning life and beauty of our earth, would be our goals.

Fresh fruits and vegetables for the world could be our salvation,
As Adam and Eve survived in the beginning, with Eden's creation.

If we could care for our environment as we would a sister or brother
We would all live as a family, realizing that earth too is our mother.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Eve Persisted

First there was Adam, then came Eve
She was then tempted by the snake in the tree,
Then of the apple she gave Adam a bite
Now Adam must choose between wrong and right.
Eve wasn't created from the sod or the mud
But, from Adam's rib and his very own blood,
Then the veil of the world was drastically lifted
Adam then found out that he wasn't gifted.
Eve then realized that they were naked and exposed
So, she had Adam to make them some clothes,
All that Adam could find were leaves to wear
And no ribbons or braids, for Eve's long flowing hair.
Eve then gave birth unto their naked sons
This all transpired when she and Adam showed their bums,
She then demanded different leaves and articles for clothing
Adam then banned the apple and clothes he began loathing.
Once Adam and Eve were naked with no worries in this world
Then Eve wanted an apple and then the chaos unfurled,
Now if it wasn't for Eve and the way that she did persist
We all would be naked, and stores would not exist.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Every Inch A Man

For as I look,
Or as you stand,
I know that you are,
Every inch a man.
Though short in stature
And low in strength
I know that you are
By what good deed's meant.
For a Man is short,
Or a Man is tall,
And a Man is a Man,
By what I recall.
For a Man can be young
Or a Man can be old
For a Man is a Man,
By what I've been told.
And as these words were softly spoke,
While letting go of Her trembling Hand
I knew at last, what She had known,
That Her Son, was every inch a Man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Every Moment

We close our eyes our lips do meet
Then my hand goes down your thigh
You let out a sigh, I feel passion inside
My want for you I can no longer hide.
We hold each other so very tight
As from passion we want neither to escape
We stroke each others hair, lust we share
We finally realize that this is our fate.
We kiss and caress seems like a lifetime
Many dreams of you then enter my brain
We then separate, a deep breath we take
Now finally in passion we are the same.
We are not old but we are forever young
As I see the twinkle and glow in your eye
For me you undress, finally joy I confess
I am so happy I just want to cry.
I stare at you as though for a lifetime
I am the happiest man in on this Earth
You're a masterpiece, which GOD did complete
For you I have written about and had searched.
I take you by the hand and pull you in my soul
I devour you as I am a man with only desire
You are now mine, till the end of time
And I count every second and minute and hour.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Examination Worries

I walk into the room and it is cold
Or, is it just me because I am getting old,
The room is large, but the patients are sparse
I guess it will be a waiting room farce.
I am now shaking, am I nervous, or am I scared
Can I be fixed or even repaired?
The thought of illness or a disease enters my brain
And I have not yet signed in with my name.

I now sign in and the nurse says that I will be next
Now that answer gives me a worse complex,
I must be prepared for my doctors third degree
But, first in a cup the nurse will ask me to pee.
So, I sit and I grab a magazine that I pretend to read
And then to God secretly I decided to plead,
I ask him to watch over me and please don't let me be ill
Please! Let me be fixed by a shot, or by a simple pill.

The nurse calls out my name, it is now my turn
Now the doctor will see me for my concern,
But, first I am weighed and my height is measured
Only part of my visit that I am smiling and I feel treasured.
The nurse then leads me into an examination room
I sit on a paper covered table waiting for my doom,
The nurse checks my vitals and asks me questions, once again
When she leaves she informs me, that the doctor soon would be in.

I am now worried and bothered I am a nervous wreck
I now begin to feel a sharp pain in my neck,
As I sit and I wait I watch my life passing before my eyes
How I wish that I felt better, and also wished that I had exercise.
Now I know that I will hear bad news from the physician
I now think that the next doctor that examines me will be a mortician,
Now in worries and in perspiration I am engulfed, as I am sitting
As I worry about my habits, the doctor says that I should be quitting.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Examples

What kind of an example will you be
Spoke mother nature to the tree
As it stood so proudly and ever so tall
As though defying to all that it would fall
Will you place your roots deep into the Earth
Then other trees like you will then give birth
Spoke once again mother nature to the tree
Tell me please what type of example will you be.

What kind of an example will you become
Spoke the mother wolf unto her young
Will you be majestic and run fast and free
Running in packs to provide for your family.
Or will you become a mother like I became
But swearing to all you will never be tamed
While fearing no one in the the moonlight or the sun
So please tell me what type of examples will you become.

What kind of an example will you be
Spoke the mother to her daughter upon her knee
Will you be a loyal and devout and virtuous woman
Never doing the things that a lady shouldn't
Being honest and caring through the days of your life
Then being truthful and trusting when you become a wife
And will you become a mother just like me
Please tell me what type of an example will you be.

What kind of an example will you be
Spoke GOD to mother nature as she planted the tree
And what kind of an example have you become
Spoke GOD to the she wolf as she spoke to her young
What hind of an example will you then be
Spoke GOD to the mother with her daughter on her knee
The young ones will do and become from what they see
As the examples will be you spoke GOD to all three.

Randy L. McClave

Exhausted

I am strong
But, I am also tired,
I just want to be retired.
Years, I've worked
And I have also slaved,
My soul it's been depraved.
I was exhausted
Inside a mill,
Now, I just want to sit still.
After thirty plus years
I have given my best,
Now with scars and burns I can finally rest.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Existence

No man is ever alone
No man is cosigned to oblivion
Man will always be in the conscience
And in the thoughts of the day or in the sun,
No man has the reason to doubt
If he searches about and through his life
Some have children and many have friends
While some men have themselves a wife,
No man is truly by himself
Wherever he might go or where he might be
All he must do is sit down and close his eyes
Then he will have memories and company.

No man is ever forgotten
Nor is any man truly forsaken
But the man who sins and destroys the law of man
His destiny is true and not mistaken,
Man is the subject of his own fate
When eyes are placed just upon him
Though he might believe he will not be remembered
Or he believes that is life is, but grim,
Every deed that he has partaken upon
Every nail that has been placed in the wall
Because of him that work will be accomplished
And thanks to him it has stood and did not fall.

No man is ever ignored
As in time all men will be reminisced
Every man will be seen through someone else's eyes
Through the tears of others and the mind's mist,
Man will be known from his ideas and beliefs
He will be remembered where he had trod
He will be known by his deeds and also his acts
By man and country and even by GOD,
His footsteps they will be left behind
His presence in some searches he will declare
And he will be remembered and not forgotten
Then all will remember the man that had been there.

Eyes Of The Snake

Into the snake's eyes I looked deeply within
I saw not hate or evil or any deadly sin
I saw fear and terror from a creature that wanted to survive
And all that it wanted to do was just to stay alive
It curled itself around my arm as though ready to fight
But did it do it out of anger or did it do it out of fright
As the snake has been cursed since the beginning of time
Because of a deed of its relative and its father's past crime
Since that day the snake has been killed and cursed
Evils and sins of the snake we all have been immersed
So once again I looked into that snakes deadly eyes
I still couldn't see sin or evil or even a devilish disguise
So I released that snake on the ground and it slithered away
I wished peace upon it and then for my judging I did pray.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Face Of Death

A child was breathing its very last breath;
Then he saw the face of death,
Death said to the child, 'so very young',
Then he removed the last breath from his lung.
The child that death collected wasn't from a war,
The child had died because it was sick and very poor.

A man laid dying upon his bed;
He knew that soon that he would be dead,
Then death arrived, and the man saw death's face
Death then laughed, and mocked him at his disgrace.
The man was a politician all he cared for was money and the greedy,
Never did he bother to help the poor and the needy.

A soldier laid dying upon the battlefield;
While praying and crying, knowing that he could not be healed,
The soldier saw the face of death and then he began to weep
Death said, 'shhhhhh, I will let you sleep'.
Upon the rich and the powerful I am the controversy,
To the children and the innocent, I will give them my mercy.

A judge laid dying in his chambers;
Upon his soul death placed his disclaimers,
'This soul is unworthy, he sought not peace, but only the rod!'
Now he would be taken by death, and then be judged by GOD.
Death is the great equalizer of the night,
He can bring the dying peace, or bring the wicked ones fright.

A man laid dying because of his constant cigarette smoke;
An alcoholic was dying as he drank and drank and began to choke,
Death came to them both and said life to them was unsuited
They were born clean and pure, then their bodies they polluted.
Once GOD gave you life and then told you to awake,
I now tell you it's your time to die, as your soul I will happily take.

Someday we all will wait for death's arrival,
Some will cry and hope, while others will pray for their survival,
But, when death finally arrives to take our immortal ghost
Will he laugh or mock us, or maybe he will just give us a toast.

In the end death does not care for the age or the pleads,
He cannot be bribed by fortune, or humbled by sacramental beads.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Fair

I went to a fair that came to our town once a year
To eat some popcorn and also drink some root beer
Maybe get some cotton candy and also ride some rides
I might even play some games and win myself a prize.

I walked about the park all the attractions I wanted to see
Maybe see some clowns or a lion might even see a dancing flea
I then saw some children arguing so I told them all to play fair
Then as I spoke those words of wisdom, I saw a dancing bear.

I decided for an adventure so I decided to get on a ride
I wanted to sit beside a beautiful woman to protect her along with my pride
So I got on the Ferris wheel after first paying my own fare
It took be around in circles and took me not here or even there.

I then went to a booth and watch a man guessing people's weight
If he guessed wrong, then the winners he would happily congratulate
He would judge by their clothes and then guess with a true fairness
But he seldom guessed wrong from his sight and his own awareness.

They then held a beauty contest for the women of our small town
One of our lucky women would walk away with a winners crown
The judging was to be done upon which woman was the fairest
Every woman wanted to win, but they knew only one would fair best.

In our life fair, fairest and fairness will seldom be used
If you are on trial or being judged or being accused or abused
Because of wealth or politics or favoritism the trodden upon must pay a fare
And if you want to find fair, fairest and fairness then go to a county fair.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

False Advertisement

She took off her jacket and then her high heels
Then in my mind I started having seductive ideals,
She then took off her wig, her eyelashes and her jewelry
I thought to myself, is this some type of trick or tomfoolery,
She then removed her hose and her fake nails
I am now confused, is this a trick that is perpetrated by all females?
She then washed off her mascara and her red lipstick
Then, I thought to myself is there anything real on this chick.
Frightened, I don't know what's real on her or what's underneath
But, please don't let her be removing any false teeth,
She then went to the bathroom to wash off her face
Then she removed her dress which revealed the silk and lace,
I was then excited, so I gave her a whistle and a giant hurrah
Until the moment, that she removed her pushed up bra,
She told me to sit down and to relax, I didn't
I wonder though, if I can sue her, for false advertisement.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Falsely Judged

When you lie or cheat or falsely judge
Then against yourself GOD he will hold a grudge.
He will look down upon you without pity or shame
Then in his book of life he will not call your name.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Farewell Kiss

One thing that I do not miss
It is that of not receiving my farewell kiss,
The lips that I once had enjoyed
Now they betray and have annoyed.
Just the thought of touching her lips
Reminded me how upon the heart it grips,
But, now her lips I dare claim no more
As one man would not claim a proficient whore.
She came to me to say her goodbyes
The twinkle was gone from her eyes,
Our life it didn't turn out as we had planned
So, with a goodbye, I just shook her hand.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Farewell My Heart

Leave me! My heart;
I am ready to bid you farewell,
From you, I am ready to part;
So, from my life you I expel.
I will toss you out from my soul,
Inside that void I will place a rock,
Then once again I will feel whole;
Now caring or worrying about anyone, I will not.

I am tired of all these emotions,
That you my heart had created,
The guilt the sadness, and the impulse notions,
You have made my life difficult and complicated.
From my being you now must leave;
To everyone that decision of mine I will notify;
I do not any longer want to love or deceive,
Leave me! My heart; and goodbye.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Father And Mother

Friends will come, and friends will go
And some say they will last with you forever,
Some will be here for you today, but gone tomorrow
Even the ones you have treated as a sister or a brother.
Sometimes you will get used and sometimes hurt
Your heart might be broken by a friend or a lover,
When you feel that shame you feel lower than dirt
But, remember this, you still have your father and a mother.
Sometimes your friends they might use you and lie,
Sometimes, them you wish that you could just smother,
And because of them you are ashamed, but you will not cry
Because, you will still have a father and a mother.
Then comes the days that you are just down on your luck
Or you are sick and you know that you will never recover,
You don't know how to escape your worries and all the muck
You then know that you are all alone without an ally or another,
If your friends and your opportunity have all left you
And if you cannot find no one and or no other,
Then in this life you will find out the one fact that is always true
Wherever in life you are, you will have a father and a mother.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Fearing, Fear

I once feared, fear,
Until I shed my first tear,
Then I understood how its always near
And wishing, causes it not to disappear.
I will not let it become my master,
My life will not ever become its disaster.

Fear has caused men to run and hide
And some have lost their pride,
To escape it some men have just lied
While some just surrendered, and cried.
It will never become my Lord,
As long as I have my emotions, as my sword.

I once feared an emotion
Which caused fright and distress and its commotion,
I then climbed mountains and I swam an ocean
My belief and my strength was my greatest potion.
Fear, at one time it was my feeder,
Never again, will it be my ruler, or my leader.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Feasting For The Rich

People are made out of muscle and bone
Some are pampered and later wear cologne,
Some are sent and educated at the finest schools
So, now they buy and wear the finest jewels,
Then many will gorge and cheat, as they eat.

Many uncaring people find their life's path
Then every night they take their self righteous bath,
They lead the life that only they had chose
And what they do with it, only God knows,
They then drink and they whine, as they dine.

Deeds and exploits will not win the prize
Then without knowing it, one day he or she dies,
The dead rests in peace, but not the living
The stomach is full, but not through giving,
Gluttons as they steal, they enjoy each meal.

In death applaude might be the only sound
When he or she is finally placed into the ground,
And then while their fat body lays there rotting
Retaliation is seeking and also plotting,
Then to say the least, the worms will feast.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Fiery Pits Of Hell

In the fiery pits of hell,
Where all the demons dwell,
The Devil waits for us one and all,
Waiting for a moment for us to fall.

He sits and he will wait,
For the judgement of each man's fate,
So until then he bides his time,
Waiting for any sin or any crime.

The souls that the Devil can't resist,
Are the ones who say he doesn't exist,
But soon they will know he is real,
When a soul is lost and weak is the will.

The Devils most influential trick,
It is not to cure people or make them sick,
But to have people believe he is not there,
So GOD is forgotten and so is his prayer.

The Devil waits and schemes until we die,
While his existence many will deny,
Then his presence he will prevail,
In the fiery pits of hell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Final Destination

There is one thought upon which I constantly dwell
With that one thought I get sick and my face turns pale
Upon my life salvation will I win, or or am I destined to fail
So I wonder if I am going to Heaven, or am I going to Hell.

Never upon my back was a sign saying this soul is for sale
No man truly knows of my sorrows, or of my life's tale
So out of confusion and query this question to GOD I must yell
Am I going to Heaven, or am I going to Hell.

One day alone, I know I will walk upon deaths trail
Then I will meet death, and I will pull aside its dark veil
It will only take my soul, as the body is but a shell
So I wonder will I be going to Heaven, or will I be going to Hell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Finally Met

We met! finally, we met
After years of chatting over the Internet,
Now you are real and so am I
So, what do we do? laugh or cry.
You are a real person from what I see
You are not made up or homespun or make believe.
Now I can talk to you, but not behind a computer as a veil
Nor need I expect an answer from a text or email.

You are not text! so, what is next?
Do I walk up to you? this is now complex,
I don't log on, so what do I do
This part of communication, I have not a clue.
We have known each other only from a screen
From a cellphone and a computer, a machine!
Now, I must be careful with my words and my morality
As this is real; and you're not virtual reality.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

First Class

They are always the first to board a plane
Then they are treated like royalty with a jet to reign,
They drink their wine in their first class seats
While we get cola and water, and nasty tasting treats,
A chef comes and caters their succulent prime meals
Our dinner arrives to us from a cart pushed on wheels
Their chairs stretched out to make comfortable beds
While we used our coats for pillows for our heads,
To listen to music we are given cheap earplugs to hear
They get an orchestra to which they do cheer,
A see through curtain is all that divides our classes
To me they all seemed like first class asses,
Their stewardess obeys their every want and wish
Our flight attendant ignores us while shaking his fist,
Their section is forbidden to us as a restricted territory
But, strangely enough we all shared the very same lavatory.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

First Date

She wanted a rose so I gave her its stem
As she didn't want me, she really wanted him
I knew those tricks as I was hurt once before
Then I swore to GOD in heaven that I would be hurt no more.

She asked me if I would buy her a brand new dress
That hurt my feelings I must confess
Her thought for the dress wasn't only for me to see
Her ideals and thoughts, were too provoke my jealousy.

She asked me if I would take her out to eat
I thought what is her motive and who does she want to meet
So instead we stayed at home and there is where we ate
That is how we spent our evening, and our first date.

She asked me if I could pour her a glass of wine
As we both ate together and while we dined
We began to talk and she said she always wanted a daughter
So instead of wine, I poured her a glass of colored water.

Then when our date was finished I took her home
She then put on her lipstick and her hair she did comb
She smiled at me and said I was better than the other men
I then shook her hand because I won't be seeing her again.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

First Love

Though your sweetheart now is someone new,
To whom you love and care for, and to be with you,
You buy them gifts and later together you might dine,
But, remember this first, I was your first valentine.

There was the time that you were lonely and alone,
To Cupid and his arrows you were not yet known,
Before his first arrow at your heart was ever aimed,
Your heart, I had already wanted and also claimed.

Before you spoke or knew about the definition of love,
While the angels were still watching you from heaven above,
And before your feelings to a love you had first conversed,
Remember, I was the one that had loved and talked to you first.

When you thought love would never be part of your heart,
That a love never existed, and you had not a counterpart,
The love that you thought you were missing was already there,
I was already loving you, and I was everywhere.

We all were born into life and that is our happy beginning,
Then we all will die from life and that is our tragic ending,
All that we owned or had is from us tragically torn,
Except for love; I loved you from the day that you were born.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

First Snow

The first snow came and it covered my house
I was as trapped as my son's white caged mouse,
My lawn was completely covered with the heavy fallen snow
I was confined to my asylum, with a million places I needed to go.
Outside my window I could still see the snowflakes falling
One after another without hesitation or forestalling,
The snow had blanketed the earth into a canvas of white
I lost all reception, I was stranded, and the world was quiet.
The snow that had come and it absorbed all sound
As though all noises to it, could not be bound,
So, I stayed indoors and sat in a chair with a great "plod! plod!"
I read books, and I wrote, and I even talked to God.
Someday soon I know that this first snow will melt
But, until then loneliness and solitude I alone had felt,
So, I stayed in one room while trapped in my house
The snow imprisoned me, I became my son's white mouse.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Flat-Chested

A man's eyes strays to look at a different place
When enticed not to look at a women face,
Though "Look at my eyes"! she has never contested;
Because, she is flat-chested.

With her many men have fallen to sleep
While many times she awoke to hear them weep,
Upon her chest a man's head has never rested;
Because, she is flat-chested.

While wearing her bikini she has never heard
Obscenity which would have been absurd,
"Remove your top"! to her has never been requested;
Because, she is flat-chested.

When she became a new mother with a child to feed
"Your child will starve"! was not anyone's plead,
To breast feed her son it was never suggested;
Because, she is flat-chested.

"Spending too much on clothes! ", her husband never did holler
As for needing extra garments she never spent a dollar,
Owning bras for herself she has never invested;
Because, she is flat-chested.

Her sister and her they share the same poise
One could almost swear that they both are built like boys,
Happily, though they were never sexually molested;
Because, they both are flat-chested.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Flea

Itchy, irritating little pest
Now you have landed upon my chest
First upon my dog now you jump on me
I hate you, I hate you, you little flea
Every so often I will feel your bite
It brings me fear and also fright
Upon my body I want you off now
As I am not a cat or dog or bird or cow
I scratch and I pick as I try to find you
But where you are I have not a clue
And when I feel your bite I will give it a smack
Upon my body you will have no snack
My blood I will not let you take or steal
Remember flea, I am not a light meal
I now look at my dog and it seems to laugh
So, I will drown you little flea, with a bath.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Flint Michigan

I was told not to drink the water
If I went to visit Michigan,
I was notified that by a doctor
As he said, "genocide there had just begun"!
The children there are dying
From the tainted water that they drank,
Mothers and fathers everywhere are crying
While their Governor just sits in a think tank.

I was told not to drink the water
If I ever went up there to Flint,
Children were being led to their slaughter
I saw that on the news and I read it in print.
The children were poisoned because of greed
When it came down to save a dime,
Now their souls are judged and freed
As a government committed the crime.

I was told not to drink the water
If I went to Flint Michigan,
As the government was the plotter
From the evils that were enacted and done.
The children there were all getting sick
As they drank the water that contained lead,
Now who was that one true lunatic
That caused the children to fall dead.

Randy McClave

Flirting

I showed her a smile, then I gave her a wink;
As I preceded to give that lassie a flirt,
I then gave her a wave and I sent her a drink;
Then I watched her, as she hiked up her skirt.

A lucky man I thought I was this night would be;
First time a beautiful woman excitedly accepted my tease,
Finally some good fortune was going to fall upon me;
I began to feel happy, manly and at ease.

I again smiled at that lassie, then she gave me a grin;
So, I ordered another shot to build my courage up,
I was so excited and nervous as I sipped at my gin;
This one I drank slowly from the confidence cup.

I walked up to the lass and I asked her for a dance;
She quickly took my hand as she agreed,
Then into her eyes, I took one long glance;
Tonight, I then knew my desires would be freed.

We drank more drinks that I ordered for us two,
Tonight, I decided I wasn't going to go home alone;
Now I was full of booze, so I headed for the loo,
Then while inside there, I splashed on more cologne.

I re-entered the pub I saw my lassie raising her skirt,
Another man had just bought her a drink;
He had the intentions as me, that was my first alert;
Then he too sent her over a wink.

I confronted the stranger that lassie she is mine;
Tonight she will be going home with me,
I have danced with her, and I have bought her beer and whine;
Tonight is the night that I seek my own satisfaction and glee.

Hours later, the pub was emptied the patrons were all gone;
Except for me and my dear sweet lassie;
I said let us drink and be together way past dawn,
I told her (I was drunk) , she was beautiful and very classy.

She said to me she was going home by herself;
Then she thanked me for my company and all the cheer;
To her I was just a lonely man sitting upon a bar shelf,
While she enjoys to dance, and also all the free beer.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Flowers Take Your Bow

Seeds are being planted
Many hopes are being made
In a sleeping bed
Through beauty, they are craved,
In a gentle row
Graceful as they grow
While pushing through the dirt
With help from mother earth,
Reaching towards the sun
Colors shine so bright
Living from the love
To become mans greatest sight,
A beauty that is so close
Performing in a row
Expecting but a smile
For pleasure, is all they know,
Swaying in the wind
From a gentle breeze
As angels fly overhead
To protect, what we do see,
For a garden is a garden
But a flower is so much more
To open the eyes of man
By opening a hidden door,
Flowers, take your bow
That's been so long overdue
Friend, to man and child
Teacher, to me and you,
Swaying in the breeze
Living off the sun
As angles fly overhead
To protect, mans greatest love.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Footprints

Footprints in the sand
As deep as they might be
Will someday be washed away
By the wind or by the sea.
The footprints have been placed
Upon the beaches sand
In memory of a creature
Proclaiming Himself as Man.
I followed this set of footprints
Placed upon the beaches Earth
To find out where Man had gone to,
And to find out His Earthly worth.
Many of the footprints were deep,
Placed upon the beaches sand,
From the troubles that Man had kept
With memories held in His hand.
And the footprints, that were placed wide
They were many upon the beach,
Were they from the trouble that Man did hide,
Or was it from happiness, that was out of reach.
And then as I noticed in front of me
The footprints were swept away,
Man again was forgotten
Until He returned another day.
Then I looked behind me,
I saw my footprints in the sand
And I know someone will follow them
While wondering, who was this Man.
Had my footprints been placed deep,
Or were they placed apart very wide,
Will they wondered if I ever laughed,
Or if I cried, from sorrows I couldn't hide.
So I closed my eyes and I wondered
About the footprints that I had placed
Someday, will Man He follow them,
While believing my life a waste.
So I continued my walk upon the beach,
I was a very joyful and happy Man,
I left my sorrow and trouble behind me,

In my footprints in the sand.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

For A Friend

When you were lost I held your hand;
The thought of you being alone I could not stand,
So, there I was standing at your side,
I decided then, that I would be your guide.
Though we are not family or even blood;
I will walk with you through the rain and the mud,
You clinched my hand as a cold wind had blown
When you need me; I will never let you walk alone.

Though you and I are not family;
Remember, I am your friend and not your enemy,
Whenever you are lost I will help you be found,
And I will pick you up, when you have fallen to the ground.
When I look at you I will always see a friend;
And I will be there for you until the bitter end,
When good times are heading your way, I will give a toast
And I will hold your hand; when you need me the most.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

For Her

I have traveled over a thousand miles
I have been greeted by both hugs and smiles
I have traveled over oceans and lands
Just to reach my destination and to hold her hands,
I have been by myself and all alone
I have cried to myself and I did moan
Many afflictions to me did occur
But I did it for me, but mostly for her,
I have been pushed against the wall and I fought
I would win the battle that I had sought
To any situation I believed I will never accept no
So I fought that much longer and forward I did go,
I have worked my fingers down to the bone
I earned what I had and nearly lost what I did own
But from all of these factors I did not deter
As I did it for me, but mostly for her,
I have fought for love, but then sadly I lost
My pain and my sadness was the ultimate cost
I journeyed for love, but that idea went bust
While I was looking for love, she was seeking lust
I have given all I had I had nothing more to give
Except for the air that I breath and the life that I live
I wanted us to be one, but then I thought that we were
As I did it for me, but I did it mostly for her.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

For Peace

Tonight; let there be peace
Let all killings and violence end
All hate, just let it cease
Instead of a foe, let's be a friend.

Let all guns and bombs fall silent
Let the embers of all hate burn out
To one and another let's not be violent
Let hatred, be our last bout.

Let all greed die and turn cold
Allow prosperity and care to thrive
Compassion and charity let us behold
Let us not, only survive.

Tonight; let there be a truce
Let us together end all hostilities
Let's not accept hedonism or abuse
Just imagine, the wonderful possibilities.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Forever Young

As you and I walk into the park
We both enjoy nature and the sun
We stay untill it becomes very dark
And we are there, forever young.

We count the stars that's in the sky
As though for us they had been hung
The beauty of youth we can't deny
And we are there, forever young.

We both again are like newlyweds
Love in our heart has again been sung
By that beauty we both are led
And together we are, forever young.

We stroll home while holding hands
Our love for each other again has begun
We stare then at our wedding bands
As we are there, forever young.

We go to bed and we fall asleep
Thoughts of sin or evil we have none
Never do we cause each other to weep
As we are there, forever young.

We will walk together on this Earth
Until our last breath breathed from our lung
And we will know from our final search
That forever we are, forever young.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Forever, Together

We have a forever, together,
Be us in Heaven or on Earth
Be us together, to be one,
Or be us one when we're apart.
Forever together we shall cleave
Underneath the eyes of GOD,
Standing straight and being proud
We have a lifetime, to believe.
Forever together we shall be,
My dreams and hopes be yours
And the love you give is all I need
Whether I'd be rich or poor.

Forever there is for us to dream
And a lifetime to touch the stars,
So together, forever we shall be
As we share, the same soul and heart.
We have a forever to shape to the fullest
And a lifetime, to sail the clouds and seas
Even though we might be wishing,
But it will be only, for you and me.
There is a forever for us to live
And also a lifetime for us to cry
But it will be us, you and I together,
So our love, will never die.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Forgive And Forget

Forgive and forget as I've been told
That query keeps coming to my mind
As 'I forgive' is the easiest words for one to say
But to forget, to me it seems like a crime.
To forget the evils that someone has done
Or even the evils or lies that they had spoke
To walk away as they never had accrued
As though to have a nightmare and never to awoke.
When we were young we are taught by our elders
To forgive the trespasses against us one and all
We must forget the pain and suffering that we felt
And must lock that away behind our own brick wall.
The lies and the evils that were done to us,
Even by friends and the ones who we had loved
We must then say that I forgive you one and all
And to some, that forgiveness is not even enough.

Forgive and forget those words we have heard
Even the bible does speak the same
To forgive the sins that were committed against us all
And so against no one can we ever curse or blame.
Sometimes though it seems like in this life
The wrong doers are always asking to forgive and forget
And then the moment that you smile and accept their request
They attack you, and they feel no sadness or regret.
Forgiving sometimes it is so very hard to do
And then to forget that person of their evil deeds
While trying not to remember what they have done to you
While wishing in them, you once again could believe.
Now as I think about my very own past
Of all the wrongs and evil deeds to me I must accept
I read that forgiveness is mine so said the Lord
So now I toss the evils done to me off to forgive and forget.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Forgive Me God

God forgive me for wanting his wife
And the possessions that he has and own
Forgive me please for wanting his life
As I have nothing and I feel so alone.
I live my life through my dreams and lies
I have nothing and I want another mans prize.

God forgive me for wanting to be like him
I am a man and I have nothing at all
Once though I had something but now my life is grim
And a job long ago that I can still barely recall.
But for him and his life their is jealousy
As I leave nothing behind, but he'll leave a legacy.

God forgive me for the life that I live
And forgive me for wanting to be someone else
Though for greatness I have no motive
And in life I seek no riches or wealth.
All I want is to live off the dreams of others
I want to be nourished and cared for as by my mother.

God forgive me for something that I am not
And please forgive me for something that I will never be
As other men's dreams and wishes I had sought
But for me I know it will never become my reality.
So I pretend and pretend as I put on my act
What other men own and have I certainly do lack

God forgive me for wearing the clothes of another man
Please forgive me as you listen to my prayer
As I am not happy with the way that I am
Because when I am around no one sees me there.
But then for me one day my judgement will await
And then God; will I walk or crawl to my final fate.

Randy McClave

Freedom

Butterflies are free
To sail the breeze
To wonder up in the sky.
To float around
With natures sound
To live, and float and then die.

Flowers are free
Along with the trees
To grow upon our Earth.
With their beauties to be seen
To fulfill Mans dreams
That is their greatest worth.

Birds are free
Like the fish in the sea
To sail upon mighty waves.
To sing their song
To swim their quests
I wish I could, as I pray.

Man Isn't free
Though He wish He could be
To grasp life by the hand.
To reach for the Stars
And not knowing, "Too Far! "
But sadly, Man is but Man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Freedom By Divorce

To any unhappy married man this thought I will happily endorse,
Before you walk or run away from your wife, I suggest you first get a divorce,
I say this with all truth and honesty without any sadness or remorse
Go straightforward to your lawyer and always stay your course;
Always remember this one fact, a single man has no worries to enforce
He can stay up as late as he wants, and he can even buy himself a horse.

If you are truly unhappy do not keep yourself a wife,
Living in sadness and depression is no way to live your life,
Gone will be your worries and unhappiness and most of your strife
But first hide all of your cooking utensils, especially the kitchen knife;
Just remember to stay away were boredom and sad thoughts are rife
Now you can play your drums or your guitar or even play the fife.

If you do not like to argue or fight or to discuss your own emotion,
If you like just to be all alone and sail the skies or the ocean,
If you have different dreams and of course in life a different notion
And if you don't care about your job especially a promotion or a demotion;
If you don't care about current fashions or perfumes or skin lotion
Divorce is the answer my friend, it is indeed the greatest potion.

If a man is tired of having bills and always being in debt,
For loneliness he doesn't need a wife, all he truly needs is a loyal pet,
No man needs to worry about gossip about that he should never fret
He should be the king of his house, from his own pain and his sweat;
Never should he be belittled or laughed at or given into a threat
Never should he be controlled by a wife, whether she be blond, redhead or
brunette.

To the unhappy married man I have come to this one easy solution,
It will end of your stress and guilt and all of your worries and confusion,
Don't go to war with your wife and don't be part of an equality revolution
Man must see this not as a setback, but a part and a growth of his own
evolution;
But, before you start your new life with your new goals and a new resolution
Go to your lawyer and tell them you are unhappy, and you want a legal
dissolution.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Freedom For All

By God, it was granted
Into man it was planted,
But, for many it was denied
For it many more have fought and died,
In our lungs like air it is breathed
It can cause a weapon to become unsheathed,
It gives us the power to exercise choice
Never is it derived by just one voice,
It is to enjoy and frequent at ones will
To stop it people will fight and kill,
It is to make decisions without constraint
Where the weak of soul might faint,
It is a right and not a gift or a present
Like the rose its fragrance is sweet and pleasant,
It is never wrapped up in ribbon and bows
And it's not restricted for them or those,
It can never be stolen or ever taken
And it should never be lost or forsaken.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Freedom To Write

I will write these words and then I will rest
I thank GOD that we have freedom of the press
If we had not that one given intangible right
We'd have no books to read, and no words to write
Man would be restrained by whom controlled the word
And the thoughts and ideas of others, would also be deferred
The blood of our fathers would have been shed in vain
And no one would know, as no one would write their name
So these words I type with both vigor and pride
I type and I say what I want, and from no man will I hide
So with my pen or pencil or a typewriter keys in sight
I will put down upon my pad what I think, and I will write.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Freedom's Torch

Welcome my friends she did say
As we sat upon her porch,
This is where liberty will stay
And also where she shines her torch.
Patriotism it is in the breeze
So, I will always fly my flag,
I hear freedom songs through the leaves
And there is never any stoppage or lag.
Upon my porch there is a "WELCOME" mat
So, clean your feet and come inside,
Then you and I can sit and chat
And speak of our truths and honor and pride.
In this house, I truly do believe
That kindness is truth and is everything,
We exclaimed that when we first did breath
And the angels then heard us sing.
Look at my porch, there is no ladder
No need to see others at different heights,
Look and know that black lives do matter
And a woman's equality, are also human rights.
No matter of your faith or your ability
No human being is ever unwanted or illegal,
Science is real, and life is stability
And love is love, that makes it all regal.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Friends

Friends will come and friends will go
Sadly some friends were never meant to be
Making friends some can and will at the first hello
While others try to attract friends with an emotional plea,
A friend is a loyal and a reliable person
Who is able and willing to help you on your behalf
They are at your side when your life might worsen
Never at you would they remark in sarcasm or gaffe,
Lucky are them that will attract a dear good friend
Whether you or them be a gal or a fellow
All you need is honesty and this, I recommend
A friend is the one who carries a tissue and an umbrella.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Froggy

The tiny toad so much wanted to be a frog
So, he sat not on a stick, but upon a giant log,
The other frogs ignored him and they pushed him aside
Then that little tiny toad, just cried and cried.

That tiny little toad then sat upon a stick
But, he couldn't protect itself from the frogs he had such a weak kick,
He thought just maybe if he could prefect a menacing croak
Maybe then the other frogs wouldn't see him as a joke.

But, he tried and tried, but he couldn't make that hoarse sound
Being a toad there he knew he was forever bound,
So, he packed up his bags and he left the pond for a lake
A new image he thought he must now undertake.

He was repulsive in both character and in demeanor
Maybe that is one reason he needed and wanted to be meaner,
He was also arrogant and mouthy he didn't want to remain a toad
If he weren't a frog he thought, he knew that he would soon explode.

At the lake he now hops and he acts as though he is tough
No one questions him being a toad even though he isn't rough,
Remember this, an inadequate puppy wants to be called a doggy
And that tiny insecure toad, just wants to be called a froggy.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Funeral Of A Friend

With a sadness in my heart,
And a sorrow in my mind,
When I heard his life had come to an end.
So, I gathered up all my thoughts,
As I remembered all the memories,
As I go, to the funeral of a friend.

I have known him for many years
And I remember all the good times,
And the times when his life he tried to mend.
Then he found a love to last forever,
But, it didn't last that long at all,
I reflect that, as I go to the funeral of a friend.

I have no unresolved issues,
And no ill-fated thoughts at all,
Arguments or the past I need not amend.
All I need and want is to say goodbye,
I want to give my thanks one last time,
As I go to the funeral, of a friend.

I put on my clean shirt,
Then I pull on my pressed pants,
This sad gathering today, I must attend.
I want to look my very best,
As when I say my final farewell,
As I go to the funeral, of a friend.

I enter into the pallor,
I see tears and I also hear laughs,
So Into the book, my name I have penned.
Life to some it is so very short,
But, to some, memories will last forever,
As are mine, as I go to the funeral of a friend.

I see his family and his work buddies,
I see acquaintances and his neighbors,
And there I see cards and flowers many did send.
Many think that they are lost and forgotten,

But, he is proof that no man dies alone,
As I attended the funeral of a friend.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gabriel Blow Your Horn

Gabriel blow your horn (CLAP)
Gabriel blow your horn (CLAP)
Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel blow your horn,
Blow it loud and clear (CLAP)
Let the people hear (CLAP)
Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel blow it loud and clear,
It is almost judgement day (CLAP)
As the Lord GOD did say (CLAP)
To all men that was ever born,
Gabriel grab your horn.

Gabriel blow your horn (CLAP)
Gabriel blow your horn (CLAP)
Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel blow your horn,
Judgement day is near (CLAP)
The sinners shake with fear (CLAP)
Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel bring the joy and tear,
Now the souls that did betray (CLAP)
On your knees get down and pray (CLAP)
To a righteous life we all were born,
Gabriel hold your horn.

Gabriel blow your horn (CLAP)
Gabriel blow your horn (CLAP)
Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel blow your horn,
Wake the dead from the grave (CLAP)
And the ones Christ did save (CLAP)
Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel blow it for the devout and brave,
It will be the day of our judgement (CLAP)
And we will all see our own footprint (CLAP)
But to all the righteous do not mourn,
As Gabriel prepares his horn.

Gabriel blow your horn (CLAP)
Gabriel blow your horn (CLAP)
Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel blow your horn,
Blow your horn for the Lord (CLAP)
As he too proceeds with his sword (CLAP)
Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel blow that righteous chord,

Tap your feet it won't be long (CLAP)
Before you play your song (CLAP)
Now the world it will be torn,
As Gabriel blows his horn.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gangs

A gang are like cockroaches
When you turn on a light they all will scatter,
They become cowards when bravery approaches
I would like to step on them all until they splatter.
They are only brave and fearless as a group
But, when they are alone they all are gutless,
When they are in a mob they are a hate troop
They are followers and worshippers of all that disgusts.
If you look, they all want to look and dress alike
As though they all share the same thought and brain,
Whether they are walking together or riding on a bike
Filth, cowardliness and mobs is their true domain;
Like wolves they will always arrive in a pack
But, when alone they will always cower and hide,
In a group they will harass and attack and sack
That is their true way of life and only since of pride;
They will swarm upon the defenseless like a horde
Their belief is that strength comes only in numbers,
Alone they believe they are nothing, so they are ignored
Honor, valor, courage and oneness they encumbers.
So, I preach this to all of my sisters and brothers
To this belief a total lecture to all others I will harangue,
Watch out for your children, all you fathers and mothers
And never be a part or a brother or sister of a gang.

RANDY L. MCCLAVE

Randy McClave

Garden Weeds

Beautiful flowers I wanted to grow
So in my garden I planted some seeds
Into the earth with my love I also did sow
But sadly they all came up, weeds,
They grew and then they spread out everywhere
Their vines they went out of control
Neighbors then gawked as they did stare
As they climbed my fence, and then the electric pole,
I did my best to control their growth
But my neighbors they all still complained
So I sheared and I hoed, I did both
But then came a thunderstorm, and it rained,
It rained and rained all day and then all night
Then in the morning the rain it had finished
My garden now was a beautiful wonderful sight
My hate for the weeds in my garden, had diminished,
The vines they were now all covered with blooms
They had waited to be born and to create a flower
Now they're nature's own personal perfumes
All they needed was patience, and the help of a shower,
Neighbors then came and they were awed by the beauty
From the vines that they earlier wanted to destroy
I was told that my yards appeal is the communities duty
And now the allure of my garden, we all could enjoy,
I wonder when GOD had created our earth
If he ever complained to Adam about the weeds
Or was GOD jubilant about life and any birth
That came forth from love and the planting of seeds.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gather Around

Gather around the flag my friends;
Gather around it straight and tall,
Gather around it with might and pride;
And let us vow that she will never fall.
Gather around the flag my friends,
Gather around it and stand with me;
Let's stand with our might, and what is right,
And let's defend her, and our right to be free.

Let's gather in peace and pray it won't cease,
And let's vow that she will never fall;
And we will stand together, now and forever,
We will be there if our country does call.

The price of freedom it is never free,
No matter what is written or said;
Sometimes we must fight, to gain its sight,
And then, it is gained by our fallen dead.
Let's gather around the red, white and blue,
Like our fathers did once before;
Let's stand there strong, no matter how long,
And we'll defend her to the last cannons roar.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gave Me Life

You opened my eyes to a wonderful life
A way that I never knew of before,
You took my hand and showed me the way
I will love you, until my dying day.
You had opened my heart which had been locked
The key was rusted and it was thrown away,
You melted the lock which had secured my heart
Which I had sworn never again would start.
You had the desire hotter than any fire
And when we touched it took me higher,
You used our love, how I once used my hate
It made me stronger, it secured my fate.

I was saved from a life of turmoil and strife
I am thankful that you had come along,
GOD had sent you to me as he sends the breeze
And gives the birds their song.
You made me strong as you released my pain
Never again will I feel the same,
I see no more anger and I hear no more lies
And no more tears for me to cry,
I will love you today, and I will love you tomorrow
Without you I would know only of sorrow,
I want us to walk forever side by side
And when we do, I know that I will be in paradise.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Georgina

They told me her name was Georgina
At first I thought she was an angel in disguise
She danced around my mind like a ballerina
Her beauty was excitement to my soul and eyes.
Her lips were as full as a boutique of roses
That a man would present to a woman in love
'Remember' beauty are from the words man composes
From the inspiration of woman, and not from GOD above.
Her eyes were as large and additive as the moon
And they called me, as fire calls a moth to the flame
The air was tranquil as it was late June
And then I saw her, and now I know her name.
Across the room was the first time that I saw her
I don't think I could ever forget that magical night
Her image is strong and her beauty will never blur
My love is for her and she will always be in my sight.
Oh how I wished that I had taken her away by the hand
But I know that I could never, even if I could try
As her heart and soul they belonged to another man
And I was just a visitor, who sadly was passing by.
In my mind and soul she will always be there
Her beauty could be compared to that of beautiful Athena
How I wished that I had her that's all in my prayer
After they had told me that her name was Georgina.

Randy McClave

Georgina's Kiss

I waited for her kiss for 20 plus odd years
So, I practiced on others and even on my mirrors,
I knew the day would come when our lips would finally meet
And then I would give her, my long awaited tasty treat.
Some might call it luck, but I call it destiny for that day
When she and I got together, not one of us had a word to say,
Then that kiss I finally stole from her that very same night
She then laughed and mocked me, with very little fight.
She was that one woman that I needed and wanted to kiss
The lips of other women I never cared for, or really did miss,
I wanted to save her kiss, deep inside of my heart
So, the memories of that one moment would never fade or depart.
But, the kiss didn't create a deep breadth, or even a small sigh
Or even the clutching of her heart or a tear to form in her eye,
She never gave me a wink, or a Thank you, or cheers
I then dropped my head into my hands, for all those wasted years.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gigi's Body

Your eyes, are a beautiful disguise
A wild woman I know is locked in your soul,
When they look at me, my soul is free
Only for you have I lost all control.

Your tits, they always give me fits
They cause my lips to always pucker,
When your breasts move, them I highly approve
And my brain screams to "f*uck Her";.

Your lips, they cause my pants to unzip
As you once again give me another hard-on,
On your knees, I then beg of you please
I want you to be my own liaison.

Your nipples, they give my body ripples
Them I need and want to squeeze and suck,
They are your leisure, they give me pleasure
You I need and want to *f*uck.

Your ass, is harder than any glass
I enjoy watching it move and shake,
Your fanny, is not that of any granny
It always causes my cock to ache.

Your pussy, it is so tight and juicy
I would please it all night long,
Outside it I want to tongue, inside of it I would cum
That is where all my pleasures inside of you belong.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gitchy, Gitchy Bloody Bones

The steps they are creaky
And then you hear his moans,
He is now on the first step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones.
He wants you!

I am on the second step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am on the third step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am on the fourth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

You now cover your ears
You pretend that you are asleep,
Him you do not want to hear
You don't want to cry or weep.
Shoo!

I am on the fifth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am on the sixth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am on the seventh step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

He is now getting closer
You can hear his groans,
You now hear his feet dragging
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones.
Ewe!

I am on the eighth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am on the ninth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am on the tenth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

He now begins to pant
He is pulling his chain,
Slowly the steps he climbs
You scream in vain.
He is coming to get you!

I am on the eleventh step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am on the twelfth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am on the thirteenth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

Drip, drip, drip is that blood
Now he changes his tones,
He growls and he screams
Gitchy, Gitchy bloody bones.
Ooooooh!

I am on the fourteenth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am on the fifteenth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am on the sixteenth step
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

He is at the top of the stairs
You then being to pray,
He knows where you are
In your bed you shiver as you lay.
Wooooooo!

I am in the hallway now
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am at your door now
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

I am in your room now
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones,

He is at your bedside now
He knows you are all alone,
He lifts up your covers and says
Gitchy, gitchy bloody bones.
Boo!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Give Back America

Why not deport all the negroes and caucasians
And of course all of the latinosaurs, middle easterners and asians,
Then we can grudgingly give back this land to the Red-man,
Who is the only true heir and the only true rightful American.
Let us expel all of the blacks and also all of the whites
Along with all the yellow and tan and all others that it unites,
Us being true Americans that myth we should disband
And we all should go back willingly to our true ancestral land.
Let us all pack our bags and our families and then we should go
Back to Europe, and Africa, and Australia, and Mexico,
And let them also head back to South America and also Asia
Then; this land will finally have true Americans! Without racial hysteria.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Giving God Thanks

We eat our meals,
Then we give God thanks;
The doctor heals,
And we give God our thanks;
We murder and we will kill,
So, we give God our thanks;
Innocent blood we will spill,
God rejects our thanks.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gladys

Gladys, if you could only hear me;
These are the words that I'd speak;
I would tell you how I will always need you;
And how your soul, I will always seek.
I would let you look into my eyes;
Then you would know me through my soul;
Then you would know I could hold no lies;
And how you are the only one that I need to hold.
I would cherish you throughout our lives;
I would always put your joy and happiness before mine;
Then I would always give you a happier day;
And if I couldn't, I swear a better day I would find.
I would show you how and why I write for you;
Then you would know why you are my inspiration;
The poems are all mine, but the need in them will be you;
Then you would know because of you, I am your creation.
I would treat you like the angel that that I know you are;
I swear I would cherish you like a man who owns gold;
And when I see you smile or when I hear you laugh;
I would know then that I had found true loves road.
I would tell you now that I would do anything for you;
Then I would show you as I would want you to see;
All I ask is for you to open your eyes and your heart;
Gladys; please are you listening to me.

Randy McClave

Gnatwoods

The tiny, little town of Gnatwoods
A place where I would not want to live,
With constant disruption, from bigotry, racism and corruption
Maybe someday them all GOD might forgive.
Their streets are paved out of immorality and bribery,
The citizens don't care, they have no conscience or worry.

In that tiny, sleepy, little community
Where there is so much to shelter and hide,
With its liars and cheaters, humanities ugliest creatures
How could GOD ever be on their side?
If you are not white! you just don't belong,
Even though you pledge allegiance and sing America's song.

It is a town with its lies and its secrets
Where peace and harmony they don't care to improve,
Everyone is always complaining, from sin they are not abstaining
If I'd live there, I know that I would pack up and move.
Trash is always kept in the minds and not in the bins,
All the thoughts and souls there, needs to be cleansed.

Mothers always lie to protect their cowardly sons
And fathers forget and neglect their own daughters,
The only known law, is from graft and gossip sipped from a straw
A calm is never felt over their stormy waters.
In their gardens they only grow decadence and turpitude,
Not roses or plants or even tomatoes, a gardens food.

In that sleepy little bedroom community
Where both the people and the government are corrupt,
Salvation is lost, and temptation is found at a cost
Where religion and truth to their people will only distort and disrupt.
The doors are all closed and the curtains are always drawn,
And skeletons are buried in everyones front lawn.

If I were looking for place to raise a family
I know to one city that I would never would want to go,
Where the family matters? It doesn't exist there it only shatters
Where it is always easier to say goodbye than it is to say hello.

Dishonesty thrives in the local government and all the neighborhoods,
If I painted a picture of debauchery, it would be that of the city of Gnatwoods.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Go Back

Why don't you go back from where you came
As we don't want your type here anymore
As all you brought was sadness and pain
And other ideas that we weren't looking for.
Please take back the way you live your life
And also the things you do and what you believe
As everything was happy before you arrived
But now its not that way anymore, so please leave.
Wished you would leave before you planted more seeds
Of how you lived your life and what you did and done
As we get sick when we know of your past deeds
Wished you had stopped that temptation before it begun.
You don't have that values that we have here
Nor our virtue or honesty and of course no pride
You cast your shadow in hate and dishonesty and fear
And we don't want any of that in our heart or at our side.
I see our children and I then think about them
As I remember what you did to your very own child
The one you said you loved you taught them sin
And you blame everyone else when they went wild.
Look around you now and tell me what you do see
Do you see happiness and love and hope forever more
Or do you see lying and sin and deception that we don't need
Now think, your soul could of been rich but now its poor.
When you came here you had destroyed so many lives
And also you caused so much evil and distrust and sin
And it started when you couldn't tell the truth but only lies
I see now what they mean when they said, you started again.
So look at your past and think of from where you came
Here as over there when you are thought of many do grieve
Over there you were known by your sins and by your name
So why don't you do us a favor here, and please leave.

Randy McClave

God And Me

If you wonder who ate the last piece of pie
Or who had told your friends that one big lie,
Or who had gone out and defaced your old oak tree;
That secret is known by only God and me.

If you wondered who had stole your newspaper
Or who had prank called you in that daring caper,
Or who had soaped your windows and then did flee;
Well, that secret is known by only God and me.

People will always seek their revenge
When a wrong is done they will always seek to avenge,
Sometimes your betrayers are closer than you know
And sometimes, they are in your own shadow,
This I say with truth and with utter respect
Some people will never forgive or even forget,
Many people just enjoy giving a surprise attack
Even your spouse will sneak behind your back.

If you wondered who drank your very last drink
Or who had stopped up that utility sink,
But, you couldn't find that culprit or an apology;
However, that secret is known by only God and me.

If you still wonder who called the police on you
While thinking it was your neighbors, you have not a clue,
It wasn't your neighbors dog who on your flowers did pee;
But, that secret is known, by only God and me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

God And The Wind

Tell me not! that GOD does not exist,
And that the wind it does,
Aren't they both a powerful mist,
Which moves us with wonder and love.
One moves our soul and the other the leaves,
And why they do it, we might not ever know,
We are the ones which believes,
To not believe in GOD, me you must show.
Though neither one can we ever see,
But, their presence we will always feel,
One causes the falling leaves from a tree,
And the other causes the soul to heal.
I look up at the sky and nothing is there,
Then suddenly I feel a breeze,
So, I close my eyes and I say a prayer,
To believe in GOD? my mind was set at ease.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

God Created

GOD created the world from inspiration
All came forth from his thoughts and imagination
Through tedious work it became his creation
His thoughts and labor became his obligation,
The trees the lakes and land was his vision
Birds of the sky, beasts of the land, were his provision
He created all with love warmth and precision
Not once was he encountered with doubt or indecision,
He then decided that man he needed to create
And that became destiny or maybe it was fate
Then for man's partner man's rib he did donate
When GOD was finished he created man a mate,
The seventh day came and GOD rested and waited
With his finished work he was pleased and elated
The work was easy, but to man it is complicated
GODS work was finished after he had created.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

God Did Call

Samuel! God did call
So, I did fall
I fell like a star upon the ground
My destination was bound.

God created the world in seven
So, give God his Heaven
I will truthfully confess
That I can corrupt the Earth in less

Heaven is in the sky
It is legible unto the eye
We know that is where God reigns
And where we send our pains

God created the world in seven days
So, we give him our praise
But, as Samuel had fell
We would all rather worship hell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

God In Women

A woman creates life
She also reduces strife,
She gives hope and true belief
And she removes pain and grief.

She mends as long as she lives
And she always forgives,
She takes in all of man's sin
There is a little bit of God, in all women.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

God Knows

GOD counts the tears that we have cried
GOD knows the times that we have lied
He knows all, that enters and leaves our mind
And he knows too, if we are evil or if we are kind.
GOD knows the words that we have said
GOD knows also where we lay our head
He knows the sins that we hold in our heart
And he even knows when our end will part.
GOD knows all that's in our soul
GOD knows all that we do know
He knows the hairs that's on our head
He knows the words we speak before they are said.
GOD knows the steps that we will take
GOD knows the plans that we will make
He knows all that's in our brain
As he is the one to end our suffering and our pain.
So this I say to all my sisters and brothers
Also to my neighbors and friends and all others
Before you tell a lie the truth is already known
So heed what you say before that seed is sewn.
Before you commit a evil please think once again
Is worrying and suffering in your soul worth that sin
So before you commit a sin that causes evils and woes
Please remember my friend; that GOD already knows.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

God Listens

GOD listens to every prayer
But, he doesn't answer everyone,
So does he hate us, or does he even care?
To some souls that debate will continue on.

Some say that GOD ignores us all
And that he never listens to us when we speak,
Then he blames us when we give up and fall
And that he walks away from us when we are weak.

Some say that GOD does not exist
While others even say that GOD is dead,
Usually spoken by ones with an unanswered Christmas list
Or by intellects, or by the ones who are easily misled

GOD indeed answers all prayers prayed
But, sometimes his answer must be "NO",
Should we feel hurt or even betrayed
While living a life of wanting and hate and woe.

I know that GOD listens to all of us
He gave me strength when I was falling downhill,
When he has problems do we worry and discuss
GOD has given me strength, by giving me free will.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

God Made Me Strong

GOD made me strong
Man made me weak
Though those facts I grew and knew
Then a woman she made me weep.
GOD gave me the strength
To grow into a Man
To battle my strife and hold onto my life
To then become the best that I can.
Man is all that I am
As I live in a world of man
And to ask for more than what's held in store
And to see what I started and what I have began.
A woman then I did take
To hold and trust and to become my wife
To erase my tears as she stole my fears
Now together as one we live our life.
Now someday on my tomb they will write
The words that I have searched
That in my time and through my mind
That a mere woman caused me to curse.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

God Sees A Man

I need not to wear boots to help me stand
I need not tattoos to prove who I am
I need not support to reach out my hand
As I know GOD knows, that I am a man.
I need not fashionable clothes for me to wear
I need not to color or hide my hair
I need not to be ashamed to say a prayer
As GOD knows I am a man, standing there.
I need not to lie or ever to cheat
I need not to fill my mind with sins or deceit
I need a righteous life to be my greatest feat
Then GOD will know I am a man, when we do meet.
I need to always put my family first
I need to give out love and never lash out hurt
I need to let honesty to be my final search
And GOD will know then another man on this earth.
I need never to put the blame on anyone else
I need not to be them but to be myself
I need not to be ashamed to give out help
And I know GOD will not let a man, fall into hell.
I need not to take anything which is not mine
I need not to break any vows or create a crime
I need to understand life is but a short time
And GOD will know a man, will be in judgements line.
I need to understand the words I speak
I need to understand for a lost soul I must weep
I need to learn that strength is also with the weak
And I know that GOD someday this man, he will greet.
I need not to say I cannot but that I can
I need to be an example so all will know who I am
I need from evil to stay away and withstand
And GOD I know will see me, as that I am a man.

Randy McClave

God Will Judge

I came upon a fork in the road
And I didn't know which path to take
Should I take the path most traveled upon
As that decision I just have to make.
So I ponder the decision for a while
Till an outcome came to my mind
I would take the one that was less traveled
And truthfully I still know not why.
I started my journey down that path
As down that road I began to walk
I then began to think the thoughts to myself
And also to myself I began to talk.
I came upon two men and a woman arguing
Screaming back and forth about hate and love
I bowed my head and then I walked away
And I said to them, one day GOD he will judge.
I walked down the road a little bit further
Then I noticed water upon the path
It formed a pond which became my mirror
Then I saw myself looking in, so I had to laugh.
I looked so sad and I look so confused
As at first I didn't think that it was me
But they say with age comes wisdom and sadness
So maybe that really was myself looking back at me.
I continued my journey down the path
Just seeing were it was going to take me next
Or will the road just end like how it began
So later in the day I might sit back and reflect.
I then came across some people stealing and fighting
While an innocent man was screaming that's enough
Then like cowards I saw them all just run away
Then I said to the innocent, one day GOD he will judge.
So I continued my journey down that path
Out of curiosity to see where It would take me then
But it took me back to that same fork in the road
My ending was also where my journey did begin.
Then suddenly I had awaken from that dream
My journey was really a dream that I just had
And was it a dream about my very own circle of life

Especially my pain and suffering and what made me sad.
So I sat up in my bed and started reflecting back
Into my soul which is full of sadness of love
I think the dream was telling me do not ever forget
And that also in time to all, GOD He will judge.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

God, Are You There?

GOD, Are you there?
Do you still listen as I pray
If you still do, I need you Lord,
There is so much I need to say.
Do you still listen as I speak
And do you hear me when I cry
For I know, no one else listens to me
And Lord, I just need to know why.
Am I not created by you
As you have created everything else
But many times Lord, I'm all alone
Even though, I'm not by myself.
Do I not have pain like everyone else
Do I not also cry out for help,
I am a Man, a very lonely Man
One who keeps death, to Himself.

Lord, are you awake,
If not, I'll let you sleep
I'm sorry if I'm bothering you
And I'm sorry, If I cause you to weep.
Every man has His troubles
And every Woman has Her woe,
So I listen to them as I should
But though when I speak; they all go.
Lord, do you still love me,
I just need to hear it every now and then,
For no one speaks it or shows it from the heart,
And I need to strengthen my soul from sin.
Lord, I'll leave you now,
Thank you, for listening to me
Now I truly know, that I'm never alone
For you are here Lord, for me to believe.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gods And Men

Of the GODs we all believe
And of men we all know
They rule us when they can't deceive
With prayers or guns or a bow,
They demand us for our treasures
They command us for our prayer
They condemn us for our pleasures
Do we, or do we not dare.

In the GODs do we all trust
To protect us and give us what we need
Or do we bring them shame and disgust
Planted by a horrible little seed,
Do they need us to worship them
Do they enjoy to see us in despair
Do they laugh when we condemn
Are they, or are they not there.

Of Men we all know
They have brought both guilt and shame
All man wants is to own and sow
And in history he wants his name,
He is the one who gave us war
He is the one that gave the nightmare?He is the one that needs to soar
Do we, or do we not care.

Of the GODS we all hope
And of men we all must accept
That is our extent and our scope
With one we curse and the other we wept,
Both demand to be heard
Both enacts us with visions and sin
Both are reckless and absurd
But this is the world of GODs and men.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

God's Gifts

GOD gave man two ears so that he might hear
Man's truth and also man's lies,
Then also to help man find his way
GOD then gave man two eyes,
Man was then given just one mouth
And also just one tongue
So he would tell the truth and not a lie
And he was gifted that, when he was young.
Two ears for man so he can hear everything
And two eyes for him to see without fail
One mouth and one tongue for the truth
But still from all these gifts; man fell.

Randy McClave

God's Hands

I have worried about the things,
In which that I cannot control
Which causes me so much pain
And so much strain upon my soul.
Friends and family tell me not to worry
About the things I cant do anything about
So finally I agree to them one and all
And with the devil, I have fought my last bout.
I realized I cannot control the hatred
Nor more can I control sins or lying
These are worries that I think about
Also along with sadness and crying.
As we all live in our lifetime
So many problems will head our way
Some that we are the master of
And some which will make us feel betrayed.
So as I have my own problems
Which all of course they are man made
By evil and sins that are created daily
And someday there memories will all fade.
I cannot control the weather
Whenever it rains or when it storms
I cannot control the way people act
Even though they have been fore warned.
I cannot tell any person how to act
Or can I tell them please not to sin
These are worries I keep in my soul and heart
As a new day for me will always begin.
So I will say these last words
As I will make this one last stand
I will leave all those worries to someone else
As I will leave them all, Into GOD'S hands.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gods Remembrance

GOD once walked alone upon this green earth
Where the beauty and wonder of nature was first heard,
Peace and serenity everywhere could be found
And when GOD stopped to listen, there was not even a sound;
The flowers they were the beauty of GODs own masterpiece
They stretched out forever to the mountains and the seas,
And to have those memories again, those thoughts GOD must retrieve
I wonder now if GOD ever regrets, creating Adam and Eve.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Goes Around, Comes Around

What goes around, comes around
As I always have been told,
So what you have done unto others,
Unto you, someday the same will unfold.
The evils that you have held
And the lies that you have spoke,
Someday you will be visited by them all
And by those deeds alone, you will choke.
Karma will come and get you
From it you cannot run and or hide
She will follow till your end on Earth
And she'll mock you the day that you die.

What goes around comes around
Truer words have never been said
Your life will be full of sadness and pain
From the life that you once had led.
To the pain and suffering that you caused
From the evils and lies that you dealt
Believing lies that you told and hold
For you there will be a special place in Hell.
And you might not die alone
You might have your family and or friends
But when your passing has came and gone
No one will think good of you, ever again.

What comes around, goes around
I think deeply on that thought,
Because nothing truly can you hide from man
And from GOD, your always caught.
You might lie only to lie to yourself
But then soon, it comes back to you
And then you see the pain that you caused
Then they'll will be nothing that you can do.
Suffering will be yours alone forever
Your moaning in pain will be your only sound
And I myself will mock and ignore you
For as they say, what comes around, goes around.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Going Down The Path

I think of you as I walk down the path
I smile, then I chuckle, then I laugh and I laugh;
Then I stop and then I think.....
Was I laughing at you or was I laughing at me
Do I owe someone a punch or maybe an apology,
Did I fight, did I argue or did I disagree?
Maybe, I should just buy myself another drink.

I pondered as I walked to a nearby bar
There I will ask the bartender to fill my mason jar;
As I must be on the path once again.....
I am walking down the path, then I begin to cry
I am crying and crying I keep on wondering why,
Do these tears of mine justify?
Maybe, I must remember not where I am going, but where I've been.

As I wondered down the path I am quite confused
I laugh and then I cry, I then become highly amused;
Then I stop, so that I can contemplate.....
I cannot stand still so I fall down upon my face
I laugh at myself for the comedy and then I cry for the disgrace,
Should I curse, or should I say grace?
Maybe, into my life I should stop and investigate.

I get back on my feet and I now begin to ruminate
Now I think of my current condition, and about my current fate;
I now remember, it is October.....
October is the month of Halloween and my separation
The month I harvested my pumpkins and had no vacation,
Do I need some serious deliberation?
Maybe, I concluded that I should just stay sober.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Going Home

I am serving my country in a different land
Where I miss holding my wife's tender hand,
Being away from her I dread, as I hate to roam,
But, I heard today, that I am going home.

No more sleeping for me in a tent
No more people will I need to hate and resent,
I am going to where I am liked and also known
I heard today, that I am going home.

No more standing in a line to go to the latrine.
No more marching in the mud because I am a marine,
No longer will I drink my coffee from a cup of styrofoam
I heard today, that I was going home.

No more sleeping for me in a cot,
Gratefully no more battles or wars for me to be fought,
No more dangerous areas for me to sweep and to comb
Because I heard today, that I was going home.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Going To Church

I did not put on my suit, and not even a tie
As I go to church to worship and praise,
Although I am seen as an outcast, a pariah
But, still wouldn't GOD want to see me in these days.

Inside the church, I know that the people will stare
I am the prodigal son who is returning home;
Though I never left my father, so they can gossip and glare
As my life and my belief I had to ponder upon and roam.

I hear the whispers and I see the fingers point
As I walk back into the church a house of worship;
The parishioners wear their fine Sunday clothing, so I must disappoint
They will always give a donation, but never a tip.

I am divorced, and I have known many women
And I have friends, both men and women who are gay;
Does that make me an evil or a bad man; do I sin
I believe as long as they are happy, is all that I would say.

They will call him a bastard, and they will call her a whore
They say spouses should share the same colored skin;
They will ridicule the beggars and also the poor
Are they the self-righteous, the ones able to point out others sin.

When Church is over I see the gathering church members
Then when the church doors close I feel a very cold zephyr;
The teachings for today they must not remember
They are not talking about scriptures, they are talking about him and her.

If my son was gay I still would always love him
For his beliefs or orientations I don't want him to suffer and die;
If he married someone of a different race, him I would never ignore
GOD, says one thing, but many will preach and tell their own lie,

GOD is my father, and I too have a son
And I wish no pain or suffering to ever befall upon him;
So why would GOD our father, his own children would he shun
A father is a father, don't we love our children, everyone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Going To Sleep

Close your eyes and go to sleep
God waits for your prayers to keep,
As you slumber, dreams you will encumber
So, rest with no worries or nightmares to weep.
The sandman comes to put sand in your eyes
Then sleep and rest, tiredness is your prize,
But, first say your prayers, loose all your cares
As Angles and dreams above your head flies.
There are no monsters underneath your bed
So, lay down your precious sleepy head,
Cover your form, so you can stay warm
As you slide underneath my old bedspread.
To my precious sweet child I will now say
The sun has slowly drifted away,
Now turn off your light, it is now night
The sprites and gnomes, are not out to play.
Shhhhh! The stars they make not a peep
Pillows they now become your sheep,
It is now time, to hear an old sleepy rhyme
As you close your eyes and fall asleep.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Golf

When from work I finally retire
Then probably from exercising I will lose all desire,
I guess I will give up on juices and green tea
I will probably sit and watch my sports on the T.V.

I most likely will get lazy and most likely fat
No longer will I be able or want to train upon a mat,
Football, baseball and basketball I won't be able to play
As I did in a younger day.

Running or dancing about I won't be able to do
If I did my body most likely would become black and blue,
Speeding balls I won't be able to carry or to hit
And when I get tired, I will want to sit.

Now I will be older with a weakened heart
To get around I will probably need a wheelchair or a cart,
But, I will still enjoy sports and the fresh air
While wishing that I was still young, and strong like a mare.

My quick reactions they will probably be all gone
And I won't want anyone seeing me in the brawn,
And gone too will be the quick reflexes that I once had
They'll become like me, lazy and bad.

From a referee or a judge I will no longer see or hear their call
From kicking or throwing or even double dribbling a ball
Slovenly I will walk about and probably wheeze and cough
The new sport designed for me, will be golf.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gone Fishing

I remember the times that we went fishing
The anticipation, the dreaming and then the wishing,
Going to the family farm inside the woods
It was mine, and also my son's childhoods.
But, it was more than just trying to catch a fish
More than just trying to put dinner upon our dish,
It wasn't how and when that we did arrive;
It was the drive.

My son and I would talk about the family farm
The river the ponds and the fields and its charm,
We would laugh and joke and remember the crops in the field
As we saw the farm approaching through the windshield.
We would park the truck on the old graveled road
The one which to me my father had once showed,
Then for a mile or so together my son and I would walk;
It was the talk.

We baited our hooks and we cast them into the river
I remember that part of fishing when my son would quiver,
We then watched nature while fish were nibbling on our line
We never caught anything, and afterwards we went out to dine.
I would always tell my son about the big one that once got away
My son would then laugh, and then say let's do it again one day,
I was so happy and joyful as we were both corresponding;
It was the bonding.

After hours of fishing on the river we had no luck
Not a fish between us, so we decided to load up the truck,
My son and I walked through the woods telling stories as we strolled
While enjoying every minute, I suddenly didn't mind being old.
We walked though the cornfield and sometimes we did race
We climb over fences at my grandparents old home-place,
It wasn't only the fishing or just him or trees;
It was the memories.

Randy L. McClave

Good Friday

Let us remember and let us all pray,
For it is Good Friday,
The day of the death of our Lord and savior
His life given for our redemption, man's favor.
Today our Lord was crucified upon a cross
Mans gain became the devil's horrible loss,
In a tomb our Lord's body was placed in its prison
Then in three days, (Easter) Jesus had risen.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Goodbye Angelina

Instead of saying goodbye,
Let's just say I will see you tomorrow,
And knowing that in my heart
There will be joy and no sorrow.
Our time it will not be forgotten
In days or months or even years,
All I have to do is just close my eyes
Then once again, you are here.
You will be the tear that's in my eye
When a memory comes to mind
And you will be the sign that I make,
When the truth is so hard to find.
You still will make me smile
And bring a happiness unto my heart,
How could I ever really say goodbye
As from GOD'S hand you will never part.
You will also be that special smile
That just appears upon my face,
And you will be the joy that I hear
From which happily I can't escape.
So, I will never say goodbye
Instead I will say I will see you very soon,
As you will be part of my everyday
As is the sun, and the stars, and the moon.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Goodbye March

Goodbye March, you won't be missed
With your rain and snow which did persist,
You came in like a lion, now please leave like a lamb
Mother Nature you surely are, a vindictive and evil ma'am.
You gave us snow which froze the street and the pavement
Then you gave us rain which flooded my yard and my basement,
With your snow I froze and I fell and that you didn't regret
Then you gave us rain, which gave me a cold and drenched me wet.
But, were you finished? No! You melted the snow which turned into mud
Then the melted snow and the constant rain you allowed, gave us a flood,
Now! the only way you can help me to forget and not to grieve
Is when it is April, and March.... You did leave.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Goodbye To All

To all my friends I wish to say goodbye
As tomorrow I know not what is in store for me
That might be the day that I am meant to die
Then up in heaven, I will be with my family,
But until then my friends I will sit and reflect
As I would hate to leave with any sorrows or regret.

I want my life affairs to be in their proper order and state
That is if tomorrow is the day that I am predestined to leave
It won't be an accident so it must be called fate
As life and death are the same drink, as I do believe,
Until then I have not cursed or have I even wept
I am enjoying all these moments with the time that I have left.

The stone for my grave it has already been bought
The engraving on my stone has already been shown
And I have already purchased my own little plot
Finally a place where I can lie and rest all alone,
And on my stone will be only my name and my years
I added no sentiments, as I do not want to bring sadness or tears.

I will be leaving my home for the very last time
Through my front door with key I will enter into it anymore
And never again will I watch and hear my clock chime
Never will I hear the creaks when I walk upon my wooden floor,
Those simple issues are the occurrences I truly will miss
When I cross over into the mysterious great abyss.

Goodbye to my family and friends and goodbye to my garden
They truly are what I will miss the most from my life
But I lived a full life with adventure so I ask for no pardon
So instead I will leave behind my son, and all my strife,
Now as I look back and reflect my life it indeed is complete
Tomorrow or even the next day, my maker I am ready to meet.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Gossiping Woman

You babbling, chattering, gossiping woman
Suffice to say you have said enough
With your prattle, rumors and hearsay
I am tired and sick of hearing of that stuff.

With your tales and news and all the scandals
I am so exhausted of listening to you as you speak
With your calumny and all that dirty laundry
Why not be quite and turn your other cheek.

I am fed up with your stories and all your chitchat
All the while you are destroying someones reputation
Stop your meddling, small talk and your whispering
Haven't you already caused enough defamation.

Your malicious blather is making me sick
While you cause injury and wrong with such intense
Now you cry and blether and give everyone an earful
When friends or family don't come to your defense.

You tattling, busybody with all your tidbits
You don't care who you talk about or who you hurt
Why not shut up and clean up your own idle talk
Before someone notices that you have your own dirt.

You clucking, Bwaking, annoying, irritable woman
You gossip as though to make your own life better
Your thoughts are no cleaner than a garbage bin
And you are, but a bothersome, jealous, agonizing fretter.

I am tired of your lies and all of your stories
With all of your derogatory stories and it's smut
Why don't you just sit down and read a good book
And then stop gossiping and keep your mouth shut.

Randy L. McClave

Grain Of Sand

From every grain of sand
That falls from my hand
Through my fingers to the ground
To utter but not a sound,
For like a Human life
That passed before my eyes
To be here and then be gone
Forgotten like yesterdays dawn.
For like a grain of sand
The Boy became a Man
Who cries tears of His fate,
For He knows for what Man did,
Is from what Man had made.
Though as being caught up in the air
And being blown to who knows where
For where we go, no man knows
And where we die, is where we lie.
We are all here a lifetime
As though it seems a long time
It is though, but a short time,
To live and love, then die.
Like a grain of sand
That falls upon the beach
To be caught up in the rain or air
And to go where no one can reach,
A Girl becomes a Woman
The Boy becomes a Man
And everyone makes their own fall,
Like a simple, grain of sand.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Grandma

As she took her feeble steps
One placed after another,
Before she was my child's grandma
She was my precious mother.
Tired and old and back is bent
From the many years gone by
Her hair is gray and voice is low
As she walks slowly by my side.
In her eyes I still see the smile
As she took so little and gave so much
And the pain that she has received
While she always gave me love.
Clouds above us so pure and white
As I look at my mother at my side
I close my eyes and I see a new fallen snow
And then I think, she's purer than white.

Randy McClave

Grass Is Greener

One thing that I have heard
As I have often been told
Was the grass is always greener
On the other side of the road,
And to the that one statement
I truly had no ideal,
Was it but a lie that I often heard
Or was that assumption for real.
So on top of my own roof
I went to, after my climb
To check another ones yard
Of course a yard, that wasn't mine.
And there is where I stood
As I surveyed across the road
To see if anyone's grass was greener
As I often had heard and also been told.
And there from where that I stood
And from what that I could see
Their grass was not any greener
Than my yard, that I do believe.
So I surveyed the yards of my neighbors
As up on my roof I stood as I thought
Maybe all yards are all different then
So I got off my roof, and I went for a walk.
I walked down the street
Then I walked up the next block
Seems as though the houses got bigger
Along with their possession's and their lots.
Their grass didn't seem any greener
Than mine or the other that I have seen
Though theirs yards were much larger
As though a good picture from everyone's dream.
So there I left, and I continued my walk
I then came across some railroad tracks
And there stood houses and from what I saw,
Their grass was as green, front yard and back.
Though their yards they wasn't as large
As the ones I have seen
And their houses weren't as large or as nice

But their yards, they were just as green.
So then I headed back unto my home
To reflect back on the things that I have seen,
And of the ideals people thought of and said
And what in their mind they really did mean.
So when I got back unto my home
I climbed again on top of my roof
So there I could reflect and think to myself
About my neighbors and me and to tell the truth.
Though the grass might be greener, I did say
On the other side of the road,
But this one thing I tell you my friend,
The grass, it still has to be mowed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Great Again!

Let's make America great once again
By getting rid of all of its corruption and sin,
For freedom and justice, liberty would win
But, then who America would we let in.

Into this country who would be allowed
Of course no large groups or even a small crowd,
Others not so great could easily be disavowed
Then we the ones staying, would be alone and proud.

Let's make America as it was once was before
When no one needed or wanted any more,
Before segregation and of course before any war
And before slavery, and before people were poor.

Our country would be great as it was in its past
When no one was ever bullied or harassed,
Our country once again could be unsurpassed
But, sadly because of politicians and people, it won't last.

"Let's make America Great Again" is the chant and buzz
But, to remember that time or era no one really does,
I love American for the dreams and hopes and just because
America it is great now, as it always was.

Inside history books there are facts and a simple truth
To discover them, we don't need to be a scholar or a sleuth,
And they are taught and learned in our youth
Then they should all be remembered, at the voting booth.

"Let's make America great once again! "
Are the words screamed and cursed by women and men,
Then to them all I give them a chuckle and a grin
I then reply in a debate, "America wasn't great" tell me when?

To live in equality and peace without holding hate
Not to judge others by their religions or faith or their fate,
Never to get offender or mad when asked how to translate
Treating all as equals with eyes closed, is what makes a country great.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Greater Love

There is no greater love than this
Than to lay down your life for a friend,
Before the strike you will hear the hiss
Then you will know, that your life will end.
Because of the belief of someone's creed
The soul, unto heaven it would then be freed,
There is no greater love upon this earth
Than to give a life; except for giving birth.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Greyfrairs Bobby

Upon his master's grave he will now rest
No longer does he sleep upon his master's chest,
Bobby closed his eyes and then he went to sleep
But, don't you weep, don't you weep;
He was a loyal and devout companion for his many years
But, sadly for him he could not shed any tears,
In death he was the companion to his master John Gray
So sad for Bobby that he could not even pray;
He stayed and patrolled at the Greyfriars Kirkyard
To be with his master forever as companion and guard,
Now in memories alone of Bobby will we keep;
Now he will sleep forever; don't you weep, don't you weep.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Grief

Through my sadness and my grief
To my understanding and my own belief
A cheat will always recognize another cheat
And it takes a thief to catch another thief.

Speaking to myself or shouting to a choir
From my own personal knowledge and my own desire
A perjurer will always remain a perjurer
And an honest man cannot trust a gossip or a liar.

Knowing myself and my soul from deep within
As I walk in the world of corrupted women and men
A tempter they will always be a tempter
So I stray myself away from their evil and sin.

A person will know from what they seduce
Some people thrive by using an excuse
They live by a lie as they will die with a lie
They dish out food along with their own abuse.

From my sadness and from my woe
To the total strangers and people that I know
Being dishonest and you will live dishonest
You will always reap what you plant and sow.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Grieve

I will not grieve for the dead
As I am not sorry for some whom had died
Now they sleep in their wooden bed
Alone with their hate their attitude and pride
Judgement for them has already came
When their living on earth was finally done
Unto them I now can happily proclaim
We; all are someone.

I grieve for the ones who will wed
As they must hold others pain deep inside
They are followers as they now are led
For these people I have sat and cried
Others pain must be theirs as well
Never can they walk a road alone
Their destination could be heaven or hell
For them I will consoling and I will moan.

I grieve for the ones that still are living
For they are the ones who will sob and weep
For the dead there is no pain for the giving
While we all have the tears to shed and keep
We hurt we endure and we suffer
Then in the ground someday we will lie
What won't kill us will make us tougher
I will pity not many people who will die.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Grow Old Together

I know never to say forever,
But, let's grow old together
Let's not our years, have disappeared
Falling like lonely tears.
So, let's stay so young,
As we greet the moon and sun
To be as new like the morning dew,
Awakening with a child's smile.
So, let's shed not many tears
By falling through empty years,
But, to both be here forever,
And we will both grow old together.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Guilt

The heart it will begin to ache
Then the body will begin to shake
The nerves will numb and then quake
Then the heart; it will break,
There will be a triumph by remorse
As humanity will finally take its course
From the weakness there was the force
And from the deeds that was the source,
A life is lived from its regret and shame
All that is seen is hate and all that is heard is blame
Destroying a soul by putting out a flame
And GOD and all, will know the name,
The heart will be laden with worries and sin
An innocence is hidden from deep within
The self condemned knows where it has been
A shriver continuously, crawls up the skin,
Worries are strong and so is the pain
Honesty, truth and righteousness were slain
As though slipping out through life's vein
A sad, sad loss, is sadly someone else's gain,
Destruction will come to what was built
Dignity will dry up, and then will wilt
Respect and honor and pride will be spilt
All will be lost; but kept will be the guilt.

Randy McClave

Gun Or Rifle

I own not a rifle or even a gun
As did my father, but not me or my son.

No person or creature, do I ever want to kill
Just to end a life, from a passion or a thrill;

If I get hungry, and I need food to eat
I will go to the store, to buy my bread and meat,

A gun or a rifle doesn't define who I am
As a person who owns no weapon, is not a lamb;

Upon this earth no person do I fear
I live in a civilization, and not in the old frontier,

I do not need a firearm when I walk down the street
As I am not afraid, of every person that I meet;

If I believed I must kill to protect my family or my home
I might as well live, underneath a giant glass dome,

To own a weapon for protection, to me seems trifle
I don't need or want to own a gun, or even a rifle.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Had Thought

I had once thought about killing
But no-one could I ever kill,
I had once thought about robbing
But from no-one could I ever steal,
I had once thought about cheating
But to a love I could never cheat
I had once thought about lying
But to no-one could I cause deceit,
I had once thought about my death
But I did not want to die
I once thought about depression
But no longer did I want want to cry
I once thought about using
But no one could I ever use
I had once thought about abusing
But then to no-one could I ever abuse.
In my life I had these thoughts
As they would entered into my brain
But when they entered into my soul
From them all I did refrain.
I know what's right from wrong
And that truth can or will never change
Excuses instead of truth cannot be accepted
And sins cannot change their name.
Those ideals will still enter into my mind
Especially when temptation I had sought
But I will stay a virtuos and truthful man
When it comes to sins and lies, I too had thought.

Randy McClave

Hands Of Time

If I could turn back the hands of time,
I know now that I really would,
I would then go to that special time,
The time that I could of known you.
As I have prayed, that I only could.
I would go when the roses where in bloom,
And their fragrant scent was in the air,
Never for me would the time be to soon,
As then would I compare your beauty to theirs.
Roses would be jealous, at you I would stare.

If I could turn back the sands of time,
I would do it in the wink of an eye,
I would gladly give all, only to be with you,
Then never again would we have to cry.
And from our woes, we could forever hide.
I close my eyes and I paint me a picture,
As if I could turn back the hands of time,
Together we would be, just you and me,
And then watch of time I would never rewind.
We would then be one in our own special time.

If I could turn back the movements of time,
I would gladly, but sadly that can never be,
As time marches on, through the dusk and dawn,
Till the day our souls and bodies are free.
For time doesn't stop, for any one mans plead.
I stare at the calendar upon my wall,
I memorize the watch that's rests on my wrist,
I think now how time has already passed me by,
So then to myself and time, I make a special wish.
I close my eyes, I freeze time, then I blow you a kiss.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Happily Ever After

Every good person deserves a happily ever after
Either in this world, or the next one after,
When our life ends don't we deserve the very best
When death finally arrives to give us our eternal rest,
One day I will look for my own happily ever after
Preceding a life of sadness, and turmoil, and it's disaster.

Randy McClave

Happiness

My soul it is full of joy
Sometimes I feel as I will explode
I wish happiness to every man, woman, girl and boy
As I joyfully walk a different road,
Inside me there lies a mirth
Which brings me happiness and a smile
I wish that feeling to all upon this earth
As now it has become part of my new lifestyle,
Upon myself there has come a bliss
This happiness I just cannot explain
The sadness and sorrow I will not miss
As I will wash it away like the rain,
I once had walked a different path
And all I found was pain, sorrow and sadness
Potholes were filled with anger, hate and wrath
I swore and I curse I was full of madness.

Then one day I took a different trail
It was a route that I never took before
To me a new life did prevail
Where I went, I needed and wanted to explore,
It took me away from all of my sins
And it led me away from guilt and lies
When hating ends, good then begins
Happiness and peace was my prize,
Now I always feel an uncontrollable elation
Wherever I am or wherever I might be
Happiness has become my jubilation
And now the sadness it has turned into glee,
If my face and soul an artist could capture
Then all would know how I do feel
Upon my soul and being there is a rapture
I am so happy; I just can't stand still.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Happy Ever After

Some of us deserve a happily ever after
Contained with joy and songs and laughter,
Prescribed from a life of sadness and woe;
Now, for them there is a joyous tomorrow.

I have looked through that mirror to see what I could see
Righteously I saw two failed marriages, and me,
Upon each individual soul their happiness is depending
But, as for me, I just write their happy ending.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Happy Holidays

I enjoy wishing all a very Merry Christmas
Even to the people that I do not know;
Especially when I go out Christmas shopping
And blush-fully when I stand underneath the mistletoe.

I savor sending out my many Christmas cards
To all of my family and also to all of my friends;
I relish in giving out those many Christmas wishes
And those Christmas parties, them all I try to attend.

I get so excited in decorating my house
With the Christmas tree and the lights around the roof;
And the garland and the wreath that hangs upon my front door
I have the Christmas spirit, as I am its proof.

I am so thrilled to watch the Christmas parade
And the many thoughtful and happy Christmas shows;
I so much enjoy setting up my Christmas decorations
I even like it, when I wear my Christmas clothes.

This time of year has made me a more generous person
Especially more so, if the snow has begun to fall;
My joy and my happiness I can never suppress it
So, I like to smile and say Merry Christmas to one and all.

Christmas times I remember them well from my youth
Opening presents, singing songs and eating a Christmas dinner;
My Christmas now isn't dead, but surely it is dying
No longer am I Santa Claus, I am now the breadwinner.

My Christmas wishes to all has now been changed
Because of judges and laws I must change that one glorious phrase;
Even though I am still allowed to celebrate my Christmas time
I can now only wish everyone; Happy Holidays.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Happy Mood

So fine a day it is today
To the world I send out my hope and care
Happy and joyful I am so to all I must say
That I will remember you all in my prayer.

I woke up with a smile upon my face
After knowing again that I was still alive
And I am not ill through GOD and his grace
Another year and night I did survive.

The morning has begun and I am awake
And my wallet is full of money
I owe no bills my finances I will not break
So I will go out while it is nice and sunny.

I will greet all comers with a wave or a hello
As I am walking down the street
I am living for the day and not for long ago
And no strangers today will I meet.

I will feed the birds and I will pet the dogs
If I decide to walk to the park
And I will not be a nuisance to any who jogs
My day is a day of happiness as I do embark.

Today is such a beautiful day
So I decided to start it off with a pleasant attitude
I wished today was a holiday
Since I woke up in a joyful and happy mood.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Happy Mother's Day

Happy Mother's Day, Mother
Unlike you there is no other,
You gave me life and a home and a yard
And all that I gave you, was a card.

You have combed and also cut my hair
You bought me my clothes to wear,
You also taught me right from wrong
With a family, I did belong.

The wrinkles that are now upon your face
Each and everyone I wish I could erase,
And the gray hair that's on your head
Was created by the words, that I've said,

You were always there at my side
Even when I was alone, and I cried,
To church you took me and we read psalm;
You are my loving mom.

Though I have made many bad mistakes
But, you still made me my birthday cakes,
And when I told you that you I will never miss
You still gave me a hug, and a kiss.

A single day is never long enough
Love is more than a single puff,
Every night for you Mom I will always pray
And every moment I wish you a happy Mother's Day.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Happy New Year

The twelve-month chain is about to end
Then it will be ready to revolve once again,
That time of the year it is quickly approaching
And at our mortality, we all feel it encroaching.
Sadly to some we had to say goodbye
And then for others we will reminisce and cry,
Then, so many more we will happily remember
At these last days, of this December.
So, I say this as the snow has begun falling
The end of another year has been calling,
Now we will all wait for that new beginning
Hopefully with love and peace, but sadly with evil and sinning.
Then will come the arrival of old father time
At midnight, his bells he will chime,
So, we will wait for both with uncertainty and fear
As we all are greeted with another New Year.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hard To Find

If only I were as lucky as my father
When he took my mother home as his bride
They were joined to each other, their life together
Then my parents became one, side by side,
But since then I myself have met many women
Some were uncaring and some were very unkind
Many just cared for themselves, and no-one else
Then I found out that a good woman, is hard to find.

I have seen women standing on the corner
And I have seen them clubbing or shopping in a store
I have seen them as objects, not for love but only sex
Those types of women, I don't want anymore,
Truly I have looked and I have searched
Around our world and also inside of my mind
But now I have nearly given up, on loves cup
As a good woman, is so hard to find.

I have seen mothers with their daughters
Some mothers teach to lie, cheat, and betray
That is how they were raised, and was also praised
And when life gets tough they don't walk, they runaway,
When I get older I most likely will be all alone
With honesty and pride, in my soul it will be lined
But I would give what I own, if true love to me was shown
But then sadly, a good woman is hard to find.

Randy McClave

Hate

I cannot count the tears
Nor can I count the hate
Though I can only count
The Men, that hate did take.

I cannot curse the world
Nor can I curse the few
Though I wish that I could only curse
The Men, that hate did knew.

I wish there was no pain
I wish there was no grave
But I know that will never be
As like rain, it comes everyday.
As we are given life
And we are given death
We are then given the choice
To make it the worst or the best.

I cannot count the bullets
Nor can I count the hate
Though I can only count
The graves, where dreams are laid.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hating The Cold

I think that I am getting old,
As I have now begun to despise the cold,
That cold, cold wind and the freezing ice
Where my fingers, toes and nose is numbed through sacrifice.

When I was younger I enjoyed the cold and the snow
But, now when it arrives, I pray for them both to quickly go,
I remember in my youth I so enjoyed winter, and for it I would pray
But, of course that was when I was younger, and a different day.

Once I enjoyed sliding on the ice in my youth
Then I enjoyed winter more than summertime, to tell everyone the truth,
I was part Eskimo way back then, constantly I was told
Now I just hate wintertime, is it because I am getting old?

Now I hate the cold, the sleet and any snowy path
Where I always seem to slip or fall, I now hate winter's wrath,
I know that I would much rather have summer's allergies and to sneeze
Than to have any cold or snow, and then to fall down or freeze.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hating The Poor

Why do you hate me, why do you hate the poor,
Do you wish for me to die, and then fall upon the floor.

Do you wish for my children to suffer and them also to die,
Please tell me why do you hate the poor, I just need to ask you why.

Is it because I have no money and also because you are rich,
Or is it because you have been luckier than me, as I fell into a ditch.

Or is it because I want to survive and I will do my best to live,
Or is it because you just hate me, and you do not want to give.

Have I ever done anything to hurt you, or cause you any pain,
Have I been your Able, and you are my Cain.

I too pray to GOD, and I pray for yours and everyone's soul,
I also pray for a job and help, so I don't need help to fill my bowl.

If you were poor and needy I would help you the best that I could,
I would clothe you and talk to you, and I would even give you food.

But then you don't care about me, you call me names and even worse,
But, remember what the Bible says, "he who hides his eye will get many a curse".

You I will never hate, even if I am sick or dying alone and hungry,
But, I need to ask you this, why do you hate the poor and also me.

Randy McClave

Having An Ex

One true fact that I will confess
Which is about me and having an ex,
The problems that I have now or in my future or the past
Them all now, I can all happily recast;
I can go to counseling with my worries and my tears
I can complain about my mistreatment and also my fears,
Even with a new partner I can give them only my view
Even if the stories about my ex are embellished, or just not true.
I figured out having an ex is just like having a close trim
With all past or future problems, you can always blame them.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Having Faith

We have faith
So, we say a prayer,
Without that faith
Would we even care,
Could a soul ever grow
If faith wasn't there,
To that answer we do not know
So, we never guess, or lay bare.
There is also that trust
And then there's a belief,
It is honest and just
Without pain or grief,
If we do not have hope
Or hold on to our convictions,
Alone, how could we cope
When we are confused with restrictions.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

He Crossed The Finish Line

He crossed the finish line, he won the race
Then he told me that his name was Jace,
With perspiration running down his cheek
He proved unto me that he was not weak,
A smile then covered his entire face.

He started the run at a slower pace
Then he ran as though, as he was in chase,
The color of his pride then appeared in his cheek.
He crossed the finish line.

You must not ever think about last place;
That reality you must always embrace,
Remember that the quitter is not always the meek
To win, a victory you must always ardently seek,
But, first you must buy a trophy case.
He crossed the finish line.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

He Did Provide

The day before my dad had died
The day before I cried and cried
He said to me with both honor and pride
What in life He had promised, He did provide,
He kept his word from what he had said
He gave us our clothes and bought our bread
Dad sent us to school so we were well read
And he made sure that we were clothed and fed,
My dad never borrowed, begged or stole
My dad taught us to never to forget our goal
As we live our life our life becomes our role
And we'd be remembered by our deeds and our soul,
My father told me the truth he never lied
My father was always there at my side
He gave me my confidence he was my guide
And what he had promised, he did provide.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

He Had Died

He had died Andy, as the papers had said
His life was severed like a piece of thread,
Judgments against him will be made no more
Now our very own souls we must now all explore,
He now lies in his grave as we lie on our bed.

He had once drunk his coffee and he ate his bread
I wished we had walked together and he had led,
But, for us that was never whispered or in store.
He had died Andy!

The truth will not always be written and read
There is no one ever chosen to protect the dead,
The suit of a bystander sometimes should be wore
Especially when we forget the afters and remember only the before,
I wished I could have heard the last words he had said.
He had died Andy!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

He Or Anyone

He or anyone who harms a songbird
That's perched, or flies high up in the sky
They are not stirred, by any music heard
And that song to all they happily deny.

He or anyone who harms a family pet
Whether it be on a leash or in a cage
They hold no respect, or any regret
For any animal from that rage.

He or anyone who kills an animal wild
For killing and just the killing alone
He destroys the mild, and dreams of a child
And then mother nature she will moan.

He or anyone who kills or harms an innocent creature
Just for the pleasure or because they can
They need to be counseled by GOD or a Teacher
For that person is selfish, and is not a man.

Randy McClave

He Placed The Gun To His Head

He placed the gun to his head, then he thought
Before he pulled the trigger for the final shot,
What deeds had led him to this final road
Where he will stop! thinking, building and growing old,
If only temptation he had not ever sought.

He once followed the ways that Jesus taught
Love and helping others he had solemnly sought,
But, now he is standing at death's threshold
He placed the gun to his head!

The sin that he created was so easily brought
So, a bullet for his penitence he had bought,
Pride and honor and Christianity he has towed,
His soul for his judgment is now owed
Redemption, became a reality from a simple plot;
He placed the gun to his head.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

He Rose

From death's Prison,
He has risen.
We celebrate it with a feast,
He has been released.
As though a trumpet's decree,
We all are free.
Life now truly begins,
He had died for our sins.
For our sadness and our woes,
He arose.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

He Still Loved God

He tripped and he fell
But, he still loved God.
He quipped, and he did yell,
But, he still loved God.
He has made his mistakes
As we all have done in time,
We all have had our breaks
And we all have committed a crime.

He lied and he got mad
But, he still loved God.
He cried, and he was sad
But, he still loved God.
He had his problems and his distress
And he was also scared,
His feelings he would always express
So, like all he erred.

He used and he screamed
But, he still loved God.
He accused, and he schemed
But, he still loved God.
He walked a different road
Than what others had taken,
He carried a different load
And he believed that he was forsaken.

He cursed and he hated
But, he still loved God.
He coerced, and he's been frustrated
But, he still loved God.
He walked alone with his cane
As Moses walked with his rod,
Even though he suffered in sadness and pain,
He now walks with God.

Randy L. McClave

He Will Rise

The boxer is knocked down in his fight
But, he still thinks about winning that prize,
He then hits his gloved hands with fury and might
And then he will rise.
He stands as he stood once before
He swears soon that he will wear that crown,
While the crowd is screaming at him to stay on the floor
Nothing will keep a fighter down.

The alarm it kicks off at 4 a.m
He then groggily wipes the sleep out of his eyes,
He does not even consider hitting the "SNOOZE" button's stem,
Once again, he will rise.

He eats his breakfast and then goes for a run
Then after a while he reflects to the sky,
He is tired and wore out, but he won't succumb
Like the sun, he too will always rise.

He does not know how to surrender
Nor does he believe much in compromise,
He will not stay down his best he will always render,
And, he will always rise.
Blacken his eyes or bloody his nose
He is no stranger to kissing the wood and the dirt,
Like all man he knows he will heal, so again he rose
He does not give-up because of the hurt.

In his stool he sits as he contemplates
He then lets out a couple of his sighs,
That is how his day always ends and motivates;
He will rise.

He goes to work and then he comes home
Then he showers after he does his exercise,
He goes to bed in the glinting gloam
Soon again though, he will rise.

He will rise.

He will rise.

He will always rise.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Heard A Lie

Before man took his very first step
Even before his first child had cried
Before the tears that he had wept
He had heard his very first lie.
Before the time he had learned to walk
Before he was taught to question with why
Before he had learned to listen and to talk
He had heard his very first lie.
Before man had received his first kiss
And the time before he took himself a wife
The day before he turned his hand into a fist
He had heard his very first lie.
Before man had looked up at the stars
Too ponder into his soul and also his life
He knew of his limitations and of his scars
And then he had known of his first lie.
Since the day that man was born
Until the day that he will die
When lastly for life he will cry and morn
Man then, will have heard his last lie.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Heaven

When I go to Heaven,
When I past the moon and stars,
Who will be waiting for me,
If though, I make it that far.
Will I walk through those pearly gates,
And will I walk on the streets of gold
And will I see my father and brother again,
Though that, I might never know.
And in Heaven will I be happy,
Knowing I have lost my mortal life
Will I be worried or will I feel sad,
Because I have left my son, and wife.

When I arrive in Heaven,
Will I know anyone standing there,
And will anyone try to remember me,
Or in Heaven, will anyone really care.
Will I be allowed to reflect,
On my past and the things that I miss,
And in Heaven will they let me want,
My tears; and my families last kiss.
Will I be able to feel joy again
As I walk those golden streets alone,
And will they hear me cry in Heaven
For my family, I know I will moan.

When I die and go to Heaven,
I think that as now I close my eyes,
Will things be better off in this old world,
And will anyone here for me, sit and cry.
I know that I will reach that gate someday
And by myself I will walk that solemn road
The weight of life shall be lifted away from me
And now who on Earth must now carry my load.
When I do get to Heaven one day,
I don't know what then, that I will do,
Though I will be by myself, once again,
So now I will cry for my family; and you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Heaven On A Cloud

Is heaven just a cloud up in the sky
Where the righteous will go when they die
Onto a lofty, fluffy cloud floating up high above
Where they will be forever content, and always in love,
Upon a cloud where the righteous will always stay
Where they will sing and worship and also pray
With mansions and angels populating that cloud
Wherever they step the grounds will be hallowed,
GOD too will reside on the cloud in heaven upon his throne
His magnificent and his glory will always be known
On the cloud with the righteous will it become a city
Where the saved and the angels will spend their eternity,
Upon the cloud will they be able to walk and rest
Will there be any ponds or lakes or even a forrest
The birds from the sky will they be seen up there
Upon the cloud in Heaven will they even be aware,
Will anyone be able to look down upon the earth below
To remember back to what they once did know
Or in heaven will they forget as they start a new life
Where they now all are siblings, and not husbands or wife,
Upon a cloud floating high up in the sky
Where heaven was born in our mind and eye
Where the righteous will go for their eternal peace
Where love and worshipping will never cease,
Upon a cloud which it will rain and storm no more
With no hate or bigotry or judgements or war
Up on a cloud where the righteous will forever dwell
Better to believe on a cloud than the agonizing fire of hell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Heaven To Gain

As I wake up each morning
And as I begin to start a new day
I wipe the night out of my eyes
And on my knees to GOD I pray.
I ask him to please watch over me,
And protect me from all evil and sin
As I know Its everywhere that I look
And its after all women and men.
I try to live my life the best I can
And I try to stay away from sin that's within
But that's the best offer made by any man
So I must pray over again, and again.
I think about what I had endeavored
Temptation and evil it is everywhere
From the things we do and the words we say
Its around the corner and it is in the air.
So I keep the promises that I do make
And also the vows that I do swear
If I break them or neglect them any
At my soul, sin and evil would tear.
And as I see the people everyday
Many don't care about things that should last
All they care about is what is for them now
And then later they try to forget their past.
So as I walk this one life's road
Like many have walked it before
The easy way is not always the best way,
If you know what the outcome that is in store.
So never do I want to do unto others
What sins unto me that has been done
As I know there is a Heaven for me to gain
And also a Hell for me to shun.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Heaven Will Gain

Upon this land will become a barren field,
When lives will be part of the maker's yield,
Good people will fall like the felling of a tree,
But, up in heaven there they will always be.
What is lost here on earth, heaven will gain,
GOD will rule, and the saints they will reign,
And that is the plan for us one and all,
When that time does come for us to fall.

Graveyards are full of the righteous and the ready,
Their voices were strong and their beliefs were steady,
Loved ones will be lost in the passing of time,
Some too young while others gone in their prime.
But, who we will lose, Heaven will always gain,
As life and living is never held in futility or vain,
And that is the intent for us to be bound,
What is lost here on earth, in heaven it will be found.

The good and the virtuous will never be lost,
Their living and their death will be that ultimate cost,
In the eyes of man they might have been ignored,
But, they are the ones to find the ultimate reward.
A loss here on earth, heaven will always gain,
The saints will rejoice while we cry from the pain,
Into the earth, their body will find its eternal plot,
What is hidden on earth, in heaven it will not be forgot.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Held Accountable

We all are held accountable
On the things we do in our life
From the deeds we do, and the words we say
And from the actions that we leave behind.
As our paths they cannot be forgotten
Nor the walks or the steps we have taken
And the things we done or felt or said
They will become the future that we have been making.
As a rock that is tossed into the ocean
And as it hits upon it's surface
The ripple effect for that rock has began
Then later we will see its effect and its purpose.
And we too are all held accountable
As that is the way that it should be,
From the things we done and the words we said
As that will become part of our history.

We all are held accountable
For our endeavors that became our past
And should we not also be made to stand up and own
All our actions and deeds that formed and shaped our life.
We must stand up and accept our past
As that is the way that it truly should be
So we can't run or even hide away
Like life, that is our destiny.
As one day we all will be held accountable
From the deeds and actions that we have done
So we must be prepared to accept them all
As like from death, from it we cannot run.
So watch the steps that you do take
And think closely on the path you do choose
As that will be the destiny you chose for yourself
And one day it will come back to visit you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hell To The Chief!

To Hell to the Chief!

He is a liar and also a thief,
And a bully and a hater
He'll never change like a leaf.
He speaks out how he loves war,
But, only if it's against the elderly and the poor.

To Hell to the Chief!

Who brings us worries and also grief,
He is childish and a traitor
Faith in him is pure disbelief.
He tells our foes of our secret plans,
Then our intelligence he fires and then bans.

To Hell to the Chief!

Who gives the working class no relief,
To the wealthy he will cater
Our country has lost all its belief.
He puts his faith in the almighty dollar
"TO HELL TO THE CHIEF! ";, I holler.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hello My Love

Hello my love, it's me again,
As you think while you are sipping your gin,
The more that you ponder the more you will drink
Then of our past together, you will stop and think.
You remember how much, of you that I did adore
The perfume that you used and the clothes that you wore
Your hair how it shined in the moonlight;
And your eyes how they sparkled, in the night.

Hello my love, you look so tired
Your eyes they have lost that loving fire,
Do you still long from me that special kiss
Tell me my love, what else of me do you sadly miss.
Do you wish I was there making love to you
I wish I was there holding you tight, like I use to,
I miss that loving shine that you use to show
When our eyes locked; and only you and I did know

Hello my love, it's me again
You now cry while you are drinking your gin,
Another bottle and then another grin,
Drinking and hoping that we will be together again.
Please, don't drink to me then think of our past
Think of your future and I hope yours will last,
One day again we will be together once more
But, don't hurry our meeting, I will wait! As I have waited before.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hello, Death

Hello; I am Death.
Listen to me as I speak
As though you think there is an option
There is none, as your life is what I seek.
You can be the top of your world
The master of all you survey
Have your name known around this world
But that is nothing, you are mine at any day.
As with the touch of my finger
Or a glare from my eye
All you owe and known is gone,
When I command it, your body will die.

Hello; I am Death
Have you come to fear me yet
Have you seen your life pass you by
terrible is your life, and your soul is that debt.
The people you used and hurt
The swears and lies that you spoke
Laughing when others where in despair
I think by those words, I will let you choke.
You will then dance in your misery
As you reflect the past of your deeds
With every gasping breath I will laugh
Then my words you will finally heed.

Hello; I am Death
Listen to me as I talk
My voice will be the last for you to hear
As you take, your very last walk.
I will laugh with every step that you take
As just to remind you of your past,
And the wrongs that you did to others
Forever, I promise that pain in you will last.
And then the moment before you die
And your soul is full of regrets
I want to watch you beg for mercy and life,
BUT, I wont listen; as I am DEATH.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hell's Fire

He says he is a Christian, but he is a liar
Soon enough though he will be burning in hell's fire,
To one and all he has said God had made him complete
He of course is no more than a liar and a cheat,
He deserted his wife and children he victimized them all
But, he still says to everyone that he has heard God's call,
He went after a married women which certainly was his course
They then had an affair which was the cause of her divorce,
He smiles and he acts as though he is truly forgiven
Mocking God is certainly how he and his life are truly driven,
He says he reads his Bible and then he also goes to church
But, he does not follow or adhere to any scripture or verse,
Like the devil he has become his own great deceiver
To the temptation and evil of man he is a great believer,
Why has he became this way instead of spiritual and calm
I would say the answer to that question, would of course be his mom!
They say that we all become by the way we are raised
Some of us are taught by the wrong people, and their beliefs praised,
So, he will go through his existence as a charade and a lie
The truth about him will not be known until the day that he will die,
He goes to work and he winks at everyone that he will meet
But, soon the devil and not God he must be prepared to greet,
He says and he imagines that he is saved and also Heaven bound
But, now think! where can his mind and thoughts be truly found,
He tells everyone about his new found salvation and how he is saved
But, he doesn't forget about the desires and the sins that he's craved,
He will keep a married woman underneath his one arm
In his pocket he keeps his drugs and his alcohol safe from harm,
In his wallet he keeps no pictures of his very own children
But, he keeps the pictures of his sins and his adulterous woman,
He has polluted his body and he has corrupted his mind
True faith and the belief in God he cannot ever find!
To evil and sin and temptation he has become its sire
Sure enough though one day, he will indeed burn in hell's fire.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Henpecked Free

She will call you sweetheart and then honey,
Then she will tell you how to spend your money;
And then what you can do, and what you cannot!
So, you agree with her, as it's a fight worth not fought.
A woman like that will never break my spirit,
And I don't care to say it, and from me she will hear it,
If she doesn't like the way that I live my life;
No longer does she have to be my girlfriend, or my wife.
I work hard for my money and it's mine for me to keep,
I am not a rich man, but neither am I cheap,
I have bought what we needed, and she will never want;
And never have I asked her to be my slave or a servant.
I have said this once, and I will say this again and again,
Never will I cheat on her, and against her never will I sin;
So if you dare ever tell me what I can or cannot do,
I will tell you to pack your bags, and then goodbye to you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Her Front Door

I knocked and knocked upon her front door
Did she hear me knocking or was I again ignored,
I then looked at my watch and it was a half past four
Doesn't she know that she's the one that I truly adore.
I have sent her cards and candy, and also boutique of flowers
I wanted what was mine, hopefully someday to be ours.

I call her up and no one ever answers her phone
So, I dial and dial again hoping that she is at her home,
Does she not like me and wants me to leave her alone
Though maybe by herself she had decided to take a break and roam.
But, if she wasn't interested in me why did she give me her address
I wonder if with my feelings if she is just playing a game of chess.

I stopped and I wondered and then I had a thought
But, it was more like a revelation and my feelings were lost,
Maybe she is not the woman that my soul had sought
Now I wish that could turn back the hands of the clock.
Was she ever in love with me, or was it all just a game
I now know it wasn't real, so I extinguished the flame.

I don't call her up or knock at her door any longer
With others I have made commitments for her I will no longer ponder
I was weak once before, but now I am so much stronger
Life and living I took for granted; it I will no longer squander.
She now calls me up and her calls I will never answer
To me she became a disease, she was my cancer.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Her Life

She has had more affairs
Than people remember or ever care
More than a house with all its stairs
Or even a school with all its chairs
Though to stop she has not the desire
To end those ways or even the power.

She has told so many lies
More than anyone else can deny
More than the tears one person can cry
Or even the truth a sinner can't deny.
And never is honesty on her side
From GOD and truth she will always hide.

She has put more persons to blame
More than the drops of a summer rain
More than an older woman's aches and pain
Though without any pity and any shame.
She becomes no-ones losses and no-ones gain
As she becomes known without a name.

She has used and also abused
More than what most persons earn and loose
More than all decisions most people did choose
And doing it again, it she will always do
As she has no feelings or even a clue
What's old to her, to others it is new.

She has called so many places home
More than a nomad on the roam
More than the stars in the sky that's shown
Even all the names in the bible known
But then in the end she will let out a moan
And by herself gladly she will be alone.

Randy L. McClave

Her Teasing

I have been waiting for years to see your tits
I am so tired of seeing them hidden in your outfits,
If I were a lawyer, against you I would be filing writs
For tempting me with your hand drawn counterfeits.

Since we first met those many years ago
I have fantasized that one day that them I would know,
I want to see them when happily them you do show
Instead of me seeing you topless, in a discreet photo!

I stare at your breasts when you work in the restaurant
I savor them as I would a tasty buttered croissant,
In my dreams and in my wishes they will always haunt
To see them in their natural beauty, is all that I want.

Why do you pretend to me that they do not exist
My god look at them, they are twice bigger than my fist,
Your breasts are full, and your cleavage I just cannot resist
To see them exposed is number one on my bucket list.

You always make your breasts enticing for a reason
No matter of the day or the time or even the season
Not showing them to me a faithful male, should be treason
So, undo your bra strap and stop your teason'.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Her Tits

When she was a little girl
She constantly had her fits,
But, not because she was spoiled or bad
It was because she still had no tits.
She wasn't built like her mother
Or like her cousins or her aunt
So, she waited and waited for her tits to grow
And when they didn't, she prayed for a tit transplant.
Her girlfriends tits kept on growing
Then they started using them towards the boys,
But, she didn't have any to showoff to anyone
So, she was lonely being built like Barbie toys.
Then came the boy's whistles and catcalls
To all the girls that were large breasted,
But, she didn't get any flirts from anyone
And it was because that she was still flat-chested.
She excitedly waited for her first period
And finally her tits they began to grow,
She then asked her mother for her first bra
Her new figure she needed and wanted to show.
While her girlfriend's tits began to blossom
Hers had just begun to sprout,
Her friends had to buy new tops and bras
But, shopping for women clothes, she was left out.
Sadly to her, her tits didn't get any bigger
As her girlfriends tits seemed to constantly expand,
So, she drank more milk and she ate her chicken
As she hoped and prayed for a larger gland.
Years later she finally became a mother
And then very happily to her own surprise,
She finally felt more like a woman
She had a child, and also an increased A-cup size.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Here Lie's The Truth

"Here Lies the truth",
On Her tombstone this will be wrote.
It was never spoke when She was living,
So also in death, it will be unspoke.
By Her it was never said
it was as though pulling out Her soul,
So here lies the truth and herself dead
Both has died in sadness and woe.

Here lies the truth,
Not once by her was it cried,
Not in the days that she was living,
Not even in the day that She had died.
She must of believed that it was a sin
To open Her heart and listen to the word
So She closed her heart and locked it shut,
And She never believed in no one but Her.

Here lies the truth,
It lived but a very short life,
Though the Woman died of years of age
The truth though, never had a chance to try.
Everyone She knew had learned Her lie
They never believed a word that she said
So when She finally tried to speak the truth,
Her heart stopped; and She laid dead.

Here lies the truth
It lived but a very short life,
It was loved by neither Child or Man,
For they believe its living was but a lie.
So here in the grave it will lay dead
As it had lived in this woman's soul,
Never again will it be uttered or thought of,
Never till the end of time will it be thought of or known.

Randy L. McClave

Hiding Freedom

I would hide an immigrant inside my house
I would then, "shhhhh" them like a mouse,
Then I would tell them not to make a single sound
So, by the police they could not be found.
If the government would come to take them away
To tell them where they were, I would not say,
I would tell no one where they were hiding
Their fate! Only God should do that deciding.
To help any immigrant, my hand I would happily give
Especially if they came to my country to live,
I don't care about the warrants, or the rants, or the boos
I will not turn them in, as the Germans did the Jews.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hills Of Kentucky

The hills are alive in Kentucky
Alive, as a world could be,
With her gentle sound that echoes all around
The hills they are a part of me.
Colors are alive in Kentucky
Yellow is for the flowers and the corn,
Blue is for the grass, which in the soul will forever last
And when you feel it, you are Kentucky born.
Horses are alive and majestic in Kentucky
To run and race is the breeding from their birth,
They will run a mile, for the price of a smile
Horses are Kentucky's true worth.
Farms they thrive in Kentucky
As they stretch out mile upon mile
Where tobacco is raised, and backbone is made
We all are a Kentucky child.
Men are made in Kentucky
From the coal mines or steel mills of home
Where pride is the word, and loyalty is heard
Seldom does a Kentuckian's heart ever roam.
Women are formed in Kentucky
With a laugh and a courtesy that is well known
She is revered for her looks, and the way that she cooks
Kentucky, is Kentucky a woman's home.
Lakes are Kentucky as the hills are
And the caves are the heritage of this land
Without one you have none, but a place to shade from the sun
Kentucky is the grandest of the grand.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

History Is Written

What we do today
Will be remembered tomorrow,
With all the joy and the glee
And also with the hate, and judgment and sorrow.

We cannot hide
Or away from our acts or deeds run,
We are now part of history
Everyone someday will know what we have said or done.

We create destiny
With every deed and blackened eye,
Someday history will call upon us
When someone with tears might look and ask, "why";.

We write history
Today we do it with a crayon,
Tomorrow we might compose with a pen
And the questions and the accusations will continue on.

Our children are us
Many years down the road,
We have created this world for them
Now we destined them and forced them to carry the load.

The clouds have parted
Somewhere someone has been bitten,
Someone now swears their revenge
History, has been created and again has been written.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hocus Pocus

I once believed love was magic
Bewitching, charming and not tragic,
But, all that I found was heartache and confusion
Love in reality to me, is a magician's illusion.
Feelings are just trickery and slight of the hand
They are meticulously and spiritually planned,
On a relationship I once truly tried to focus
But, all that I found, was cheap hocus pocus.
In love or magic I no longer faithfully believe
Two people meant to be soulmates I can't conceive,
In a world of liars and cheaters, and this one and that
Love? I would rather see a rabbit pulled out of a hat.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Holding A Grudge

Inside my head my ex-wife resides,
Where she nags and hurts me and then she hides,
And there she has been living all rent free,
She is my tormentor and also my worst memory.
Inside my head she still cheats and she also lies,
Not once to me did she ever apologize,
So now she lives in my thoughts inside my head,
I still remember everything she had done, and also said.
But, someday soon from my mind I hope she I will evict,
Then her crimes against my sanity I will then convict,
And then from her I will finally be free,
When from my thoughts and my memories she will finally flee.
Inside my head my ex-wife is not the only one there,
There are others who helped with the graying of my hair,
People who have done me wrong with their actions and deeds,
I still remember their wrong doings and also their pleas.
But, sometime soon them I will also toss out,
And no longer in my head will I hear them scream or shout,
Memories and deeds through them, I will no longer trudge.
A man who wants to live in peace, he must not ever hold a grudge.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Holy Night

Which was so very long ago,
When one Star shone bright,
And the world was aglow;
The Angels they sang loud,
As towards the manger the wise men did trod,
They all came to see the child,
Who was the Son of GOD.

O Holy Night,
So long ago was that day,
When the son of GOD was in man's sight,
And Kings knelt down to pray;
Animals were in the manger,
With a Shepard with his rod,
Everyone was a stranger,
But they came to see, the Son of GOD.

O Holy Night,
The Angels all did sing,
Twas the end of man's plight,
With the birth of their King;
The Wise Men went to worship him,
As they traveled to Bethlehem,
And the Angels sang their hymn,
Born was the Son of GOD, to man.

Randy McClave

Home

Where is ones home,
As He passes through the corridor's of life
Is it the bed that He was born onto
Or the place, fate chose for him to die.
Where is home for the Sailor
Who sails the world upon a ship
Is home a port He has docked into
Or is home a well remembered crib.
Where youth was a friend and tomorrow a dream.
And sorrow and sadness was never seen.

Where is home for the woman
Who has had many different homes
Where is home for the drifter
Who loves nothing more to roam.
Where wishes are still alive and never to far
Where home is a dew drop, and sleep are the stars.
Where is home for the child
Who has lived many a childhood dream
Where is home for the prisoner
Who someday in life will be freed.

Home is many different things
Its a bedtime story or a childhood dream
A piece of a wall or a blushing wife
Or is it that hazy memory still never out of sight.
Home is not where you lay your bones
After a day of hardened work
Home is not even the place that you stay
When your feet have begun to hurt.
Home my friend it might not even be
The place where you currently do live
For home my friend is not just a word
But it is, where the heart is.....

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Home Of Dreams

I live in a house of my own dreams
Every room in my home is filled with one
In these rooms, wonders and magic gleams
And sadness and its emptiness is gone.

Once these rooms in my home never existed
Then they were filled with sadness, lies and hate
But all those nightmares I happily resisted
Realizing happiness and dreaming is my true fate.

Now these rooms they are no longer dim
Nightmares and fright have all been ejected
Thoughts and hopes there, once were grim
Now wishing and fantasies is expected.

I was truly sad when the rooms were all empty
But now all the rooms in my home are full
Like colorful wallpaper they are my reality
And wherever I go, I alone rule.

In one room of my house I am a great writer
And in another room I am a Mathematician
Then in one room I am again a young fighter
And another room I am a old honest politician.

My home was once of sadness and regret
Dreams were dreamt, but they quickly died away
Those days are gone and them I did forget
Now in those rooms I laugh and live and love and play.

Randy McClave

Homewrecking

The home-wrecker will destroy many lives
But, not with a gun or poison or knives,
But, from the action of themselves and another's spouse
They deliberately sabotage the harmony inside one's house.
To cheat with any person they have no exception
To be truthful and loving that is their greatest deception,
All that they care about is just themselves alone
As adulterers, cheaters and whores they are better known.
To them I wish that I could say a special prayer
As all that they enjoy is to be engaged in a secret affair,
I know that they blame their problems onto all others
Especially their spouse and even their fathers and mothers.
But, no one has forced them to become a transgressor
As they are now no more than immorality's successor,
Remorselessness they have when they live their life
Especially when they are bedding someone else's husband or wife.
They never lose any sleep from their two-timing quest
So, I believe when they die, they will not ever find any rest,
When a girl grows up unfeeling, promiscuous and wild
I blame the cheating mother for the debauchery of that child.
Sometimes it seems that the most vilest curse
Is attached to a home-wrecking who is carrying a purse,
One who doesn't care about partnership or a marriage
Not even love to a husband, or to that of a child in a baby carriage.
So, I must say this to all my friends and any neighbor
Adultery is just a home-wreckers truest labor,
If that temptation of home-wrecking ever arrives
Love, and peace and harmony never survives.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Honeysuckle

Honeysuckle, oh Honeysuckle
Watching as you grow
In the springtime and summer rain
Remembering children's games
Remembering still from a breeze
Blowing a secret scent
From my youth, still are seen
Memories, from where I have been.

Oh Honeysuckle, precious dream
Walking down our road
From a boy, unto a man
Laughing at growing old
Precious dream, and precious life
Strolling dream in mind
Standing there, in the air
Reminded me of a different time.

Honeysuckle, oh Honeysuckle
Blooming once again
In the air, and I'll be there
Longing for your scent,
For the boy, who was lost
Not ready to survive
Then you He caught, and you he taught
How to live, and how to smile.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hope

She told me that she lost hope
I asked her then how does she cope,
She told me does with sadness and tears
But, not with any more worries or regrets or fears.

Her days now have less stress
With no more arguing or bickering to confess,
And now when she goes to bed at night
She sleeps well, without a single fight.

Since she has denied hope
Seldom now does she complain or mope,
No more worries or burdens does she hold
She is now more secure, as I have been told.

She now has a new perspective on life
To being a better daughter, mother and wife,
With no more stored forms of conflict or aggression
And no more signs of sadness or depression.

Without hope she is now more wealthy
She is also more stable, and content, and healthy,
A day without hope she doesn't miss
But, her Hope is not a feeling, it is her Sis.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Hour Of Our Soul

This is the hour of our soul
It will not come around ever again
We all must now decide what is our goal
Will we bathe in goodness or will we shower In sin.
The knock it will come upon our door
Then never again will we hear it anymore.

This is the hour of GOD'S calling
We must listen as he calls out our name
We must be ready and prepared and not falling
Only one voice will we accept and proclaim.
Towards the voice we must not turn a deaf ear
GOD will listen and death it will hear.

This is the hour of our redemption
The one moment we can redeem who we are
To one and all there is no exemption
We must be ready to fight and not to spar.
The seconds are ticking and the clock is beginning to toll
We must all understand this is the hour of our soul.

Randy McClave

House Of Politics

The house of politics it is such a dirty house,
It is not meant for man nor beast not even a tiny mouse,
All the walls are filthy and the floors are covered with grime,
From all the lies and scandals, and maybe a forgotten crime.
The windows they all are smudged, so we can never look inside,
So all the corruption and evil they can then conveniently hide,
And if you open any of the closets, there you might also find,
The forgotten skeletons handcuffed, as justice is also blind.
The refrigerator is full of food for any republican or democrat,
And all the foods are seasoned, with bribes that will make any politician fat,
The bedrooms are the resting places for the creation of laws and bills,
Where the men and women politicians will sell their souls for licit deals.
Unto this house with hatred, we the voters should have it torn down,
Then with all the escaping rats and vermin, them all we should drown,
May GOD have mercy on the politicians souls for their malicious guilt,
But; we are the taxpayers, this house of politics we built.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Housekeeping

You brush and sweep with your broom
Upon the kitchen floor and then another room
Cleanliness seems to be your fate
As you are the one not to delay or hesitate

You clean your windows and mop your floors
You dust your lights and then clean your drawers
Cleanliness is next to Godliness you so believe
Pride and accomplishment you will achieve

You wash your dishes then you put them away
They now can be used for another day
Next task for you is to clean all your sinks
But first goes out the garbage because it stinks

You look and then you find yet another mess
You then straiten and tidy to your own success
Another chore done and then another to begin
When it comes to housecleaning you never win

You look at your clock and it is past one
You think of your day and where it has gone
Then you decide from chores you will take a break
Housekeeping for the rest of the day you will forsake

You hang up your broom you put away your mop
Your cleaning for the day you decided to stop
You look out your window before it is too late
Cleaning and housekeeping, it can always wait

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Housewife

She bedraggled her skirt over the muddy floor
As though she was cleaning it again once more
Into the house that she had once known well
Some called it a home, but she called it a hell
She saw the stove where she once cooked the meals
Even the bin where she placed the potato peels
Into the house she walked that now is vacated
Inside these same walls she once seemed isolated
Up first in the morning and the last one to bed at night
That was her daily routine and she always stayed quite
As it was her alone that kept the family together
As a wife, cook, cleaning lady, nurse and mother
She thinks of the empty house where she once called home
Remembering then that she was enclosed in a sealed dome
She took one last tour of the house where she once survived
Now the cobwebs and dirt and filth as vermin has arrived
Her dress now sweeps over her ancient Welcome Mat
No longer no more would she be a peace-giver or diplomat.

Randy McClave

How Could You

How can you talk about cheating
If that is how you live your life,
And how can you talk against lying
If all you did and taught was how to lie,
How can you talk about morality
When you have used so many men,
And how can you talk about honesty
If you have stole before, and once again,
How can you talk about your loyalty
When you talk behind everyone's back,
Even the ones who loved and cared for you
Whom you falsely judge, then accuse and attack.
How can you talk about being a good mother
When you leave your Children all alone,
And how can you be a good roll model for anyone
If your always in a different mans home.
How can you talk about God and religion
When you believe God himself doesn't exist
And how can you think people care for you
When you they will scratch off of their list.
I wander how a person just like you
Could really live with their soul and them self,
With the problems you have and the sins you know
While always blaming it on your Mother or anyone else,
But as the hours will come and the days will go
And as for myself I am happy with what I say and do
And in the times you enter my thoughts and mind,
I wall always say and think, " How Could You."

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

How Do You Live With Yourself

Sometimes I think and I also wander
As I think of our world and everyone else,
But now I am thinking only of you
And I think, how can you live with yourself.
Are you happy with the things you have done
Will you be happy with the things that you will do
As I am happy to be remembered as I am
And tell me, will anyone say the same about you.
I have seen you lie yet so many, many times
And also seen you used so many sadden souls
And I was there to be used and also abused by you
And for no one but yourself do you have pity or woe.
You have played your roll so many sad times
Acting like you were the victim of a crime
But GOD will open up your heart one day
And then you and everyone will see who was lying.
As I think what examples will you have set
For your daughters and maybe yet their friends
Is it that vows and promises are meant to be broken
And if your not caught, it is not really a sin.
Are you ashamed when you walked down the street
Are you daughters embarrassed to call you mum
Do they tell you what their friends say and think about you
And do you know at the end of many jokes you are the pun.
Do you smile with the life that you are living
Are you happy with the life you and your girls live
Do you have them still believing the lies you tell them
As if you do, for them a deeper grave you will dig.
Judgment day for all it will come and then will go
And sadly for you your destination as been dealt
And when you gone, and yours daughters live on
Will they say, How did you live with yourself.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

How Do You Sleep

I place my head between my hands
As once again I softly weep
I think to myself, as there is no one else,
Please tell me; How do you sleep.
Do you not think of the things you have done
Or the lies and untruths that you have said
It pains my mind, probably till the end of time
Until the time that we both are dead.
You tell your lies as they are the truth
So you can cover up your ways and sin
Do you believe your lies, as the truth you deny
Thinking your innocent in front of God and men

As I sit alone in my chair
Thinking of the secrets you did keep
With your picture in hand, I cant understand
Then I say to you; how do you sleep.
I trusted you with all that I know
And I gave you all that I had to give
You were my life, and you were my wife
And i'd give you my soul for you to live.
But then your past it caught up with you
A time that I knew nothing about
When you were wild, like a crazy child
Who got there way, as it ended out.

As I walk through out the house
As for answers I still try to seek
I walked through our home, now I am alone,
Please tell me; how do you sleep.
As I look back at the things you have done
Remembering the vows that you had broke
And In my brain, now there is only pain
With all the lies you've done and spoke.
I find my bible and it I begin to read
Someday the devil will have your soul to reap
Until that time, your words are a crime,
And please tell me; how do you sleep.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

How Sad It Is

How sad is it for a man who can start a war
Especially if he never fought or served before,
How could any man be the leader of a great nation
When with hatred and bigotry he had preached salvation;
And can a spoiled rich man, ever sympathize with the poor.

How sad it is for a man to construct a wall
As he screams that without it our country will fall,
Around my own house I have my own chain linked fence
It is to keep my pet inside, it is my only defense;
But, I have an unlocked gate, if anyone ever wants to call.

How sad it is for a man whose hands has not one blister
Then talks about laziness in every unemployed brother or sister,
He stands against the people that are weak and have stumbled
And hatred for the people who have knelt down and are humbled;
And towards liberty he mocks her, and then he hits her.

How sad it is for a man to disrespect or abuse any female
And then he mocks her and ridicules her without fail,
And if he has a wife and or a daughter(s) of his own
I wonder in their life what beliefs and prejudices is sewn;
To them is it taught the superiority and chauvinism of the male.

How sad it is for a man if he were to be elected
To lead a great country and his beliefs were erected,
Freedom and truth and justice would be replaced by the dollar
Then for peace and liberty we would hear that country holler;
How sad it is, if that man was selected.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Howl

There is a hatred that's in my soul
I feel it strong in this world that I prowl
This anger and terror I must let go
So at the moon; I will howl, I will howl.
I will grit my teeth and shout in anger
When anyone tries to hurt or offend me
That is who I am and it makes me stronger
There is an animal that wants to be free.
Perspiration comes quickly to my head and face
So that hostility I remove it with soap and a towel
But that coming of anger I cannot erase
So at the moon; I will howl, I will howl.
I cannot control my ideals or a bad thought
The loathing of others I wish never was born
But being used and hurt I never had sought
As in my mind and soul that is a prickly thorn.
In disgust I walk with my two fists clinched
And when I speak it comes out in a growl
From my temper I run as though being pinched
So at the moon; I will howl, I will howl.

Randy McClave

Human Progress

Human progress is not measured by industry
And not by the expansion by land or by sea,
It is not calculated by what books that we read, or who wields the knife
It's measured by the value we place on life, an unimportant life.

The shepherd tends his flock of his many woolly sheep
Their directions and their health are for him alone to keep,
Then one tiny insignificant sheep gets lost and goes astray
For that one lamb, does not that shepherd search and pray.

Though we all are created out of the same water and dust
That God creates, with his nostrils mighty gust,
In the end God doesn't value us because of our properties or our gold
We are appraised by the help that we gave the unimportant to hold.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Accept

I decline, to take your wine
But of your hospitality I will partake
As your gesture is true and very kind
So of your joy, I will not forsake.
I will sit with you, the whole night though
As you drink your glass of wine
I can be the student and you the guru
And from that happiness I will not decline.

As I had spoke, I will not smoke
But of your habit you should enjoy
And those words I will not revoke
Though myself smoking it does annoy.
Smoke your smokes, I hope I don't choke
As you puff on your cigarette or cigar
Enjoy that taste with pleasure's awoke
As for your smoking habit I will never debar.

I refuse to eat, any of your foods or meat
But thank you for asking about my appetite
And with that one question to you, I must conclude
That without eating today, I will not die.
So please enjoy your food, as any man would
We can still chat while you are eating
And when you are finished I hope it's understood
That you and I can then start our preaching.

I do agree, that you and I both are free
As we lived our lives the best we could
But then I think as I drink my coffee
Was there other places that we should of stood.
Let's look through the bible, and see what is vital
For man to live and love on this Earth
But then I understand life is but a vicious cycle
It ends and begins with death and birth.

I now say goodbye, please don't sigh
Hopefully someday soon we will chat again
When the sun is out and blue is the sky

And again you my friend I will commend.
I will knock on your door, as I have done before
As I arrive there hopefully as your guest
Then our memories again we will restore
And I will accept, at your own request.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Always Reckoned

I say that I have always reckoned
When you had put God first, and me always second,
To him you speak to when your times are at their worst
And of course you should always put our Lord first,
And he is so easy to find, you don't ever need to search
He is in always in our home, and he headquarters at our church.

I say another thing that I have always reckoned
When you continually put your children first and me always second,
When their needs and their wants must always be fulfilled
And in their good times and their bad times when they must be healed,
And the children they are so easy to always find
In the stores, at their friends, or wherever they are in a bind.

I say this again that I have always reckoned
When you constantly put your parents first and me always second,
I know they gave you life and they supported you when you were young
They also fed you, and bought for you, they are your heroes unsung,
And most certainly you know where they always are
Either at our home or you are visiting them by way of your car.

I say this again that I have always reckoned
When you had put your friends first and me again always second,
They are your companions and confidants when you go out shopping
Either for you, or for the kids and you're always gossiping and eavesdropping,
Seems like you are always talking to them on the phone as well
But, I don't care, you are happy, you knew them longer, so what the hell.

I say this one thing again which I can't fathom or understand
After our evenings or vacations together which you have always planned,
When once in a great while I sometimes want to go out with a work-friend
Maybe out to a game or to a meeting to which I enjoy to attend,
You then cry and complain saying that I am always putting you second
That! I can't comprehend, or have I ever reckoned.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am A Boxer

I stand alone when I fight
I use my intelligence and my might,
Then I use my left, followed up with my right;
I am a boxer.

I do not rely on no other man
I already know my battle plan,
Whatever I do, I will, and so I can;
I am a boxer.

I knowingly wait for that sounding bell
The scent of battle I can smell,
Victory later the judges will tell;
I am a boxer.

When I am inside that 18 square foot ring
I impatiently wait for that bell to ding,
Then with my lefts and rights and hooks I will swing;
I am a boxer.

In the bout there is only me and him
I am there for the desire and not for the whim,
I always look about me, and there is no them;
I am a boxer.

In our match only I can protect me
To win or lose I am that key,
I rely upon my own strengths, and my own ability;
I am a boxer.

I am afraid of no man when I walk down the street
There is no person that I am afraid to meet,
I know that anyone can be beat;
I am a boxer.

Someday on my tombstone all that will be wrote
Will be one simple line in note,
To which my belief and my life I did devote;
'I AM A BOXER! '

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am A Father

I am a father, and I have a child
I still love him even when he goes wild,
And for him a long and happy life I want him to live
And like a Father, God will forgive.
If my son does not obey my rules or the law
I will feel no hatred towards him, and in him I will see no flaw,
Of myself I don't want him to be scared, or to become a fretter
I just want him to try, and to always do better.
And if my son ever does anything morally wrong
I will always stand and walk beside him, to help him along,
And at anytime day or night to me if he ever needs to speak
I will listen, and if he wants help with his life, it I will help him critique.
Inside my home, I hope that my son will always believe
That him, I will always happily receive,
To do right and to be good is all from him that I ask
And to never judge, or to bully, or to hurt is such an easy task.
No matter what he has ever done or had ever said
I will never, ever want or wish my son to be dead,
My son will always be welcomed into my front door
As God welcomes his children in, without asking for more.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am A Ghost

No one sees me, or hears me when I talk
No one gets out of my way when I go for a walk,
I have a heart, but I can't hear it beating
I feel so cold and alone I am hungry, but I don't feel like eating.
Over there I look and I see my sister and also my brother
They are ignoring me as well, but sadly so is my mother,
I shout and then I scream, but no one seems to care
I then do the worse the drastic, I begin to swear.
But, it doesn't bother anyone they keep doing what they are doing
My temper which is very short it now beings to brewing,
One thing that I hate more than anything and that is being ignored
But, why are they doing this to me, what is their glory and reward.
Over there I now see my son I wonder why is he shedding tears
I must go over and comfort him from his sadness and fears,
I try to walk over to him, but for some strange reason I can't
Someone is holding unto my arm, it is my favorite (deceased) aunt.
I try to write my son a note, but a pencil I cannot hold
Then I try telling him of my adventures, I am trying to feel bold,
I want him to look at me, but he will not turn his head
I feel so very sad and lonely as if everyone there is dead.
Then I look down on the table and I see the local paper and the obituary
It speaks of the weather today, and who they are going to bury,
I now understand why I can't write, or interact, or even boast.
I am a ghost.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am A Giant

To everyone that I meet;
I am a giant with large hands and large feet;
Some say that my head reaches above a cloud,
And when I do speak, I speak ever so loud,
Men will shake whenever I walk past, ?
And when I walk in front of the sun there is an overcast,
I might be talked about and I also might be hated,
But, I am an adult and I am never bullied or intimidated,
True enough I am strong and so very tall;
But, once before; I was so very small.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am A Liberal

I am a liberal they all cried
Because of the way that I think,
I am a liberal they all then sighed
As they took another drink.

I believe in all of our rights
But, I believe that many are outdated,
We should stand for peace and not for fights
For evil we none should be fated.

I do believe in reform
And as a Republican I do proudly stand,
We should all avoid a radical storm
With maxium freedom in our hand.

They have proudly raised their white flag
But, not for surrender only for war,
For bigotry and racism they did then brag
Then "For Russia!" they did all roar.

My beliefs many times I have wrote
Then they have told me that it couldn't worsen,
I said, "Yes" it can when you vote;
For a party and not for the person.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am A Republican

I am a Republican from birth
As though tilled from the Earth,
And whenever or if ever I am bled
The color of my blood is always Republican red.
I am that one true party member
Whose belief is like that of a coal's ember,
It lies dormant, but inside there is a desire
For freedom and warmth it becomes a fire.
Like my fathers that have stood once before
I now stand in their shoes and I will roar,
We all are the same blood, we share the same belief
We held the same joy and experienced the same grief.
They stood against slavery, so they voted
And we don't believe in the rich staying bloated,
When first established we were noble and also hearty
We were proudly known as the Grand Old Party.
Like my fathers I do not stand for bigotry or racism
Nor do I believe in radicals or communism,
No matter of a person's belief or the color of their skin
If they want to be an American, I say "let them in";.
I miss my party's grandness of its glorious past
When I first become a Republican I was an enthusiast,
Now sadly our party is known as an aristocrat
That is why I now must vote Democrat.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am Alone

As I walk within and about my house
I think of the bad people that would like to do me wrong
So now I lock my doors and windows before I go to bed
As my forgiveness is short, but my memories are long,
In the past I have been called too trusting of a man
I try to believe what is told or what is said to me
I think no one would deliberately cause me pain or harm
But then sometimes my vision is clouded, so I cannot see,
I truly would rather be surrounded by an enemy
Than being with a lying, untrustworthy person or friend
As I am prepared for a strangers schemes and also their lies
So against them and their ways, I am ready to defend,
In life we all are prepared for pain and hurt and lies
When it comes to us by accident or from someone that we do not know
But when we receive it by a friend or family member we are in shock
As we cannot ever understand the reason, for that ugly blow,
I turn off the lights and then I crawl in my bed and I am all alone
Now I truly prefer to sleep with just my pillow and me
As I have been in bed with a woman that I had loved long ago
But she proved to be antagonist, so now I sleep with nobody,
It would be much better for anyone to grow old all alone
Than being with a cheat and a liar to the very end
Now I don't have to worry about betrayal and lies any more
So sleeping alone in my situation, I would greatly recommend,
I don't ever want to wake up with a knife in my back
And I don't want to wake up to anger or hate
I don't want to wake up to a love who now is my foe
When I wake up, I want to arise with a love that won't deteriorate,
So now as I lie on my bed I think while I try to fall asleep
I still have nightmares and memories that hurt and chill me to the bone
Strangers and accidents they no longer worry or bother me
But the fear of the betrayal of a love frightens me, so now I am alone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am American

'I am American', I shout
When the flag marches on by,
I am American, and I am proud
As her glory comes to my eyes.
For the flag that which I live for
Is by the same that I will die
For I am proud and free; I am American,
And forever, I pray she flies.
On the streets of America
Upon the streets of the World
I walk in such pride and vigor
Whenever the flag is unfurled.
I am an American that is me
I'll proclaim that through out my life
I will live the way by which she flies
Unto the day, that I die.
And when I have no more breath to breathe
Or when the Worlds fighting is through
I will have lived and died an American
And my flag, she would have proudly flew.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am An American Viking

I am a Viking, strong, brave and fierce
Offend me once, and though your heart my pen will pierce,
Be weary of me, because I enjoy to fight and plunder
And whenever I talk, you will hear Thor's thunder.
When I am near, every man better fear for his life
As I will surely take it, and I will also happily steal his wife,
I am fearless and known for my adventures and my deeds
My conquests and my desires are shouted out in pleads.
I never travel by ship, instead I travel by car and plane
Over a people or a person, someday I will surely reign,
I carry only my wallet and my fists are at my side
Women will run up to me, while their men just run away to hide.
I enjoy to drink and fight, adventures I will always seek
From a battle I will not walk away, or turn the other cheek,
I am legendary, and I am told that my looks are very striking;
I am an American Viking.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am Bill!

I like to drink and I love to smoke
Which sadly though is not a joke
I even like to take an occasionally pill,
So I now have a really bad heart
Which is to blame on my part
So now, you can call me Bill.

I am not at all very tall
Others say that I am very small
Men are mountains I am just a hill,
I have no hair upon my head
So my head is covered or it would be red
So of course, you can call me Bill.

I have myself this one daughter
Whom says she has no father
That statement makes me feel so very ill,
It makes me feel also really sad
I cheated on her mom so she is mad
So of course, you can call me Bill.

I ride myself a motor bike
As it reminds me of my other trike
I ride it to impress women and others with a thrill,
I want people to think I am rough
But I am coward and I am not at all tough
So of course, you can call me Bill.

I have myself a girlfriend
She is just like me till the very end
She'll do anything for me even against her will,
She has cheated and she has also lied
Threw away her dignity and also her pride
So of course, you can call me Bill.

I don't have a job so I never go to work
Other persons call me lazy but that's a perk
As now our government pays for all of my bill,
They also paid me to go to school

I used the money but I am still a fool
So of course, you can call me Bill.

I am jealous what other men own
As I have nothing living inside a broken home
So from others I like to rob and also steal,
It is hard to see me while I prowl at night
Where I cower in the shadows away from light
So of course, you can call me Bill.

When my life comes to an end
And I go to meet GOD with all my sin
Then finally I will know what in life was real,
I shamefully will walk to GOD in my platform shoes
While covering my head so he wont be amused
And I will say I am sorry; but of course, I am Bill.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am Bored

Because of my own actions and accord
I sit in my house bored,
There is nothing for me to read or to do
And no dreams or actions for me to pursue.
So, upon my couch I sit and I just don't care,
I wish I wasn't here, but instead way over there.

On my guitar I again struck the wrong cord
And my response is, I am bored,
What to do next, I have not a clue
I look about my house and there is nothing to do.
I think to myself why don't I just take another nap,
Maybe then while asleep I can escape this trap.

Someday I will find my final and just reward
But, until then I am bored,
If only I were given a puzzle piece or even a clue
Then I would know what I am supposed to do.
Until then, on my chair I will sit and contemplate,
Maybe this scenario is truly my fate.

Unto tomorrow and the day after that, I look forward
As for today I am tired and bored,
Maybe then there will be something for me to do
Instead of me crying and complaining with "Boo Hoo"
I am now so tense and uninspired,
How I now wish that from work, I had never retired.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am Glad That We Never Met

I am glad that we never met when we were younger
I am glad that you weren't there to feed my hunger,
When we were youths I am glad that I never knew your name
Because of my worries now, to you there is no blame.

I am glad that I never knew you when we went to school
I am glad that I was a bad rock, and you were a beautiful jewel,
Our meeting created by God had not yet been planned
So, I saved on my busted knuckles and bloody lips, fighting for your hand.

I am glad that you walked home a different way than me
I am glad that you had many friends, while I had only three,
My soul it would had changed if then we had ever met
But, meeting me then, would had been your saddest regret.

I am glad to say that when I was single I never heard your voice
I am glad to say that decision was by destiny and not by my own choice,
If I had heard you speak, our encounter would had been arranged
Then my life and our future, it would had drastically changed.

I am glad that you went to dances and on dates with other men
I am glad that "YOU ENJOYED LIFE" I emphasize that with my pen,
If met, a hug and a kiss from you would had been less that what I had hoped
I would had changed my life then, by taking your hand as we would had eloped.

I am glad that I met you when we were both happily married
I am glad that our encounters in our pasts were always varied,
If I had met you earlier, my yearning for you I could not or would not resist
Then sadly to say, my son and your daughters, they would not now exist.

I am glad that I never met you all those many years ago
I am glad that it was meant that then each other we weren't meant to know,
Our lives might had been better if earlier in life we did meet
But, to much would had been lost while sitting in Destiny's driver's seat.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am He

I am he,
Spoke the acorn to the tree
Said the flower to the seed
Replied the wind to the breeze
And standing up in awe
Stood an oak tree standing tall
And below his roots did lie
The acorn who did cry
That I am he.
Like the wind who fathers the breeze
Or the flower, who nourishes the seed
To grow up and be like he
I am he.
I am he said the father to the sky
And the stars in the night
To his son that he held
To become like himself
And I am he.

I am he
Said the raven to its young
And the bear to its cub
And the wind to the breeze
That I am he.
And looking up in belief
Lied an acorn from a tree
From which that it had fallen
Knowing he had been calling'
To be like he.
So, I am he
Like the father is the child
And the flower is the seed
The raindropp to the sea
I am he!
And he is me
Replied the oak tree to the seed.

Randy L. McClave

I Am Here

"Love never dies, dies, dies"
That is what she cried, cried, cried
"Love never goes, goes, goes"
That is what she knows, knows, knows.

She had a love that became no more
When he was killed in a senseless war,
But, her love for him is still there
With every thought or breath of air.
It was once upon a time
When she thought love was dying,
After she searched and did pray
Then unto her, he did say.

"I am here, here, here"
Never to leave or disappear
So, wipe away your tears, tears, tears
Because I am here, here, here.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am My Father's Son

I Am My Father's Son
That is who I am,
Though I am, still his child
I am still a man.
Living my life from his
Sharing his own belief,
Like the seed from his tree
To become like the leaf.
I am walking in the steps
That my father placed,
And as I grow and I mold
I am my father's face.
Walking with my child
As the night does come,
I look at him, he replies to me,
'I Am My Father's Son.....'

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am No Judas

I can never be bought,
Not by anyone
I am a bishop and not a pawn,
And I am not a Judas, but Lot.

I am not a betrayer,
No matter of the crime or the sin
That curse it holds is deep within,
I always have my honor and prayer.

I can be caused to ache,
And I can be given great pain
But, I will always be trustworthy and sane,
And I won't become a snake.

I can be cursed by a witch,
I can be tortured and also beaten
Poison I could have eaten,
But, I will not ever become a snitch.

I am a confidant and a believer,
I was never a gossip or a tattle tale
Even if it meant that last coffin nail,
I am not an informant or a deceiver.

I will not forsake any of us,
I will not seek revenge for payback
Nor will I befriend and then stab you in the back;
I am no Judas.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am Single

All worries and problems are my own
And it is always me that is wanted on the phone,
Only luggage that I have it is in the garage
And never do I fear of spy's or sabotage.

I can go out to wherever that I want
Whether it is to a store or to a game or to a restaurant,
And I can always stay out as long as I please
And to my house, only I have the door keys.

I can come home and watch whatever that I want on T.v
And to watch my favorite show I never have to plea,
And in my life there is no sadness or taboos
Never do I have to worry about my P's and Q's.

Whenever I go out I never have to ask for permission
Nor am I ever entangled into any womanly suspicion,
And the money that I earn it is for me to spend
And if I want to I might have an occasional girlfriend.

The temperature in my house I keep it the way that I like
Not to hot, not to cold, I keep it just right,
And in my bathroom I don't have a cluttered sink
Nor is my bathroom walls painted pink.

I very seldom use the oven, but I do use the microwave
And my whole house has become my own personal man-cave,
A woman's words or thoughts I never have to dread
Especially being yelled at, to go to bed!

Not one certain woman do I ever have to always date
Sometimes I go out and I just leave it to fate,
Nor I am ever afraid or worried to with whom that I might mingle
Because I am happy, because I am single.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am Sober

I am sober because I don't drink
Rational thoughts I will always think,
Never will you see an alcoholic drink in my hand
Nor, will you see me swagger when I walk or stand.
In my armor there is no abusive drinking clink.

At a party I will never give a drunken wink
Nor never will I throw up in anyone's bathroom sink,
And no stupid intoxicated remarks or requests will I ever demand.
As I am sober.

From drinking my mind won't forget and my body won't stink
Never will I be asked to walk a straight line or end up at a police precinct,
My kidneys won't hurt me because of having a full gland
And my actions and my moods won't be inebriated, but planned.
My mind! and not a bartender or priest will be my only shrink.
As I am sober.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am The Fighter

I don't care if you are a trucker or a biker
Don't you dare ever mess with me a fighter,
We are the warriors and the gladiators
We are meaner and tougher than alligators.
You drive your truck and you ride your motorbike
While we exercise and jog and sprint and hike,
We need no weapons or gangs as we fight alone
You cannot beat us, we are hard to dethrone.
So before you mouth off to me, you had better withdraw
I will knock out your teeth and then break your jaw,
And then that brief moment before you begin to cry
I will bust your nose and then blacken your eye.
To your gang or group you might act like you're tough
But dirt or lies and even boasts doesn't make you rough,
When you see me coming you had better not open your mouth
Keep it shut! Before I knock you down south.
You can ride your motorcycle or you can drive your truck
But if you want to fight me, you had better pray to GOD for luck,
Look at my fists and at the busted knuckles and the scars
I have beaten many men in the ring, and on the street and in the bars.
If you think I am afraid of you or any man you had better think again
When I fight, I always fight to destroy and I will always win,
I am a fighter and I was trained to battle, and I love to fight
I alone am my own strength and also my own might.
Fighting is my religion it is in my blood and my creed
My fists and I are happy when they cause my opponents to suffer and bleed,
Who you think you are or who you are with, I really don't care!
As I am fighter and a warrior! So you had better watch your step and beware!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Am!

You don't know who I am,
But I am.
You don't know what I see,
But I see.
You don't know what I speak,
But I say.
As I am me, Today.

I see the things that I want to see,
I hear the things I want to hear,
And I speak the words I want to say,
For I am me, Today.
Though I am like everyone else
Just an Actor in a role
Someday a comic, someday a romantic,
And someday I am my soul.

I can see the things I want to see
Though sometimes I see them wrong
And I say the things I want to say,
Sometimes in rhyme or song.

You don't know who I am,
But I am.
Though you thought you knew me so,
For sometimes I am happy and sometimes mad,
And sometimes I'll freeze you, for I'm so cold;
I have been many men
Just through the wishes of others,
And when tomorrow comes around once again,
I might, become some other.

Though you know who I am,
I am not.
I am not the one you think I am.
All though you have seen me a lot,
Only I know what's in this Man,
Inside me there is hate, jealousy and vengeance!
But there is also love, warmth and a smile,

And though you've seen them all before,
Only I, can open that door.

Though no one is truly like me,
For many times I am but a man,
And when I look in the mirror in the morning,
I shout and say, I AM!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Believe

In my heart I truly do believe
Everyone deserves, a peaceful hour
As I always wish that for me,
And I would give it, if I had the power.

In my heart I truly do know
Everyone deserves, a peaceful day
A time for them just to hold,
Every moment to that answer, I do pray.

In my heart I truly do wish
Everyone to have a peaceful month
Weeks of worries would just vanish
Is that asking for too much.

In my heart I truly do hope
Everyone, to have a peaceful year
If only for that we could hold and cope
Then no one would shed a tear.

In my heart I truly do pray
Everyone to have a happy life
Then I know there would be no hate
Then GOD, would be on our side.

In my heart; that I will always preach
I guess that I will also always cry
Then maybe someday it will be in reach
And hopefully it will never die.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Crossed My Fingers

I crossed my fingers, and also my toes
Sometimes I will recite a magical prose,
I might even wish underneath the moon
As I hope and I desire for a better fortune,
Or to be protected from my foes.

I want no more worries or anymore woes
Even that of an itchy nose,
To all and any bad luck I want to be immune,
I crossed my fingers.

For love I might pull the petals from a rose
Or perhaps I will wear a charm on my clothes,
Maybe I will whistle a very happy tune
I most certainly will step over a crack this afternoon,
For good luck I will do anything I truly suppose.
I crossed my fingers.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Do

She said, "I Do" then we got married
Then over the threshold, my bride I carried,
Though our thoughts and opinions both are varied
She said, "I Do", until the day that I am buried.

On her finger she wears my wedding ring
To me as my wife she swore she would forever cling,
Then someday we will have our very own offspring
She has now become my life and my everything.

I asked her if she loves me, she said, "I Do"
One day in the future our lives we will review,
Until then our love we will constantly renew
Then she looked at me and I said to her, "I Do"

I asked her if she would always be with me
She said that she would from now to eternity,
I asked her was that a promise or just a plea
She answered back and said, "that it is a guarantee"

She said "I Do" and then we wed
Then we became one with our future up ahead,
We will share the same soul, and also the same bread
She said "I Do" until the day that I am dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Do (Wedding Vows)

If a man says I do
To a woman to hear and to view,
Let him know what will ensue
Now and forever they will be two.

If a woman says I do
Let her heart and soul be true,
To that man her love is due
Now and forever they will be two.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Don't Care

I don't care where I live my life
As long as I have you,
I don't care where my home is
As long as there is us two,
I don't care if we live in a house
Or in a mansion, or even a cave,
I just want you at my side
Where together, forever we will stay,
I don't care to count out my money
Every nickel, penny, quarter or dime,
I don't care to spend all of our money
On our place that is yours and mine,
I don't care if the nights are cold
At the place that we will call home.
I don't care if the days are hot
As long as I have you and I am not alone,
I don't care what country we are in
Or where finally we will lay our roots,
I don't care what language we might speak
As long as I can still say I love you,
I don't care where I sleep at night
Whether it be a hut, or cabin, tent or igloo,
I don't care where I wake up in the morning
As long as I wake up next to you,
I don't care if we have one room
At the place that we will spend our life,
I don't care what people might ever say
All I care is to have you as my wife.

Randy McClave

I Don't Have Daughters

I am glad that I don't have a daughter
If it's another female like my ex, I don't want her,
I don't want another whining, complaining female
Who can make a happy soul feel like going to hell.
I have had two step-daughters once in my past
But, of course (with a happy sigh) that didn't last,
All that they did was to hate, lie and complain
Plus they were vindictive, jealous, greedy and vain.
If pain could be numbered to the myriad
It could never equal to the moods of a female having her period,
I would hate to be the man to help raise a girl to a woman
Knowing that someday their purpose is to destroy a human.
Some men call their daughters, daddy's little girl
I wonder who came up with that lying, conniving little pearl,
But, of course if their father is a crazy, cursing, grieving nut
Then that phrase quoted, is totally truthful and accurate.
Girls will call each other derogatory insulting names
As though hurting and belittling females are only mere games,
Girls worry about boys, clothes, vengeance and proms
Sadly all daughters later transform into their moms.
I remember the days when I was tired and I could not sleep
Because of a mother and daughters who wanted to fight and then weep;
In my house no longer do I need earplugs or a gun
I am so happy that I have no daughters, but only a son.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Don't Need A Gun

I don't need a gun
All I need is my forefinger and my thumb,
Imaginary bad guys I can shoot in the head
"Bang, Bang! " they are now dead;
It is a game that I played for fun.

A gun then made a loved one gone
When he took his life on his own front lawn,
My thumb and my forefinger then covered my face
I cried in both sadness and disgrace;
In America do I really need one.

I don't ever want to kill anyone
I don't want to take away anyone's dawn,
We all are from the same family of men
To kill and to murder is a cowardly sin;
I don't need a gun.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Found You

I found you and I loved you
That is how the story goes
I gave you roses and candy
And of our love, poems I did compose,
But then that was just a story
It was fiction it was make believe
A happy ending was what I was looking for
While you were looking just to deceive.
I found you when I was looking for love
But you had other thoughts upon your mind
While I was looking for a happy ending
Another path you were hoping to find
You were looking for a resolution
I was looking for a sign from above
We both were seeking an allegiance
So I found you while I was looking for love.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Had A Dream

I had a dream
As though it seemed
Just the other day,
And you were there
Just like my prayer
Answering the words I prayed.
You took my hand
You helped me stand
And I rose to meet your eyes,
And as I stood
The way a man should
You were gone, and I knew not why.
I looked around
You couldnt be found
Then for you I cried as I spoke
"Why did you leave"
"Come back to me please"
But you didnt, so I awoke.

I had a dream
As though it seemed
Just the other night.
And you were there
Just like my prayer
Standing in the moon light.
You gave me a smile
Which I longed for a while
Joy was in my heart and soul
I began to smile
Just like a child
As my memories of you began to grow.
I thought of our past
As I wished it would always last
But you shook your head sadly No
So I shed a tear
Which dissapeared
And sadly again, I awoke.

I had a dream

as though it seemed
Late last night
And you were there
Just like my prayer
My woman, my wife and my life.
I took your hand
As I am your man
Together we will be
I wouldnt let go
as you shook your head no,
Together you and me.
I gave you a kiss
Which I did miss
Then you began to weep
You cried saying that I will awake
Without you to a new day
Then I said "no", I will sleep

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Had Died

I read the obituaries where I had died
I looked beside me and Death was not at my side
I felt so sad and lonely that I almost cried
Why about my death had others had lied
My ex-wife called my family and she was very sad
She was sorry that I was gone and she felt bad
She said I was the only true love that she ever had
Then she found out I was alive, and she got mad
My son then called after he read the news
He had cried and cried and went through boxes of tissues
He was sad and distraught and also confused
He didn't know that I was sick so he wasn't amused
My friends then called one after another
Then I got a call from a sister and then my brother
So happy the news wasn't read by my mother
It wasn't I who died, but sadly it was some other,
Of course I am here and I am still alive
And I hope for many more years I will survive
My friendship and my love it will also thrive
And my friendship to others I hope not to deprive.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Hate You

I hate you more than anything else that I know
I hate you more than the freezing snow,
And if I were drunk because of you and alcohol
I'd wish that I'd fall on you to break your bones and my fall.
If there was ever another world war
I know that I would definitely hate you more,
And if on a battlefield a foreign enemy I would ever meet
Before you, them I would happily greet.
I hate you more than I could ever think or say
So unto God, I tell him how much I hate you with every word that I pray,
God can count the drops whenever it does rain
I wish that I was able to count your pain.
When I have that itch that I cannot scratch
When I dread taking medicine so a disease I won't catch,
Then when I take that shot so I won't catch the flu
Only thing that I hate more, it's you.
I don't want you to die I just want you to slowly suffer
I want your existence and breathing to be worrisome and tougher,
For any experiment I want you to always go first
And if I knew of a witch, on you there would be a curse.
If you were in a room with Hitler and the devil's son
And if I had two bullets in a gun,
A chance to save humanity is the ultimate price
I would happily shoot you, twice.
I hate you more than anyone could ever hate
That I will not lie about or would ever exaggerate,
I would be happy if you were stung by a million bees
Or, if you got really sick and got the dry heaves.
I don't want you to die quickly I want you to suffer instead
Because soon maybe in years I know that you will be dead,
And then when your entrance to heaven is denied by God
Listen really closely! Because you will hear me applaud.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Have Faith

I have my faith in God
And my belief is there as well,
I follow his teachings and I obey his laws
So, I am not destined for Hell.
When it is my destined time to die,
Only then unto God my voice will cry.

If God told me to walk on the water
I know that I could,
If he asked me to move a mountain
I immediately would.
"Trust in me the Lord", Jesus has saith,
And I do, as I have faith.

I need not be afraid of any man
As God's words I will always heed,
I have read it in the gospels
Now it is part of my very own creed.
Wherever that I go or stand,
My destination is already in the lord's hand.

When on the day that I am judged
Unto the Lord I will pray,
I will thank him for the life that he gave me
And no one have I hated, or wished to slay.
I hope to hear heaven's holy singers,
When they place God's words in my fingers.

God told me not to fear my enemies
So, I listened and fear them I don't,
His son told me not to forget his teachings
So, I listened and to forget I won't.
As a Christian I have put my faith in the Son,
So, why do I need a weapon or a gun.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Heard

I heard that a suffering was coming
So, I decided to have dinner and coffee,
Now my belly is full and I have no fears at all
Suffering, wasn't coming for me.

I heard that a hunger was coming
So, I planted a garden and an apple tree,
Now I know that I will not ever starve
So, hunger it won't be coming for me.

I heard that poverty was coming
But, I don't care as I have money and a golden key,
I can live happily forever all by myself
Poverty, won't be coming for me.

I heard that a war was coming
But, why should I care I am already free,
Let people fight for their own beliefs and freedom
War, it is not coming for me.

I heard that a disease and famine was coming
As people for their life they began to plea,
But, I am healthy and strong and I have all my shots
A plague, won't be coming for me.

I heard that natural disasters were coming
But, I don't care as I am safe and I need not to flee,
In my house I will be secure and protected
Disasters, won't be coming for me.

I heard that refuges in the ocean were drowning
So, I bought me a yacht to travel upon the sea,
Now I don't have to worry about sinking and suffocation
To drown? that won't happen to me.

I heard that Christ soon was coming
Nervously I know that into my soul he could see,
I am so afraid of his judgment and retribution
I know that Christ will be coming for me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Killed A Child

I grabbed a gun and then I killed a child!
But, that child it was me,
I did it without knowledge or thinking
Now my soul again is flying free.

I am now above the world and I am heading home
Never will I see my parents again,
Was what I did evil, or was it just wrong
And was it I or them, who committed a sin.

I have seen my parents hold onto the gun
Then they paced it upon their table,
As they have placed their bible many times before
They were the ones to allow me, to enable.

Many times I saw my parents play with their toy
And never with me would they share,
They laughed and they smiled with it in their hands
And when they pointed it, they pulled the trigger without a care.

I remember my parents carrying that gun
As they pointed it at the T.V and people walking down the street,
I also remember them playing shooting games with me
Then they would always give me a smile, as a treat.

My parents have said that guns don't kill, but people do
That! I now finally understand,
That friendly loaded gun it didn't fire itself at me
I did it, when I placed that gun in my tiny hand.

I was too young to hate or to have enemies
And I am not a wetback, or a kite or a rag-head or a nigger,
I just pretended that I was one of the people that my parents had talked about
So, I pointed the gun at me, and then I pulled the trigger.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Launched The Rocket

I launched the rocket, I destroyed the world
Because of my action's extinction unfurled,
There will be no more flowers no more birth
I started the wars that destroyed the earth,
All from hate, that rocket was soullessly hurled.

Into the blue sky towards God the rocket twirled
Then downwards towards the devil it whistled and whirled;
Then came the end, I now know my souls true worth.
I launched the rocket.

Inside my countries flag I alone now have curled
I was taught of war, peace was imperiled,
Now I know that my sorrow is greater than my mirth
When I pushed that button my conscience was dearth,
Once I saw joy as it destructively swirled.
I launched the rocket.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Listened

I listened, to our wedding vows
While thinking about our future and the nows
I looked at my wife-to-be and then I said, "I do"
My love for her I swore would be forever and true;
But, to her was our marriage just a silly rouse?

Now I know what sin and temptation truly allows
When I think of her it's now with raised eyebrows
Was I just the next man in her husband queue?

I listened.

Through a wedding album I will sometimes browse
I still see the excitement and the wows
Still to this day I cannot figure out a single clue
Why did she ever looked at me and said, "I love you";
But, I occasionally remember, so I carouse.

I listened.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Love You

I love you more than the daffodils
That grow on top of the hill,
I love you more than the flowers grown
And loving you, I always will.
I love you more than the music I hear
That sound will never disappear,
I love you more than the books I read
As your story is written inside of me.
I love you more than the sand on the beach
That lays underneath my feet,
I love you more than the ocean blue
Even more than the oceans breeze.
I love you more than my precious sleep
And the times that I never weep,
I love you more than the food I have
And even more than my delicious sweets.
I love you more than the clothes I wear
And more than the brushing of my hair,
I love you more than the shoes I own
And that love for you is always there.
I love you more when it's raining and storming
And I sleep late in the morning,
I love you more when your protecting me
From spiders and bugs without any warning.
I love you more than the raindrops and the dew
That arrive with surprise and without a clue,
I love you more than everything I know
As there is nothing I love more than you.

Randy McClave

I Love You Forever

I asked her to be my wife
She said yes, but only in this life,
I love you forever, she sighed.

Then came the day that she took my name
Then her I could finally lay claim,
I love you forever, she cried.

Temptations come to us one and all
But, some are not destined to be tempted and fall,
I love you forever, she was my bride.

She said that she was moving on
And what we once had, was now gone,
I love you forever, she tried.

Then one day she took ill
Towards our life and living she lost her will,
I love you forever, she lied.

She gave up on care and giving
She forgot about us and living,
I love you forever, she died.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Loved Her

Many years ago I had loved her;
And always I will love her that much more,
Needless to say I would die for her;
But, now our love it is no more.

Yesterday she was not my friend;
Just as my other friends had come and gone;
Every-time that I tried, then later I cried,
And when I looked; I was someone else's pawn.

Never, did I ask for anyone's help, but hers;
Maybe because there is no friends left for me;
Caring for everyone, I have always done,
But caring for me; no one ever did believe.

Loved her; forever even after the day I die;
And always I will be there for her just alone;
Visions of her are forever locked away in my mind,
Every day by myself, I now quietly and I moan.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Met A Woman

I met a woman,
And she opened my eyes
To the clouds and the fireflies,
She, was more than just a woman.

To her I said if I never return,
Be not depressed or sad
But, be only glad,
In my soul your image will always burn.
Look up at the clouds,
There is me hugging you
My kisses are the morning dew,
I want to see pretty dresses and not shrouds.

To kiss her was my only thirst,
It was my main desire
Then I couldn't stop the fire,
But, I knew that I never was her first.
Carelessly I gave away my soul,
Happily she gave me a laugh
We would never share the same path,
Loneliness was my ultimate toll.

I met a woman,
And she gave me a smile
I felt happy and worthwhile,
She was more than just a woman.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Need To Find

I look upon her beauty as a jeweler looks upon a gem
Then I wish and I smile and I say, "hmmmmmm",
Every part of her body that I see is flawless
Whether wearing jeans, or a bustier, or a short black dress;
I truly do want her, I must confess.

Of the many times that she and I have conversed
I am so happy to say that she is well versed,
It's hard to find a beautiful woman with a brain
One who with my thoughts or ideals I need not explain;
Her dreams, I would like to obtain.

If indeed we must search the world for our ultimate half
Rocks and stones I have kicked walking that path,
My half is the one that is beautiful and kind
That gorgeous woman, with the beautiful mind;
Now her once again, I need to find.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Never Stopped Listening

I will not ever place my hand over my eyes
While anyone might cry or suffer,
I do not believe that suffering is a grandeur prize
That will ultimately make one tougher.

I will also never stick my fingers in my ears
While anyone might be screaming,
If I can hear the rich parading to chants and cheers
Ignoring the pleas of others will not ever become redeeming.

I will not use my hands to ever cover my mouth
When I see any injustice done,
I stand against prejudice and against the bigotry of the south
And from racism and politicians, I will not ever run.

I will not blacken my windows or lock my door
As one day we will be questioned on what we did,
I supported the needy and I helped the poor
And I never stopped listening, or even closed an eyelid.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Pity You

I pity you when you walk down the street
I pity you when you open your mouth to speak
You will tell your story, with its pity and glory
As sympathy is all that you do seek.

I pity you and your parents dear
I pity you when from you they don't want to hear
As you put them to blame, for your sadness and pain
That's why for you no-one will shed a tear.

I pity you when you laugh and smile
I pity you as your life is full of guile
But you are the source, for your sadness and remorse
And you wont change even when walking your last mile.

I pity you as you once had something
I pity you as now you have nothing
You threw everything away, so you could stray
Now your retribution will be coming.

I pity you as with time you will age
I pity you with your hate and your rage
You will always fight, whether you are wrong or right
You are the animal and your soul is your cage

I pity you and I do it without a clue
I pity you whenever I see or hear of you
There is no sympathy, as your not my friend or enemy
And all I can say is, that I truly pity you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Refuse

I refuse to agree, to any law or decree
That takes away from who I am,
I will always profess, that I will not say yes
Which takes away my beliefs or how I stand.
I will fight till the end, so you can comprehend
To the matters in which that I speak and say,
And I will never accept, to deeds I would reject
Knowing later for forgiveness to GOD I would pray.
I will never say no, to the truth that I know
When that answer must be yes,
I will never tell that lie, as if I did my pride would die
Then to GOD that lie to him I would confess.
Never will I speak, words that will make me weak
No matter who you think you might be,
I don't care to stand alone, as a lie I wont condone
As you can be you but I will always be me.
I will never give my consent, or never will I repent
From any matters that I will not accede,
I wont hang my head in shame, I wont live in that pain
And If its not the truth; then I will never agree.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Refuse To Hate

Whether you are a man or a woman
Be you red or yellow or black or white,
Whether you're religious or an atheist
Or your opinion is wrong and not right.
Whether you're born in this country
Or in a faraway and distant land,
Whether you are gay or bi or straight
With or without wearing a wedding band.
Whether you are security or a police officer
Or the soldier guarding at the gate,
Whether or not that you believe as I do;
You, I refuse to hate.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Remember Her

I remember her one tat
And the fact that she wasn't fat,
Then there was her lightly tanned skin
And her tantalizing perfect grin.
I remember her manicured fingernails
Which lured and also compels,
And the flawless makeup that she wore
Her, I did adore.
Then there was her bewitching eyes
I swore that she was an angel in disguise,
And the other attribute to her style
It was her smile.
I still remember her stylish hair
And the beautiful clothes that she did wear,
The hours and dollars that she spent on her look
Probably deflated her checkbook.
She could had posed in any fashion magazine
Her beauty was truly meant to be seen,
But, pictures of her were all ill-fated
They don't exist, like her they were cremated.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Stand

I stand as God wants me to stand
That is how I believe our lives were planned
Never on people's shoulders, but at their side
To help one another and not to run-a-way and hide.
When I talk to anyone I look at them eye to eye
To be friends with my neighbors I will always try
They are not better than me, so I never look at their feet
With a simple smile and handshake I will always greet.
I believe that I am better than no other man
We all were created with the same ideals and plan
And I also believe that no man is better than me
We all just want to be happy and proud and free.
When I walk I will never step on any-ones toes
I tend to want to make friends and never any foes
And never for help will I push anyone away
Honor and pride and strength I will not disobey.
I will stand on my two feet or with crutches or with a cane
And if I am crippled I still will be standing, but only in my brain
Only times that I'll be on my knees is when to GOD I will pray
And when my life here is over, then in my coffin I will lay.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Still Have Hope

She enjoys dating younger men
But, not young enough for her to go to pen,
So, for her belief I must just cope;
But, I still have Hope.

A younger man I am not
So, for her company I have not been sought,
Younger men indeed desire older women
That is the curse of that sexual demon.
I have been told that I am not young enough for her
Even if spiritual and mentally I was the one she would prefer,
I am just not adolescent enough for her to date;
Too bad, I can't be her jail bait.

I thought then of a reverse circumstance
And maybe I thought, I would have a chance,
She once had said while being drunk and much bolder
That she too likes a man, who is much older.
She likes an older man who is retired
And one who is close too, but has not yet expired,
A man that she could take to a family barbecue;
Then later, to have him as a rendezvous.

I am indeed an older male
But, not older than her parents she did tell,
So, I will wish and sadly I will mope;
But, I still have Hope.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Survived

Did you want to see me broken
Then at my condition people would stare,
And they would say that I fell into ruins
Just because, you were not there.

Maybe if I were poor and bankrupt
And I had not achieved and thrived,
But, look at me I have now achieved greatness
And, I have survived.

My house like me is sturdy
No longer do I owe or am I in debt,
I feel rich and I buy whatever that I want
And I have no more worries, or regret.

One time which was not so many years ago
I felt so lonesome and deprived,
You cheated on me and then stole from me
But look at me now, I have survived.

You believed that without you in my life
That I would not or could not exist,
You wanted to laugh at me when I fell
You wanted to give me a razor, for my wrist.

I think of those days of my yesteryear
When in my life you had first arrived,
I gave up all that I had for my love for you
I had nothing left, but I still survived.

No longer do I need to condition myself
For your drunken and verbal attack,
Or no need for me to keep both eyes on you
So, that I won't get knifed in my back

I read and I saw your debauchery
From experiences my belief was derived,
I then found religion and forgiveness
So, I fought and I survived.

I thought once that you were truly a gift to me
So, you used me whenever that you could,
I went to bed nightly and I couldn't sleep
You were the nightmare, from my childhood.

No longer am I worried or have a headache
From my pain and my suffering I was revived,
Without the use of pills or lecturing
I healed, and I survived.

I will never travel that road again
That had once led me tragically to you,
I now care too much for my soul, my dignity and my being
Dreams and hopes, I now pursue.

I am the traveler, the explorer and the soldier
When obstacles towards me are now contrived,
I now proudly look at myself in the mirror
My soul and my pride I won, I survived.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Swear

I will not love you anymore, that I swear
And just think, once for you I did care,
Now my feelings for love has turned into rage
Now I am the actor walking off the stage,
Goodbye to you forever, I will now declare.

No longer do I include you in my prayer
When I think of love and happiness you are not there,
You are the equivalent to what was bad in my life
Sad to say to others, that you were once my wife,
Who knew not of love, but only of treachery and despair.

You said that you loved me, was that just an act
I finally saw the truth and realized that one fact,
The only person that you ever loved, was yourself
Now you can keep your framed picture upon your bookshelf,
I can now happily tear up our marriage contract.

Some see love only in the abstract
Some see it as wealth and beauty to attract,
I saw love as emotions and and I nurtured the feelings
Then I found out you perceived it, as a opportunity and dealings,
Your love was just a way to steal, manipulate and to attack.

I have cursed you with every breath that I had
While hoping that you were suffering, made me glad,
But, then I thought why would I want to sink to your own level
I am not nothing like you, not evil nor the devil,
Those thoughts of mine they weren't bliss, they were sad.

I wanted you to be my spouse and my comrade
Then someday soon I wanted you to be a mother and me a dad,
I trusted and I believed in whatever you did, do, or say
But, at the end of our relationship I was left with the bill to pay,
I once was furious and heartbroken, now I am only mad.

I swear I care about you, no more
You can say goodbye to me when I walk out that door,
Do not ever come up to me, telling me you made a mistake

You live with your conscience, I will live with the heartache,
What you had and destroyed, may no person ever restore.

Once upon a time, you I did adore
I called you my wife then, now they all call you a whore,
I gave you all that you needed and wanted I did assume
All that he gave you were lies and a hotel room,
That is the end... I will not speak about it anymore.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Think Not

Would any other person
Do for you what I have done
Taking you for a wife,
In a battle that was easily won.
While behind my own back
With a sharp knife you did stab
Then while I was asleep
My wallet and soul you did grab.
To the questions to that truth
The answers I have sought,
Would any other man allow what I did
I honestly, think not.
As you being truthful to just one man
You think of that with just a laugh,
As you would rather take that easy road
Than a much harder trodden path.
As you're use to using and abusing
That is your only true game,
To get what you need and what you wanted
And then have someone else to blame
Would any other man have kept you
After the many times that you have been caught,
As you know the answer to that question
So I will say it again, I think not!

Randy McClave

I Voted

For freedom and justice I promoted
On my ballot it was noted,
Today with pride and honour I voted
Then my candidate lost.

I laboured so hard for my candidates win
Sadly the opponents term will soon begin,
One stood for justice and one stood for sin
Soon we will see the cost.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Want My Name Back

She took my name from which she was known
To her family and friends and also at my home,
So, into my yard I have erected a plaque
And what it reads is, "I want my name back"!

She had lied and cheated while wearing my name
Which brought her both, dishonor and shame,
Pride and faithfulness she always did lack
And that is why I must have my last name back.

I gave her my name with pride and honor
Now I feel sick and disgusted and like a goner,
She used my name as a slanderous attack
So, now I demand that she gives my name back.

With gossip and rumors she will be laden
Maybe she'll use another man's name or her maiden,
She'll only be remembered by the men in the sack
Now I petition her, I must have my surname back.

She has ruined her married name once before
When it was tied with a tramp, adulterer and whore,
Another husband gave her his name when they made a marriage pack
Now I destroyed our license, so I press to have my name back.

She doesn't care of the shame that she brings to another
She lives with guilt like her daughters and her mother,
Pride and self-esteem she does morally lack
I am tied of it all! so, I sued to get my name back

One day with a good woman my name I would share
I want it to be read and worn with pride honor and care,
I don't want it to be known being used by a cheater or a maniac
So, now you should understand why I want my last name back.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Wanted You

I saw you way over there
But, of course you didn't see me stare,
I gave you a quick look, like a crook
But, you didn't care.

For your birthday I sent you flowers
I wanted a moment to be ours,
I did beckon, you gave me only a second
Whereas, I wanted hours.

You needed money to borrow
For you I felt both sadness and sorrow,
I gave you a loan, now I am to moan
I doubt that I'll see you tomorrow.

I took you out to eat
But, you showed up with a friend to greet,
No kiss on my face, only a quick embrace
As you found a quick retreat.

Our relationship found its end
I didn't have a chance for my motives to send,
You sent me text, wasn't long or complex
Which read, "I've already have a boyfriend";.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Was Once Blind

I was blind, but I could still see
I wasn't deaf, but I still wouldn't hear,
As the sadness was happening all about me.

Why, why don't we all just stop and flee
Let us all escape from this sadness and fear,
But, then God he would still see.

Must we all worship as we plea
So, people will know of our suffering and our tear,
What has become of both you and me.

All that I want is respect and to be free
And with my voice I want others to shout and cheer,
There is the truth and I want all to see.

I will not be known or pointed out as a nobody
I want to be heard both loud and clear,
And when others look, they will then know me.

I will not be acknowledged while I am on my knee
As my convictions will not ever leave or disappear,
It doesn't take eyesight for one to truly see;
Now I listen, as I wish others to listen to me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Was There

In this world when you first arrived
I was there at your mothers side,
Holding her hand, I was filled with pride,
I was there when you first arrived.

It was I alone who rubbed your hair
It was I who counted your fingers and toes,
And I was I who proudly held you first
And it was I alone who rubbed your nose.

When you first arrived in this world
It was I, who was thinking is it a boy or a girl
But then to myself, I really didn't care,
As long as you arrived, to answer my prayer.

I was there with you every step of the way
I watched your birth, and your coming of age
And what I say now, I say with both a vigor and pride,
That I was there, when you first arrived.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Was Used

She was my lover
I had hoped,
But, I was doped;
I bought her that and this,
But, I never got a kiss.
I never held her hand
As I had wanted,
I was daunted;
She was always amused,
And I was always used.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Wear A Ring

I wear a ring, but it doesn't mean that I am owned
But, it does mean that I am not alone,
I have my own body, for which I take care
And I too have a soul, but with another it I do share.

I have my own thoughts that I alone visualize
I do what I want, sometimes without thinking or compromise,
But, sometimes consciously I cannot do what I want to do
As my mind is still my own, but in my mind there are now two.

I was born with one heart and one brain
One can be given, and the other will keep a man honest and sane,
I was born all alone, as is every person's fate
But, that way I wasn't destined to die, so I was given a mate.

The ring that I wear, it shows that I have a companion
One who I will love and cherish, and will never desert or abandon,
We both have are our own needs and thoughts, and our own brains
Together we carry the same loads, and pull the very same chains.

The Bible quotes that we will live and die, with and without sin
So, as in heaven as on Earth we will meet once again,
Through a hard life on Earth with sadness and happiness and pain
My body is my own, but my soul, someone else will claim.

Upon my finger I wear just one solitary ring
One that makes some women jealous, and causes my heart to sing,
It is proof that the heart is whole, but the soul is still a half
It is so easy to figure out, and the brain needs not to do the math.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Will Pray

If you say that you love me
Love me more than just one day
Love me as though I am your destiny
Then for our love I will always pray,
Love me while I am still young
Then love me when I get old
Love me like a song being sung
And forever our love will be told,
Love me when I go to sleep
And love me when I awake
Love me when I am sad and when I weep
And love me, if I make a mistake.

If you say that you love me
Love me as though there is no tomorrow
And then I will be yours and loves devotee
Through all your sadness and your sorrow,
I will always be at your side
Our love I will never betray
I will give you my honesty and my pride
And then for our love, I will pray,
Love me when I am next to you
And love me if I am far away
Believe me and our love will be true
And forever with each other we will stay.

If you say that you love me
Love me more than just one-night
Then our love I will guarantee
And our future together will be bright,
Love me as you love me now
Then for our love I will surely die
To love you forever I will make that vow
And never will I cheat or use or lie.
Love me when you wake every morning
As though everyday is today
Then our love will always be forming
And for our love forever, I will pray.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Won't Give Up

I will not ever give up
And I will not ever give in,
Never will I surrender
Until you pay for your sin.
You must pay for that pain
And for the terror that you cost me,
And until that day that you do
Neither you or I will be ever free.
I don't care where you are at
I will search a million cars,
My soul it will not ever rest
Until, when you are behind bars.
I don't care what state you are in
Oh how the wind is blowing,
I don't care if it's day or night
I won't give up, as I will keep going.
You were two times my size
When on me you painfully sat,
I want the world to see who you are
A bully, that is evil and fat.
I don't care whose heart that I break
You didn't care when you broke my nose,
You didn't care when you broke my cheekbones
I don't care for any of your sadness or woes.
Because of you I have no mercy
Everything that I have is now broken or lost,
Mercy and forgiveness can't come from my busted lips
I pray to God that in Hell you pay the cost.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Would Do For You

The Mother looks into the eyes of her child,
With the love that is so deep and true
Then she hugs her child and loves her child,
And says, " there is nothing that I would not do for you".
She loves her child more than she does herself
She'll place her child above all others
For the child she would die, And not even ask why,
As the child is hers, and she is the mother.
She knows she'll will always be there for her child
No matter the pain or a reason why,
Just to see it smile or hear it laugh
It is the greatest joy that a mother wont hide.
She will follow her child throughout her life
That being the reason why she says she lives
The love is so great for a mother and her child,
That there is nothing that she would not do or give.
She thinks of her child constantly when she is alone
She knows no pain or discomfort when the child is near,
She is only here to make her child happy and wise
While hoping never to bring her child a tear.
I now look into the eyes of my wife,
The woman who I love with a love so deep and true,
As a mother loves her child, a man he loves his wife
And with her in mind I say, " there is nothing that I wouldn't do for you".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Would Not Cry

If you should die, I would not cry
Sadder words I never have thought
In my heart there is no feeling
So to God I pray for the healing
But sometimes, I think God has just forgot.
I cannot forget the sins that you have done to me
While you were my soul and also my wife
I can still feel all of your using
Along with your with your cheating and abusing
And how you destroyed my soul and my life.
We were once one, as we were joined by God
But you weren't happy with that type of living,
So then again you started telling your lies
So you could get the pity for you to survive
And once again because of you I am grieving

If you were here, I would not shed a tear,
As I have already shed them all for you
I would not ever look upon your face
As now all I'd see is shame and disgrace
The word lady and woman you never knew.
I thought you were a loyal and trustworthy lass
And a great mother that was well worth knowing
Now you are not teaching your daughters well
Will they too follow you example and strait to hell
As without change that is where you three are going.
That journey you take you will not go alone
And that happens to be a matter of fact
Along yourself and your girls you also will take
All the sinners and the ones God will forsake
And also the men that kept you upon your back.

If you were dead, I would lay down my head
And sleep in a nice and gentle sleep
As all my nightmare's would be gone
And once again my soul would be just one
And for you, I would never ever weep.
I would wear a smile, upon my face
And again happy thoughts in my my mind and brain

And I would not ever think of you any more
I would forget the words slut, tramp and whore
As God would of cleanse me, with his falling rain.
And that day when your day will finally come
In front of God you will stand alone
He will tell you that you had died
And for your soul no one had cried
And sadly heaven, will never be your home.

I would of mourned, when you were born
If only I knew the type of life that you would live,
With all of your cheating and your lying
Letting your soul starve, and allow its dying
You stole and took, and never would even give.
They say we cannot change who we are
And we will always go back to where we came,
As a cheater, you will also be a cheat
In this life, you will be a liar and full of deceit
You were born in agony and now live in its pain.
The life you have led, has been a hard life on you
You change your looks so from all you can hide
But you are known by your ways if not your name
As everyone knows their scars and remember their pain
And you are my pain, so for you never will I cry.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I Write

It is 3 AM
And I hear them,
Words are in my sight
They give me flight.

As the world sleeps
And dreams seeps,
I sit beside a solitude light
I recite.

I thrive
As my thousand thoughts arrive,
The darkness is quiet
No one awake to delight.

I alone create
I need no mate,
Boredom I continually fight
Solitude is my might.

I sit in my chair
I have not a worry or care,
It is peaceful and night
So, I write.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I, Believe

I have never seen or touched GOD,
I have never seen or heard the Sea,
I have never seen or touched the wind,
But in them all, I do believe.

I have never seen a Man kill another,
I have never seen a Man that was not free,
I have never seen a Man to die for love,
But in them, I do believe.

Many Souls have often told me
That surely they do not believe,
In something you feel in your heart and soul,
Unless you can touch it, hear it, and then see.

My Soul has no ears, but it does hear,
My heart has no eyes, but it does see,
My brain knows the difference between right and wrong,
So in many things, I whole heartily believe.

I have never seen or tasted prejudice,
I have never seen or touched creed,
I have never seen or heard death,
But in them, I do believe.

I believe in the things that I cannot see,
Though people tell me they do not exist,
For I see in my heart, and hear it in my soul,
And its belief feels like a gentle kiss,
Oh wonderful Child how you I do envy,
To live my life through your dreams,
To believe with my heart and then the soul,
And everything lived and loved as it seemed,
Child with you, I do believe,
Your world is much better than mine,
You feel with your heart and touch with your soul,
And you don't know of hate, envy or lying.

In dreams and wishes I do believe,

In the impossible and extraordinary I do believe,
In a Child's hopes and thoughts I do believe,
And in the belief of beliefs, I shall always believe.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If

'If' is the greatest word in the English language
It is the tomato to a hungry writers sandwich,
That word alone creates multiple wishes and dreams
'If' words were our clothing, 'if' would be the seams.
'If' gives both anticipation and a wondering thought
With the desire to think or an idea sought,
To many of us we use 'if' as a simple conjunction
But, to many of us it is that simple clause function.
It can grant an idea or a supposing that
Then I could be thin, 'if' only I wasn't so fat,
'If' I was a rich man I could sleep my life away
But, that is only 'if', But I am not, so I must work hard every day.
'If' you believe in GOD like I do! You must give him his praise
But then 'if' you don't believe you can omit that exclamatory phrase,
'If' by my fingers I was hanging from a mountain cliff;
I would probably think and say to myself, only if.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If I Carried A Gun

If I carried a gun
I wonder would people run,
Maybe though, if just for fun
Perhaps, I wouldn't hate everyone.

If I carried a rifle
No matter the size that's trifle,
Would people think that them I am trying to stifle
Maybe, I should also carry a Bible.

If I carried a knife
Would I be treated better in life,
Could I live stress free without strife
Perhaps, I could even impress my wife.

If I carried a bomb
Would my thoughts and my soul be calm,
Maybe if secretly I just strapped it on
Or would there still be a qualm.

If I carried my pride
As a man carries a weapon at his side,
I would take a stronger stride
And people would not run or hide.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If I Could

If I could live this life again,
If I knew that I would never die
I would then give my being,
To your joy never ending
Then I would know that you would never cry.

If I could hold your hand one more time
If I could gaze into your eyes of brown
Then happy would be,
This man inside of me,
And then you would know the poet without a frown.

If I could give your lips one last kiss,
If I could hold you next to my soul,
There I'd stay forever,
And would long for our forever.
And then for once I would mind growing old.

If I could hold your smile inside my mind,
If I could keep it there with your laugh,
Inside my mind I would be,
This world made for me,
And then proudly I would live in my past.

If I could see you when I close my eyes
If I could hear you if I could not hear,
Then I would go to sleep today,
As to GOD I do pray
Then never in my sleep would I shed another tear.

If I could erase all the mistakes that I made
If I could hold you as I wish upon a star,
In peace forever I would stay,
Until Man's dying day,
But sadly, these are all Ifs and you are so far away.

Randy L. McClave

If I Knew

If I knew then, what I know now
Maybe I wouldn't be using a plow,
More books I would have read
If I was only thinking about 'now' in my head.
I would have been a rich man with stocks
Now, I can't even afford to buy new socks,
If there was just some way or even somehow
If I just knew then, what I know now.

If I knew then, what I know now
I would not had taken that wedding vow,
I would still be a single man as I am today
But, with no ex's or alimony to pay.
I think back of money and the energy I wasted
Being rich and independent I would have tasted,
If I just could anyway or anyhow
If I just knew then, what I know now.

If I knew then, what I know now
When I think I would with a raised eyebrow,
I would smoke from a pipe and not chew tobacco
And money from banks would I ever need to borrow.
I would live in a mansion with many fine women
And everywhere I wanted to travel, I would have already been,
I would learn to say that I am no better than you or thou
If I just only knew then, what I know now.

If I knew then, what I know now
Maybe to me people would curtsy and bow,
In life I would had known what road or path to take
I would have made no errors or a single mistake.
Being rich and satisfied I would finally be
And I would be smarted than anyone with my college degree,
If destiny would commit and God would just allow
If I just knew then, what I know now.

Randy L. McClave

If I Were

If I were a rich man,
I would buy you all that you would need,
I would give you all that you wanted,
You would own all, that you did see.
And if I were a smart man
You would be a smart person too
All that I knew, you would also know,
No knowledge could ever I keep from you.

If I were a Strong man,
Then with my hands I'd build you a home,
I would work so hard every day and night,
'Your Wish', is all that I would moan.
And If I were a brave man
No person would I be afraid to fight,
I would take on any who made you cry,
And always, would I be at your side.

If I were a handsome man
There would be harmony between us two,
For then people would stare, as I walk on air,
But never, could I match the beauty of you.
But my ifs are a lot like my dreams,
I know that they will never come true,
Though still I do dream, and still I do wish,
Only truth is, that I will always love you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If I Were A Child

If I were a child
If only I was right now,
I'd wish I would, if I only could
Be as a little child.
A child knows not of hate
Nor do they hold any envy,
They know not war, and what is more
A child creates no enemy.
From what that I see
I would take these words to heed;
To be a child, if just for a while
So, once again I could laugh and smile.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If I Were A Poem

If I were a poem
And you were a book
Would you ever read me
Could you take a look
Would you be my rhythm
While I would be a rhyme
Would you even know me
By feeling inside my mind.

And if I were a poem
And you were a book
Would you understand me
With the feelings I have shook
Would you be my reader
With words I have spoke
Then I would believe her
With feelings I have wrote.

If I were a Poet
And you were an Author
Would you ever know it
That I too was a scholar
Would you be my leaf
If I were the tree
Would you feel a need
Could you feel a belief.

If I had the power
And you were the seed
I would be a flower
And you would be like me.
But I am just a pen
And you are my thoughts
You are my poems
And I am what I sought.

Randy L. McClave

If I Were A Weak Man

If I were a weak man,
I think I would have been a drinker,
I would have no worries of my own,
And I wouldn't have to be a thinker.
I would go to the pub constantly,
And there I would spend my pay,
I would have no worries to worry about,
As I would drink all of my worries away.
I would talk my nonsensical talk,
Never would I speak intellectual,
I would always blame my problems on others,
And my common sense would be ineffectual.

If I were a weak man,
On my knees to GOD I would pray,
I would ask him to take care of all of my worries,
While I would drink my life away.
I would buy all my friends a drink,
As we talk about sports and local events,
Then I would buy more drinks to feel better,
As I would spend all of my dollars and my cents.
I would escape all my worries with a drink,
All strength and confidence I would ban,
I would give up on all of my great expectations,
That is of course if I were a weak man.

If I were a weak man,
All temptations would be my master,
I would fall so easily into weakness,
And I wouldn't care if the outcome were a disaster.
My wants is all that I would care about,
I would lack in stability of mind and character of thought,
I would be foolish and lacking any judgement,
The weak way is the only way I would have sought.
I would be a thief and a liar and a cheater,
I never would turn over a new leaf or the other cheek,
If it's the easy road I would always take it,
But, that is of course only if I were weak.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If Man Were Gone

Animals wouldn't care if man was gone,
Neither would the flowers or the ornaments upon the lawn.

The rain would still come and so would the snow,
Nature wouldn't change for the worse, if man would go.

The moon would rise and the sun would set,
Still with no worries, or sadness, or regret.

Trees would grow and would live to a ripe old age,
And birds would fly in the sky, and not watched in a cage.

The wind would blow, and so would the breeze,
Pollinating still, would be the butterflies and the bees.

Rivers would flow and the oceans would call,
And the mountains would stand, majestically and tall.

If man were gone nature wouldn't really care,
With no tears to cry, and only echoes of a prayer.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If My Son Were Gay

What if my son were gay,
Would I hate him and his love would I betray,
Or would I curse him and wished him dead;

For guidance and answers I did pray
So, I think of Christ's words and teachings every day,
I also remember the words that haters have said.

My son would never need to hide,
With his life and his goodness he must show his pride,
And never from me, or from his beliefs should he roam;

I have sinned! and I have cheated, and I have lied
To find GOD, we must all seek out our own guide,
And my son will always! be welcomed inside my home.

My love for my son it cannot ever be undone
Even if I am threatened by words or by a gun,
My son needs never to be judged or to tremble like a mouse;

GOD is my father and I am his son
That love for him like a flame I will not douse,
And I know my son will be welcomed in our heavenly father's house.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If They Had A Gun

If Cain had a gun instead of a rock
When he slew his brother Abel,
Maybe he would had killed all the animals as well
Then we wouldn't have meat upon our table.
When you have a gun, you want to kill more than just one.

If Simon Peter didn't have himself a sword
To cut off the High Priest's servant's ear,
But, he had a gun instead
Maybe then the Christians, would be the people to fear.
The miracle would had been a gun, killing for fun.

If the Disciples had owned both guns and rifles
And they didn't care about life loss,
They would had freed Jesus and then killed all of the soldiers
Then Christ would not had ever died for us on the cross.
Salvation would had been from the gun, and not the son.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If We Have A Soul

If we have a soul, should we not care
Should we not be callous about a brother's affair,
Or is that just another unrighteous belief
To have a soul and not care about another's grief,
Living uncertain in a world of sadness and despair.

Do we have the right to curse or swear
If we are empty inside and we have nothing to bare,
Sometimes we need that spiritual relief.
If we have a soul.

Life sometimes seems unjust and unfair
To one and each other should we not be aware,
Sometimes our life seems so empty and brief
When left alone our thoughts becomes a thief,
Maybe then we should just say a prayer.
If we have a soul.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If You

If you cannot ask for forgiveness
Can you forgive,
If you cannot say that you are sorry
Do you enjoy the life that you live,
If you cannot cry a tear
Do you expect tears to be wept for you,
If you cannot feel any sorrow
In judgement then what will you do,
If you will not admit your mistakes
Do you point out the errors in others,
If you will not listen to good
Do you let evil triumph over another,
If you cannot tell the truth
Will you only listen to lies,
If you will not walk a righteous road
A crooked road walked will be your prize,
If you do not have the faith
Can you hope or could you believe,
If you do not have any morals
Could you believe in what you do not see,
If you cannot keep a promise
Can you not keep an oath,
If you cannot be honest or even trusted
Then sadly you will lose both,
If you must walk a road in shame
Can you be joyful with the things you do,
If you live a life of guilt and pity
Then how you are seen, is up to you.

Randy McClave

If You Come By

If you come by
And I'm not here
Do not worry with a tear,
But just gives a smile
If just for a while
And remember, that I once was here.
And if you look
And you find my book,
To remember the things I have said,
Just give a thought
For you have caught,
Feelings, I once had read.
For I was here
Not long ago
Along with the freezing snow,
Writing dreams and remembering things
So man wouldn't let go.
But the dreams had died
One gloomy night,
When wishes were no longer made
So they didnt need me to write them down
So my book, they threw away.
If you come by
And I'm not here,
And you have a dream in your mind.
Just open a book
And then you look,
A dream, you might have found.
So write it down
Without a frown,
Or a lonesome tear.
But remember that thought
That you had sought,
For now, you are here.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If You Could Cry

If you could cry
But just one tear
Be grateful for your cheer,
But if from hate
That your tears do wait
Be sad from your fears.
For the tear unwept
Is a sorrow kept
A sad thing to hold and keep,
And if it is better to smile
Than it is to cry
I think I would rather sit and weep.
For if you could cry
But just one tear,
From only just one thought.
I feel for you
And the friends you knew,
And the love and memories that you lost.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If You Love Me

If you truly love me
Love me for who I am
Don't love me for who I am not
But love me the way I am.
Love me for my hair
And love me for my thoughts
Love me without changing me
Then you too will be the love I sought.
Love me today and tomorrow
And till the end of time
And if you make that oath to me
I will love you with all of my mind.
Love me for my eyes
And love me for the way I smile
Love me for the words I use
And love me forever and not for awhile.
Love me for my soul
And love me for my heart
Love me as I will love you
Then never shall we ever part.
So please take my hand for now
And tell me what you do see
Tell me of our future together
But first tell me, that you love me.

RANDY L. MCCLAVE

Randy McClave

If You Were Single

I did not look in your eyes when we first met,
To see the wonder and the mystery and perhaps regret;
Nor did I spy at your lips for their attraction and appeal,
Maybe with their desire and coloring to possibly please and reveal;
And I did not look at your cleavage or even your chest,
I will not make you feel uncomfortable in most male's lusty quest;
But, before I sat down and decided with you to mingle;
I first looked at your finger, to see if you were single.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

If You Will

If you don't mind, and if you will
Will you bury me on top of the hill
Place my body there when I die
So I can be close to GOD, and the sky,
So let that be my final rest
As that journey will be my final quest
Up on the hill where I hope to lie
Close to GOD, and also the sky,
And if you come to visit me there
Don't bring me flowers, but bring a prayer
Think of me when you climb that hill
If you don't mind, and only if you will.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Ignore

There was a pounding upon my front door
I never answered it, so I heard it no more
Then I noticed clutter upon my kitchen floor
So I closed my eyes that mess I did ignore.

I looked at my finger and thought of a ring I once wore
Which was a symbol of the love that I had before
Now that love and truth, I will never restore
So thinking about love and marriage, I do ignore.

I left my house to head to the store
Then the rain it came, and it began to pour
Then came the lightning and the thunders roar
And that storm as well, I did ignore.

Then while shopping, I noticed it was about four
People in the market were talking about religion and war
I heard children crying and saw people that were sore
And to them all, I did happily ignore.

I met a young woman outside whom seemed very poor
She was asking for help and nothing more
Some men called her trash, some women called her a whore
I gave her some money, the hypocrites I did ignore

When I arrived home I thought furthermore
Some of past thoughts and memories I again did explore
I then pulled out a book from my dresser drawer
Then about the world and others, I did ignore.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

I'm A Man, I Am

I'm a Man, I am
But what does it prove
Does it prove to you,
That I'll always believe in you.
I'm a Man I said
Coming from my head
I'm a Man I dreamed
But what does that mean,
Does it mean I'll always be right
For that I don't know
Does it mean I am ready to fight
For I Don't know
Lord, I just don't know.

I'm a Man, they agreed
And that I'll always be
I'm a Man, I shouted
And sometimes it cant be me,
For sometimes I'll need someone else
Sometimes I'll need your help
To stand beside me and help me fight
And sit beside me and help me cry.

I am a Man they say
Until my dying day
I am a Man, I cried
But still a boy, deep inside,
For sometimes I will be wrong
And sometimes I will be strong
And sometimes, oh sometimes,
I cannot be a Man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Immigrant

Though I was not born in this country, I love it
This is the land that I now call home
To its laws and life and defense I will submit
From her I will never betray, or roam,
I am so happy and proud of this new freedom
I pledge allegiance and pride to the flag
I love this country, but not from ignorance, but wisdom
Like a proud father of my new country, I will brag,
I stand in the footsteps that brave men once stood
As they fought and died and even wept in prayer
They loved this country in awe and they too understood
That immigrants like them will also be standing there,
I see other men and some of them hate me
Just because I was not born in this great land
But all I want is to live and to be free
Pain and bigotry and hatred I will withstand,
I came to this country to build and not to destroy
I will always protect it, and from no one will I ever steal
I came here to live life and a freedom to enjoy
And only to GOD, and not man will I ever kneel,
I will respect any man's religion and their way of life
I will always accept the way that any man wants to live
I bring both promise and hope and not a gun or a knife
And to my new country my honor and my pride I will give.
To this country without prejudice I have arrived
In my eye now it contains that one special gleam
I must seek and find that one great prize
As I now want to claim the American dream,
These might have been the words spoken by any man's father
As they had seen this country for the very first time
A dream is a wish and to GOD it's no bother
Freedom is a need, and a desire, and not a crime.

Randy McClave

Immoral

Violence is impractical and also immoral
It always starts out as a stupid little quarrel,
When two conflicting souls take a different path
One usually ends up in anger and always wrath.
A person could be speaking for peace and equality in their breath
Then it ends up in destruction and or their own death,
Sometimes it is political, but most of the time it is not
Hate and murder should never be the solution sought.
But, where does this bloodshed and evil really begin
Or maybe it's because of the color of someone's skin,
A droplet of hate evolves into hostility and then becomes the devil's dish
It becomes an unjust or unwanted exertion of power and a wish.
How can a man be proud of a home or especially his own nation
When there is damage through dissertation or an unwanted altercation,
Stories and warnings have been told, and books have also been written
Violence and immorality usually begins because of a simple pigment.
Some people believe that they are always oblivious
Even when they are licentious and or lascivious,
It is never welcomed and it no one should ever endorse
Violence is an evil and immoral contaminating powerful force.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Important Days

There are two important days in the life of every man

Both of those days are when he is in a limousine as a plan,

One of those days is the day when he decides to get married

And that other important day, is the day when he gets buried.

When I was married I was forced to wear a suit and also a tie

So, please tell the undertakers not to dress me up that way when I die,

Remember this! I want to look and feel comfortable for my final rest

So, please don't place me in a suit and a tie for my ending quest.

On my first important day I took vows, then I ate cake and I danced

I was surrounded by loved ones and friends, so at them all I glanced,

The second important day I might be surrounded by people for whom I don't care

They all might gossip about me, and at them I can't intimidate with a stare.

I dressed to please my wife and my family on the day of our wedding

Now I hope to please only myself with a suit and tie that I'd be shedding,

Into the life of every man there are two very important days

They both start or end with friends and a ride, and ends with tears or praise.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Impressing A Woman

Women don't see any delight
When men want to fuss and fight,
But, a woman will always shed a different light
When a man becomes her defending knight.

Some women you can impress with a prose
While others with a single rose,
But, the man that most women have chose
Are the ones that received a bloody nose.

So, men I will honestly tell you this
If you truly indeed want romantic bliss,
Remember you can't accomplish it all with just a kiss
Sometimes, you must have a bruised or busted fist.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

In Deep Thought

In deep thought
as I walk
The world passes me by,
Then suddenly in a wink
I sit down and begin to cry.
To all my friends whom I said goodbye.

In deep thought
As I think,
Memories begin to appear.
Of all my friends
Whom I said goodbye
But suddenly, they now are here.
As life came easy,
Death came hard,
As it's faith last played card.
But then I smile
For friends do die
But their dreams die so hard.

In deep verse
As I speak,
The words they leave my mouth,
Of the memories that I thought
Formed into a cloud,
Shaped into a child.
They sit at my feet
And wisper in my ear
The secrets of being young.
But thern I smile
For their secrets are known
As my life becomes undone.

In deep stress
I finally confess
Of secrets I once had held,
I open up their door
That has been locked before
Being as deep as a wishing well.

They come to the surface
And they clear my mind
My brain now knows no crime.
But only that, of being alive.

In deep wonder as I sit
I begin to think and reflect
For people do die
And children do cry
But their dreams will always live.
And hopes they'll always give,
In deep thought, as I think.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

In God's Garden

In God's garden, where man goes to feast
Where his soul is empty to say the least,
With its onions and lettuce and carrots and greens
And tomatoes and beets and radishes and beans,
There is even food for the tamed or wild beast.

The caretaker there is a priest
He helps strengthen the body with the plants proteins,
The vegetables he waters and harvests and cleans.
In God's Garden.

The garden it lies towards the east
Where the property is not owned, but only leased,
There is no vegetables there, only tangerines
And it is always visited by black limousines,
There, lies the soulless bodies of the deceased;
In God's garden.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

In Heaven

With a troubled soul I try to sleep
I finally close my eyes in bed,
Burdened with worries for me alone to keep;
Now, I am dead.

.
. .
. .
. .

I woke-up in a sunlit room
How I got there I don't know,
Without any furnishings not even a broom
Then I heard a voice saying, "Hello";
The voice it was kind and sincere
I know that I have heard it once before,
When I was young, before I knew of fear
Then in front of me appeared a door.

I have no memories of yesterday
Or of the doors and rooms that I might had walked in,
I am now filled with a happiness that does not stray
And I don't even know where I have been.
Peace, it is has now enveloped me
That calmness and serenity I cannot deny,
I now stop and I study the surrounding beauty,
And then I wonder, 'Where am I';.

My arms and my body have lost their hue
As for my appearance I had sought,
I am now a person without a heritage, that I knew
Equality and love is now my only thought.
Today I am just walking, almost flying
As I meet new persons here and there,
I enjoy my new feelings without pain or crying
And as always, I thank God with a prayer.

Today is the first day of my forever
There is no thoughts or pursuits for tomorrow,
In front of me is a path for me to endeavour

And as for yesterday, I have no memories of sorrow.
I see friends and family that have long past
They are the loves that I have always known,
So, we walk together, the road is vast
Now in front of me, I see a great and mighty throne.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

In Love Like Me

I love you more than life itself,
So, I give you whatever I own,
Though I own not much of earthly wealth;
So then I will give you my soul.

I'd give you my life if so need be,
And I'd ask for nothing in its place,
I'd say to do with it whatever you want;
For without you, it would be a waste.

I'd give you my heart if only I could;
But, my heart it is no longer there,
It has been replaced with your thoughts and face;
Now it only beats in your prayers.

I have given you everything if you'd only look;
If you could search the soul and mind,
Though I don't have what I wish to give,
But what I do give, it is nobodies, but mine.

I'd give you my eyes if only in thought,
So, you can see the things that I can see;
You would see a world such a happy place,
But only; if you were in love like me.

I wish I could give you my ears so you could hear,
The sounds which only I can hear;
The beating of hearts, the rhyming of poems,
And the sound of love that is always near.

I have given you everything that I do own;
And everything that I cherish that is free,
And I know you could feel the same way that I do,
But only; if you were in love like me.

I wish I could speak and say how I feel;
But I can't so I write it down on paper with pen;
So, when the day does come and I am taken away,
You can read of my love, once again.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

In Scotland

I asked Robert Burns
What inside his soul yearns,
He looked at me and then he spoke
But, then I awoke.
Then I pondered if I had knowed him,
I then wrote a poem.

I spoke to David Hume
As I stood outside his tomb,
He was about to fill my knowledge cup
Then I suddenly woke up.
I then read more of his litterateur,
Then I became a philosopher.

I chatted with Adam Smith
Which was a fact and not a myth,
I wanted to talk about philosophy
Then he just laughed, and left me.
While my soul was sad and sinking,
I then wondered, as I was finally thinking.

I conversed with James Hutton
Then another thought did butt-in,
Did I want to ask about nature or geology
As I wanted to learn more of my family tree.
Then I thought of seeds and a life in my fist,
I thought of becoming a naturalist.

I finally awaken from my dreams
Which seemed more like needs than schemes,
I thought and I wished for more knowledge
Which is not taught in books or in a college.
With ideas and desires not forgotten;
I need to head back to Scotland.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

In The Shadows

I stand in the shadows
With all the Christmas wishes,
In my tattered worn clothes
Alongside all the Christmas dishes.
Presents are being exchanged
While some still lie beneath the tree,
They are all happily and cheerfully arranged
But, none are left or given to me.
The children they all are grinning
As Santa and his elves had arrived,
They have been good without any sinning
But, I too have also survived.
Through the presents I did sift
While holiday music played to entertain,
I did not find a single birthday gift;
So, in the shadows I still remain.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

In The Swing

When we were younger we pushed each other on the swings
We would push so hard until in the sky we could see all things,
Once I was pushed so high, I could almost touch the birds in the sky
Then I fell out of my swing, now I am up in the sky, wearing my wings.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Infancy

Whining crying little infant
You make my life feel so insignificant
I hold you and rock you so you will sleep
But you will not, and so you still weep.

You scream and cry all through the night
And with me you will just fume and fight
You keep me nervous and now I am so worried
With you from one room to the next, I scurried.

I give you your pacifier and you spit it out
Temperamental you are without a doubt
I try singing to you a soothing lullaby
You look at me and you scream, then cry.

I am now so sleepy and so very tired
These feelings I have are not wanted or ever desired
Yet it's another night without sleep or rest
And GOD and all knows that I do my best

Now I pace the floor both up and down
Upon both our faces we wear a frown
I look out the window and here comes the dawn
I look at you, and now I watch you yawn.

I lie you down so I can change your diaper
Your eyes are closed and you're not hyper
Finally my sweet and precious one you fall asleep
I look at you and I laugh as I say: "you I will keep".

Precious Angel sleeping in your bed
I will give you a kiss and then I will rub your head
Throughout your life my love I will always be giving
As you are the one that makes my life worth living.

Randy McClave

Inside A Lie

We all are living inside a lie,
But some of us accept it as the truth;
We never say really or even ask why;
We are children and we are the youth,
We don't know the reason that we live;
But, we all know that we will die;
And that is why we all will forgive;
And the only reason that we will cry,
I will always pray to my GOD,
Because your GOD doesn't exist;
Is our life and belief just a facade;
It's all that we do as we must persist,
Believing I do, as believing I must;
What I see I just can't deny;
One day everything will turn to dust;
Then everything known will have been a lie.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Inside My Heart

Inside my heart, I love you
With a love that shines so deep,
So I will say I will love you forever
And forever, your love I shall keep.
I will love you when I stand alone
I will love you like no one else
I will love you till the day I die
I will love you more than myself.

Inside my heart, there is only you
In my eyes, your all they see
So for you I will do all I can
And those words you can always believe.
I will give you all that I do own,
I will give you all that you do wish
I will give you all that you need
And all I ask, is a simple kiss.

Inside my heart, it beats alone
With a beat that only I can hear,
And when you wish, or when you hope
It knows, that you are standing near.
I love you, so I must give all,
That stands for all tomorrows and today's,
So ask what you want, it I will give
And remember, I will love you; always

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Inside Of You

let me in, inside of you
With my love let it soothe,
By taking you up, and lying you down,
Riding with you all around.

Let me in, inside of you,
The voice I heard it speak
I'll tell you things you've never known
And take you places you always wished.
I'll tell you things no one knows
And the places only I have seen,
Then I'll show you how, true love grows;
And what makes all men weak.
I'll tell you why, women cry
For the love they'll soon deny
Then I'll show you love inside of us,
That has always been out of sight.

Let me in, inside of you
And I will show you many things
I will show you champions
Then I will show you kings,
While I am inside your dreams.
Then I will be with you every night
Answers to you, I will give
I will show you love
And I will show you hate
Then I will show you a love so true.
Then I will tell you why, lovers cry,
If you will let me; inside of you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Insignificant

Small, insignificant little sparrow
Just think if I had shot you with an arrow
Not because of hate or a food demand
But only because I hold a weapon in my hand
There you are perched upon my garden fence
You show me no self preservation or any defense
Now you timidly look to your left and right
I wonder are you scared and maybe take flight
So why not I end your life maybe with a gun
And that is not from hate, but it's merely for fun
You now stare at me as I contemplate my next move
I wonder now what you are trying to prove
Now at you with my weapon I will take careful aim
I have no pity and I will show no mercy or shame
But then in the air you fly high and probably far away
Maybe I will end your life on another day
But now I hear a squawk and I look up skyward
There I see you're flying and you're no coward
You're flying and you are watching where I am heading
Now I think maybe that situation I should be dreading
Then unto my humiliation and also to my disgrace
You drop your feces and it lands upon my face
Earlier I was thinking about needing to kill you dead
I was shown the insignificant was mine Instead
Fly away little sparrow I will bother you know more
You showed me my weakness as I showed yours before.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Intertwined

When you were once intertwined in my heart
I remember that joy and pride immensely
You were my soul and you were my counterpart
And I loved you, and I needed you intensely

Not one day went by that I thought not of you
Your image was burnt in my thoughts and my dreams
Happiness and your wants is all I did pursue
Pleasing you and making you happy, were my themes

There were the times when I gave you praise
My love for you I wanted to keep and always preserve
It was truly love and not infatuation or a phase
Whatever I had for you my love, you did deserve

I still remember the love and all of its sweetness
As though it was yesterday and not those years gone past
I was looking for an eternity you were looking for emptiness
So now I am all alone, as I will ponder why it did not last

But that was the time and that was so very long ago
Now I am here alone so what else can I say or do
My love it died and then my sorrows did grow
Once my heart knew of love, when it was intertwined with you.

Randy McClave

Into Hell

One thing that the Devil will not tell
It is that he doesn't send souls to Hell,
It is not him who cast souls into that lake of fire
Even though that is his happiest desire.
The Devil is happy when we each one sin
Especially when we hate and hurt other women and men,
And when we accuse the Devil of whispering in our ears
It is not him, that causes those fears.
The Devil does not cast sinning souls into that lake
Where in torment they will suffer as God does forsake,
He has no power over anyone's soul
He cannot send anyone into Hell's fiery hole.
Before blaming others on the sins that they commit
Freewill we all have, so let us not ever forget,
That is why we must always forgive and help and care
Into Hell, we send our own souls there.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Into The Darkness

I will not go willingly into the darkness, ?
When death says it is my time to go, him I will fight;
They say that dying will be peaceful and harmless,
But, I heard he lies, so I will keep my feet firmly in the sunlight.

I will not leave here just because I am old,
I am not ready to go into that damp forever night;
Unto death my soul has yet been bought or sold
I am not ready to head into that forever twilight.

Into the darkness I will fight my leaving with a rage
I will grit my teeth and I will fight it with all of my might,
It is not fair for me to leave just because of my age
I will not enter the darkness, and taken away from the warm light.

Sometimes I see the dark clouds around me, and they are forming
My world then becomes cold and black as the night,
I am drawn to those clouds as they begin storming;
But, I will not! Enter into the darkness and then say goodnight.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Into The Past

I would like to go back into the past
When the world was unknown and also vast,
With mountains to climb and a wilderness to tame
That time would be for me a man, and not for a hopeless dame.
We all know a woman couldn't tame a frontier or climb a mountain
She would be too busy changing her clothes, or bathing in a fountain.

Wished I could have been a sailor who sailed the oceans and the seas
Just to navigate alone by the stars and sail by the mighty breeze,
I would like to be the first person to build or sail onto an ancient canal
But, that adventure would be for me a man, and not a helpless gal.
We all know that a woman cannot sail or steer a mighty ship
To take on the mantle of a sailor, no woman is prepared for that trip.

Maybe I could have been an explorer who discovered ancient lands
Or an archeologist who found precious relics buried in the sands,
I wished I could have been an adventurer traveling an old forgotten trail
But, that job would have been for a man, and not for a weak female.
A woman cannot stand the wind or the heat on any quest
She would rather be at home cleaning and cooking and above all else, rest.

In the past overall life for the woman it has never been fair
She has been made to cook or clean or dress pretty and comb her hair,
She has made our clothes and fed and raised us and also our babies
Only adventure we allowed her to have, was to milk the cows and pick wild daisies.

I would like to go back to the past, to feel strong and independent is my plan
The future now belongs to the woman, and the past it belongs to the man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Into Your Eyes

When I look into your deep brown eyes
May I tell you what I see,
I see my future changing once again
As now I see you; standing next to me.
I shut my eyes and I made a wish
Then I close my ears and I had a thought,
Born are the feelings that I've been needing
You are the need that I have sought.
My feelings have been here since my life began
And they will be here, when my life does end
So all that I wish, is for you with a kiss
Then together we can ride the wind.
When I look into your deep brown eyes,
I see myself from many years ago
I am young and strong, and I know no wrong
So please, don't ever let me go.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Iron Bars Of Mine

I stand behind these old iron bars,
To see the things, that I can see
I see a world that is changing everyday,
A world, that will not wait for me.
Behind these iron bars where I must lay,
Behind these bars where I must stay.

In this world where I am alone
Its a world that I helped build,
I make not the laws for how I live,
Time for me, she is held still.
As tomorrow is the same as it is today,
And today is the same, as yesterday.

Behind these bars, its where I am
It is the place where I sit and lie,
My destiny for me has already been chose,
For this is the place where I will die.
When the youth of mine turns into old,
When the dewdrops of dreams turn into snow.

The world that I made out of iron and stone
Where freedom and life is locked away
Where life is a waste, and living a haste,
It is where myself alone will forever stay.
Days and years for me, I have no care.
My only solitude, is sleep and prayer.

My day for me; she will someday come
When from my bars I am allowed to leave,
I will welcome that day with open arms and hope,
As those iron bars, will close behind me..
And for that day I will constantly pray,
As I leave those bars, for the bars of my a grave.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Is Betrayed

Of the Man that is betrayed,
Of knives and bullets he is not afraid,
Enemies and foes are all about,
Trusting strangers he is in doubt,
But of wife and friends that he has chose,
He sleeps happily with both eyes closed,
And of that Man that is betrayed,
He knows that honor was not obeyed,
If it was committed by a wife or a friend,
Knives or bullets, did not kill him in the end.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Is Love

Love is like the bloom of a flower
Opening up after a spring shower
Showing the world of its beauty known
And also knowing it's sad to be alone.

Love is like the sky above
Where the stars are hung and flies the dove
The masterpiece created by GOD for us
To show to us all in this world there is love.

Love is like the ocean deep and blue
Always present and always true
As deep as the oceans or the seas might be
There is the wanting for all to believe.

Love is like the wind that has blown
We feel it upon us, but it's never shown
We hear it we sense it we know it's there
It is love, so with another we try to share.

Love is like a flower's bloom
Opening never to late or ever to soon
But opening up in the midst of love and spring
And hoping one day that it will bring forth a ring.

Randy McClave

It Doesn't Matter

It doesn't matter if you live in a mansion
Or if you live on the side of the road,
It doesn't matter if you are quite young
Or if you are very, very old,
It doesn't matter if your house is made out of paper
Or if it was created out of silver and gold,
It doesn't matter if you own your soul
Or if unto the devil it has already been sold,
Your career it might be at a standstill
Or it might be beginning to finally unfold,
It doesn't matter of the job or the career that you have
Or what you have carried in life as your load,
It doesn't matter where you have been
Or even the seeds that you have sowed,
No one cares about the stories you've heard
Or about the secrets that you have been told,
No one cares about the places you have visited
Or unto the dreams or hopes that you still hold;
Death doesn't care who you are,
Someday, in the ground we all will lie cold.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

It Is

It is easier to fall off a bar stool than it is to fall into a ditch
And it is easier to become poor, than it is to become rich.

It is cheaper to buy water, than it is to buy milk or champagne
And to some it is easier to give in, than it is to sit down and complain.

It is understandable to some, to steal or borrow rather than to beg or plead
But, sadly sometimes to others, it's just better to sweat and to bleed.

It is better to be a politician, than it is to be a working man
Where one will not fight greed, but the one with the sweat on his brow can.

It is simpler to be caring and helpful, which sadly I would not ever recommend
All you need is to be poor and have nothing, but only GOD and a back to bend.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

It Isn't Christmas Time

It is Christmas-time and I see the lights
I also watch the arguments and I hear the fights,
Again I look and I pray for that one bright star
While others are looking at the lights on a police car.
A baby in a manger the wisemen went to meet
Now the wisemen tell us to ignore the meager upon the street,
Mocking and laughing at the needy and the poor
It just doesn't feel like Christmas Time, anymore.

It is Christmas Time for peace and love
But, someone is in a hurry, so they give a kick or a shove,
Once before there was Christmas songs from a choir
Now everyone is looking for either a seller or a buyer.
Everybody wants to be the first one in the line
But, not to see the Lord, but to buy toys or clothes or wine,
Moneylenders and thieves are now waiting at the store
It just doesn't feel like Christmas Time, anymore.

It is Christmas Time so we decorate the tree
With candy canes and tinsel, but we forget about the baby,
Underneath the tree there has been placed, presents and gifts
But, also there is packages of worries, and bills, and ifs.
We feast and we drink and we watch sports on this holiday
Shouldn't we all reflect, and also worship and pray?
I remember being taught to help others, but that was once before
It just doesn't feel like Christmas Time, anymore.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

It Was Just A Dream

It was just a dream, she wasn't lying there
With her earrings on and her messed up hair,
Her clothes are not lying upon my bedroom floor
Neither are they stuffed inside my dresser drawer,
As I just awoke, and she is nowhere.

My soul it is not in sadness or despair
Of the many times that we have had an affair,
She was my lover and my wh0re,
It was just a dream.

Before bed every night I would say a prayer
Then at her picture I would wish and swear,
Then seductively she walks to me though my door
As she had in lingerie the night before,
Finally I feel the need and the desire;
It was just a dream.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

James Foley (Beheaded)

He wasn't a mercenary
So, of course he wasn't a fighter,
He wasn't a recruit or in the military
He was just a journalist, a writer.
With the Indiana National Guard he was embedded;
He was then beheaded.

He wasn't a warrior or a terrorist
His life it could have been spared,
His only weapon was his pen, and not his fist
The truth he had worried about and cared.
His families life was then shredded;
He was beheaded.

He was held as a prisoner of war
Jailed in a hell for over two years,
He wasn't a murderer or a criminal as he had swore
He suffered alone with his abandonment and fears.
Even though wars he had dreaded;
He was still beheaded.

Many of us know not of combat
But, we hear of it from what we have read,
With its hate, bombings and habitat
The innocent will always first lie dead.
While politicians only care if their fuel is unleaded;
He was beheaded.

In the end he gave his life
Because with terrorists we will not negotiate,
But, we can sleep with our enemy as a wife
And the truth we can't write or dictate.
While our leaders dined and then they were bedded;
He was then beheaded.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Jealousy

Jealousy is such a hated mistress
When she attacks romance without salvation
She causes anxiety and also distress
She is Satan's earliest and happiest creation.

She attacks the thoughts and also the feelings
And causes threats to the self-esteem
Envy and suspicion are some of her dealings
Bitterness and insecurity is her main scheme.

Sometimes she spites him and taunts her
So she can cause suspicion and also distrust
Be careful of that little green-eyed monster
She is the leader of resentment and lust.

She causes the envy of someones else's fame
Which leads towards hatred and its bitterness
And the jealousy of someone else's last name
Adds more upon the suffering and the stress.

She causes the weak to envy and also to sin
She is happy when she causes a grudge or resentment
Her foes and her targets are both women and men
Sad are the weak when jealousy becomes violent.

She cares for no one no matter who it might be
Revenge and suspicion is always a bad card played
Her actions and her deeds they help nobody
She leads to self-destruction and the soul being betrayed.

Jealousy will come to everyones door
Hoping to destroy or tempt their very soul
Her tempting and covetous and desirous we must ignore
As for our our emotions we are the ones in control.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Jesse James

Jesse James enjoyed his job
Which was not to labor, but to rob,
He enjoyed stealing money from trains and banks
Then when he took their cash, he always gave thanks;
And then sometimes for an added thrill
Jesse James, enjoyed to kill.
He believed that his victims money belonged to him
So, he took it with much glory and mayhem,
And because of him, some others were not fed
He took their money, he put other family's in the red,
The money that he stole it was always quickly spent
Sometimes for his wife and children, gone went every cent,
So, out on the trail Jesse went again to raid
To earn his living, thievery was his only trade.
He was enthralled by the planning and the stealing
And he was overwhelmed by the killing,
Luck doesn't follow anyone forever as many will say
Sooner or later to the Devil, all sinners must pay,
Jesse James robbed and he killed for years upon years
To many people and families he brought depravity and tears,
He loved his work along with its benefits through his endeavor
But, he knew that his business wouldn't last forever,
Jesse James knew that one day that he would be retired;
And he did, when Bob Ford's gun was fired.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Jesus At Midnight

Jesus walks at Sunrise,
I wrote that once before
Through the clouds in his shroud
With tears, in his eyes.
For He stands, still searching
For the beauty that He made
But now it is gone, forever gone
For now it is Mans waste.

Jesus walks at Sunrise,
To survey the things He knew
But gone are the trees,
And the grass so green
And the peace, that once did soothe;
For the beautiful land that GOD made
It has all been erased,
And the sky above, which flew his dove
Is now filled, with Mans waste.

Jesus walks at Sunrise,
I wrote that once before
As though to be proud,
Of the beauty he brought out
As creator, and maker of our World.
He came to see His mountains
And His rivers and oceans so blue
The land so green, and air so clean
And watch the Eagles as they flew.

Jesus walks at Sunrise,
I wonder what does He see
The hate all around, and Mans ugly sound
From all of mans own disease.
But now Jesus's beauty is gone
Revealed through GOD's own sunlight,
And that I won't deny
And a tear for man I will cry,
For now Jesus, walks at midnight.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Jesus Walk

The other day I was weeping
The tears kept coming to my eyes
But then I looked out my window
As though pleaded, to look outside.
But my tears just kept falling
Caused by the worries and world outside
As the hate and sin kept growing
From which, no one can hide.
So then I brushed the world aside
As compelled to search the sky
And then; I shook in wonder,
For I saw Jesus, walking at sunrise.
He was walking with out stretched hands
Though reaching for every woman and man
And I, didnt make a sound,
For I was lost, and never found.
I watched him walk with such concern
As He watched the world below
He walked with such shame and pity
My teardrops, began to grow.
And as I watched as Jesus walked
I knew then the Lord did care
No matter how I felt,
I knew Jesus would always be there.
And as Jesus kept walking
I saw sorrow on his saddened face
Was it though for His children and world
Or was it, for their future and fate.
So I just kept watching Jesus
As he looked, and searched the world
Then suddenly; He just disappeared
As though, He was never here.
So then I closed my window
And fell to my knees to pray and cry
Though this time not for the world or me,
But for Jesus, who walked at sunrise.

Randy L. McClave

Judas

Judas spoke his side of the story
About the betrayal and the crucifixion of Christ
Judas though wasn't seeking praise and glory
What he did for us, was his great sacrifice,
He wanted to be remembered as a brave man
Who had stood up to a cult and its appointed king
He was a hero who was once was a fisherman
If we heard that story about Judas would we sing;
Judas did not betray Jesus just for silver and gold
He cared not for the money so he threw it all away
He did what he did as his intentions could not be sold
He betrayed a tyrant so in thanks should we pray.

If Judas had spoken his side of the story
And we never listened to the second side as well
Shouldn't the truth be judged and statutory
One person might call it heaven and then another hell,
Should we care who shed the most tears
Or about the rumors that we all had heard
We all could easily be sidetracked by lies or fears
Shouldn't we listen to the truth and the truth is the word,
The one who sheds the most tears should not get our pity
And the one always attacked should not be the guilty
Let them think about themselves are they witty
Then we can judge the innocent and call them filthy

What if we believed Judas's side of the story
And that is how all people would be judged
What if that notion and thought was mandatory
Then some truths of theirs would be lost or fudged,
Would we listen to the people who are always wrong
Would they always be truthful and always heard first
The one with the sadder story would be the strong
And the one speaking the truth would be the cursed,
Judas had spoken his side of the story
Jesus couldn't as he was crucified and then he died
Fabrication and pity was Judas's category
Judas had betrayed Christ, and then he cried.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Judge

I do not judge, any one at all
They alone should decide to either rise or fall,
If they believe that they should not fight
How can we call them wrong, when they are right,
A person indeed must always stand tall.

Someday soon we all might hear that call
Will we go forward or runaway or maybe we will crawl,
Only then will we know of our true might.
I do not judge.

Some people hate and they become like Saul
Then through truth and love they become Paul,
Each person sees the world in a different light
Their eyes are opened to a passive or to a turbulent night,
To battle or to not, it is their call.
I do not judge.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Judged

Will they judge me by the color of my skin
Instead by my soul and whats deep within
When I am greeted by either women or men
Will they even ask where I have been.

Will I be judged because I am a man
With my heart and feelings will they understand
Will I be greeted with an outreached hand
Will they hold it against me when I make a stand.

Will I be judged because I am old
And not wanting to do the things that I am told
Will they remember the good deeds that I sowed
As onto truth and honesty I will always hold.

Will I be judged because of the way I was
Once I found happiness and also love
But then I found out it was hate and also lust
So please tell me, how will I be judge.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Judgement For Us All

The Bible it salvages the sinner
The soul becomes the beginner
The truth will triumph over a lie
Judgement is truthful and it will justify.

Stories are kept inside a book
Gossip grabs the gullible like a fisherman's hook
Honor will be how we will be known by
Judgement is the reason that we cry.

The guilty they will shout and also scream
The innocent speaks the truth and not a scheme
The virtuous is always timid and shy
Judgement is held with the truth and a sigh.

We know ourselves by what our children do
We feel the guilt when they walk in our shoe
We sometimes see ourselves in our child's eye
Judgements may question ourselves with why.

We are known by the company that we keep
Bad deeds become nightmares while we sleep
Actions are what we do from which we can't deny
Judgement is for us all when we die.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Judging A Woman

If we judge a woman by the way, she looks
UDGING A WOMAN
Or even how she dresses or how she cooks
Shouldn't we all then be judged and stereotyped the same
But, to judge and typecast each other, isn't that a shame.

Look upon her first about her knowledge
As she too like you, might have been to college
Don't see her as your competition or as a rival
See her as a co-worker and a person upon her arrival.

Do not treat her any differently with worries or distress
Just because of her high-heels or even her dress
And if she comes to work in a work-shirt and jeans
Don't be upset if she can as well operate machines.

Though she is created differently and so titled female
She is not inferior to man's ego, the male,
Woman was not to be known or thought of as man's sequel
She has her own thoughts and beliefs and is man's equal.

She walks the same road that men have walked
But, sometimes on that same road she has been mocked and stalked
Man's battle with freedom has been fought and it has been won
But, woman's battle or war on equality, it has just begun.

Do not judge a woman because of her gender
Be a supporter and a friend and never an offender
It's inside her mind and soul which makes her whom she is
And don't believe that everything in this world is titled, "His";.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Judgment

There will always be a war, or rumors of a war
Until man says; no more!
Evil will wear a frown, when man puts his foot down
If not! in blood he will drown.

There will always be hate, as being man's fate
But, only man can carry is own weight,
He must reach out his hand, to help his brothers stand
Then peace to others it will expand.

Man might go to jail, and man might go to hell
As his actions and his deeds will prevail,
So, where will he walk toward, for his final reward
He must either serve the devil or the Lord.

Man will stand trial, when he walks his last mile
For his breathing and also his guile,
Gods worse judgment, is better than the devil's punishment
As read and understood in the Bible's print.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Jury Duty

I am one of the twelve chosen to decide another man's fate
If charged with the crime, the judge then decides the date,
It will be up to us twelve to decide of innocence or guilt
Then either his freedom is given, or his gallows will be built.

Today I was chosen to serve on jury duty
With another's person's guilt or innocence, I won't be snooty,
I won't vote him as guilty, because someone's hungry or tired
Nor will I vote him as innocent, as though being paid as hired.

I'll listen to the lawyers on why he should or shouldn't go to jail
I wonder if the feeling will be as though sending a soul to hell,
Then while we twelve sit listening and deliberating in the Court
Many families will look upon us, for their spiritual support.

It will take all of us twelve to render that one fatal decree
Either he will go to prison, or he will be set free,
And it will take only one of us to create a dreaded deadlock
So, I hope for jury individuals, and not followers in any flock.

Many will look upon the faces of myself and my fellow jurors
Deciding who amongst us are honest, and the true assurers,
Then I will think, as we a jury all get together and delve;
Remembering, that Judas was also once one of a twelve.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Just A Dream

First we want and then we desire
The soul is consumed by need and fire
To build and create becomes the passion
And by doing our will, will become the action.
To build and construct will become the need
That desire in our mind and soul we must feed
We sweat and we will fight for it to survive
It will become our child as we gave it life.
We will watch it grow every step of the way
And we are there with it every night and day
But before our accomplishment there was a scheme
And before that; its beginning was just a dream.

Randy McClave

Randy McClave

Just A Fence

I say this in truth and not in pretense
All else I wish to own is just a fence
A fence that is made out of steel or wood
Placed around my property as it should
Around my home to protect like a guard
So my dogs won't escape from their yard
I want them to be free without a restraint
To run and play without a neighbors complaint
A fence also to be a barrier from the street
So the many dangers or hazards they will not meet
But sadly I am poor and I have no extra expense
So all that I wish for, is just a fence.

Randy McClave

Just A Poet

I am just a poet
Poems are my life
Words are the soul
The pen is my might.
Versus are the cup
From which that I drink
And knowledge is the bread
From which my mind is fed.
I live if just to write
The words that I cant speak,
For locked away in my mind
Are the versus to be rhymed.
I am but a simple writer
With a pen and pad in hand
Gazing at the sky and trees
To write what man should read.
I have walked many trodden paths
And down many mournful road,
Now I write about their tears and fears
For now they have become my soul.
I cant cure a mans health
Nor can I stop a war
As I am not much as I see myself
A poor man who loves the Lord.
And when I walk my last mile
And then I'll write my last smile
And on my pad it will show it
That I was but, a simple poet.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Just A Waste

Up in heaven where you rule and dwell
Where only your judgement will ever prevail,
Do you still watch your children as we fight and fuss
I wonder if you do, if you're tired of each and everyone of us;

We scream and we shout and sometimes we will pray
But, only when our souls and children will not obey
We will judge, and then we will accuse, and then we will lie
And then after a while we will get sick and then we will die.

Will you bring a hundred of us to heaven, and send a thousand to hell
And also are you tired of all of your own personnel?
Maybe, when you created this world it was all done in a haste
And, perhaps creating mankind was just another waste.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Just Because

Just because you did
Doesn't mean that you should
Just because you can
Doesn't mean that you could
Just because you are able
Doesn't mean you would
Just because you sat
Doesn't mean you should've stood.
Just because you spoke
Doesn't mean that you thought
Just because you looked
Doesn't mean that you sought
Just because you argued
Doesn't mean that you fought
Just because you dreamed
Doesn't mean that you wished not.
Just because you cried
Doesn't mean that you wept
Just because you had
Doesn't mean that you kept
Just because you cleaned
Doesn't mean that you swept
Just because you said yes
Doesn't mean that you accept.
Just because you gathered
Doesn't mean that you own
Just because you gave up
Doesn't mean that you were alone
Just because you saw
Doesn't mean that you were shown
Just because you expiate
Doesn't mean you should atone.
Just because your old
Doesn't mean that you have flaws
Just because you won
Doesn't mean you have to applause
Just because you waited
Doesn't mean that you paused
Just because you were you

Doesn't mean anything, because.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Just Love Me

If you love me, just love me
But, love me for whom I am,
Don't love me for the person you want me to be
But, love me for what you see, as that is who I am;
If I lose too much weight, please love me
And if I gain too much weight, love me that much more,
When I make mistakes please try to forgive me;
Isn't that, what love is for?
I will walk at your side wherever you might go
We will be partners together until the end of our days,
Proudly, I will hold you in my heart and my soul
And unto love and you, I will always give it my praise;
I have dreamt of a love from the day that I was born
As my soul and I was crafted from such a love,
Now I wish to find my love that will last me forever
The love; that only poets have always spoken of.
Though at first we all are attracted by looks
Just think though, looks only causes people to wish and stare,
Remember I or you, we will not always be young
And we might not always have our teeth, or even our hair;
Love me, for my soul and what's within me
Don't love me, for what's in my wallet or my pocket,
Remember that the soul and not the body is forever
And true love hangs forever, upon the stars like a locket.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Just Muslims

Turn them all away,
Kick them all out (and pray) ,
Remember they all are Muslims;
They are not Christians (they are sinners)
And they are not Jews (or bread winners) ,
They are just nasty, filthy Muslims.

Tell them to cut off their beard
And uncover their faces (and their hair sheared) ,
Then tell them God's name is not Allah;
We say we are a great Christian nation
But, we are so scared (from creation) ,
So, let's send them all to Guatemala.

Let's shut down our borders
Let's give them all a test (Government orders) ,
Then we can see how they are bread;
I heard they all rape women
And they enjoy killing children (the demon) ,
And they carry swords to cut off our head.

They do not celebrate my Christmas
Nor color Easter eggs (them I cuss) ,
And they don't see Christ as our Lord and savior!
They are coming to take our lives
All they care about are guns (swords and knives) ,
Not letting them in, would be to our favor.

They all are killers and terrorists
All they do is make bombs (with closed fists) ,
I have heard that on the television news;
They don't believe in the sanctity of life
They just infest and destroy (from rife) ,
I wonder? are they like Hitler's Jews.

All Muslims they are evil
All Muslims should die (through their upheaval) ,
I wonder why God had created them;
We should kill them one and all

Just to end their disease (and their gaul) ,
Or me and you they will condemn.

Their children are their seed
They too are evil (they should not breed) ,
Band them all! I say that as well;
I don't care if they grieve and cry
Let them all starve and suffer (and die) ,
Then we can send them all to hell.

Let's not listen to their tears
Let us ignore their pleas (and fears) ,
Remember, they all are just Muslims;
Let's send them all back to Syria
Then we can clear our conscience (our criteria) ,
As they are nothing, but nasty, filthy Muslims.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Just One

With one hand I held your hand
And with the other hand I held to my heart
As you are the one who made me complete
So never from you will I leave or part.
With one voice I said that I loved you
But not for just today but forever more
And with that same voice I said that I need you
As you are the happiness that I was looking for.
With one arm I held you to protect you
And with the other arm, for you it will provide
To give you all you need or what you might want
While defending you and keeping you at my side.
With these fingers they will write for you
They will speak of our love and also your beauty
And also so proudly they will wear your ring
As that will be their joy my pride and also my duty.
With one eye I will look forward towards our future
And with the other one it will be here for us today
Always together they will be wanting just to see you
As you are the always for which I had prayed.
With one brain you are always on my mind
With one soul you are all that i've got
With one memory you are all that I want to reminisce
And with one smile you are whom I had sought.
With my life to you alone I do give
With you at my side I shall forever go on
Woman may remember and man he might forget
But GOD will know that all it took was just one.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Just One Sin

I do not rob and I will not ever steal
I donate money to help the poor to get their meal,
Never do I swear nor will I ever curse
My favorite readings has always been any Bible verse.
I am not bigoted or prejudice to any man
To help anyone, I will always do the best that I can,
I do not cheat and I will not ever lie
My acts or deeds will never bring a tear to my mother's eye.
Every night to the Lord I will always say my prayers
As I always worry about everyones needs and cares,
A Saint of course I never was, and I still am not
My own demons and temptations I have always fought.
I try to live the type of life that the Lord wants me to live
I always try to help others, and I don't care to give,
So, Lord this one question I ask you with shame and a slight grin
Could you please close your eyes, if I commit just one sin.
The sin that I want to commit is not from of hate, or evil, but for love
It's from the desires and needs you gave me from heaven above,
So, I will wait as in my prayers you will hear my plead and my petition
And then I will wait for either your denial, or your permission.
I do no like seeing any person hurt or used or being controlled
I do not like judgmental people who ridicule and mock and scold,
So, now I just want to better mine and another person's life
Lord, I would like to take without force or hate, another man's wife.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Kentucky Fallen

Lie all the fallen here in Kentucky
Underneath the blue skies and the bluegrass
Though they might be the few and not the lucky
But now in death, the angels above them will pass,
Those fallen will be remembered like the wildflower
With its golden plumes in the fall on the roadside
Tears will come to them like the afternoon shower
As they will always have our memories and our pride,
Unto the fallen will come the fragrance of the Honeysuckle
With that sweet smell that attracts the human soul
Upon that thought and memory my knees do buckle
Especially if they are looking down from a grassy knoll,
The fallen will be the music as it comes from the hills
To reflect the living of every child, woman and man
Lie me down to sleep as I listen to the whippoorwills
Then I will be remembered as a sportsman and fisherman,
Truly no man can decide where he is to be born
But many men can choose where they want to die
And many men will sit and they will mourn
If they are not buried underneath the Kentucky sky

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Kentucky Is My Land

Kentucky is my land
Kentucky is my hope
Kentucky is my heart
Kentucky is my soul.

Kentucky is my mountains
Kentucky is my Earth
Kentucky is my poems
Kentucky is my birth.

As I walk along the river
I watch in wonder as she flows
Up against my Kentucky land
As my Kentucky wind, gently blows.
So I sit and write of her beauty
I sit and write as I hold her hand
As Kentucky is my happiness
Kentucky, is this man.

Kentucky is my wonders
Kentucky is my dreams
Kentucky is my bluegrass
Kentucky is my trees.

Kentucky is the horses
Kentucky is the lakes
Kentucky is the people
Kentucky, I will never forsake.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Kiev

The city is burning so it is time for everyone to leave,
Let us pack up our bags and lets runaway from Kiev,
Bloodshed and screams is heard and seen everywhere,
Oh GOD where are you! Do you not hear our prayer.

No one has the right to think or the wanting to believe,
Let us gather our things together, let us all escape from Kiev,
No man wants to be bloodied and no woman wants to be a slave,
But, all deserves freedom and so fights the words of the brave.

No time to say a prayer and sadly no time for us to grieve,
Let us get our stuff together, and let's sneak away from Kiev,
The government has the power they control with the gun and the whip,
Let us now all stand together, and end this control and dictatorship.

The devil he will lie and of course the devil he will deceive,
The devil has found himself a home as now he is living inside Kiev,
He is against the european union and he stands for the Russian investor,
He hates all truth and freedom, and he despises the protestor.

It is time for us all to open our eyes and then we all will see,
As the plumes of black smoke billows over the city of Kiev,
Russian she might be the mother, but by God she is not the father,
The people of Ukraine are not the used and abused step-daughter.

It is time to look around us and let us stop being stupid and naive,
People are being murdered and killed inside the city of Kiev,
The government they don't care, they made a pact and they sold their soul,
What they couldn't legally control, they robbed and then they stole.

The outcome will be a certainly and freedom all will achieve,
When democracy and divorce comes to the city of Kiev,
Ukraine will stand for freedom, and Russia will stand all alone,
In Kiev the people will cheer, and the devil he will run away and moan.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Kiki The Pug

She waits so patiently at my front door
Always waiting for my arrival from work or the store
And when I arrive home she yaps and wags her tail
As though she is the huntress, and I am her quail,
She wants for nothing, but just to be at my side
And happy she is and her excitement she can't hide
All day long with me she wants to run and play
I know never from my side will she ever runaway,
She patrols my house during the day and night
Chasing away the critters that come into her sight
She'll sit at my side as though waiting for my command
And she always comes to attention, whenever I stand,
When the night arrives and I finally go to bed
She goes to her pillow and lays down her sleepy head
She waits for morning, just to be at my side once again
Her purpose to me is love, companionship, and comedian,
If people ever ignore me as though I am not there
I will look down at my side and I will see love and care
Indeed, Indeed truly, she is mans best friend
And she and I will be together, until the very end.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Kill Them All

Why not kill all the Muslims
Let's drag them off and shoot them all dead,
Then let us capture all that worship Islam
And then we can also cut off that demon's head;
Then let us take care of all of the Jews
Let's stomp on them as we would cockroaches,
Then our Christian religion will be the only one left
As the end of our days approaches.
Though we all share the very same GOD
The one GOD whom has had many different sons,
But, they are not Christians so they all must die
So, let us gather up all of our ropes, knives and guns;
Their religions are not ours, so they all must be liars
So, we must hunt them and their religions all down together,
Those who are not Christians speak not of peace and love
And then when they are gone, we Christians can then kill each other.
Though our GOD says that we should not ever kill
Wasn't he just talking about us Christians and no others
With our Catholics, Baptists, Lutherans, Methodists and other denominations
Aren't Muslims and Jews also our sisters and brothers;
In the beginning there was just Adam and Eve
They had the very same father, but alas a different belief
But, then their children like all children went their own separate ways
So, we must hate others as their religion only lies and deceive.
I read the Bible, and they read the Koran and the Torah
But, aren't they all just books no one truly knowing the true scribes
Then I think about the great crusades and the ethic cleansing
Now I wonder if they were just influenced by prejudice and bribes;
Let us kill all Muslims and Jews until all their worshippers are dead
Let us not allow any religion to hold on to any reign,
As we all must happily wipe out all the Muslims and the Jews
Then under GOD's grace? Should only us Christians remain.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Killing Beasties

She says that she will not kill a mouse
Even if it's running rampant in her house,
Though it is a nasty diseased ridden pest
It's still a creation of God, on a scavenging quest.

Upon a fly she will not ever use a swatter
Even though it's just a tiny, filthy, nasty squatter,
Though it's a nuisance and it contaminates the food
To kill it would be an evil, and unto all angel's rude.

If she ever sees a bug crawling upon the floor
She will not step on it, she'll just toss it out the door,
Even though it's a sickening, tainted little creature
They all have a right to live, as quoted by her preacher.

She believes that all of God's entities deserve to live
Even if a fright and a disease is all that they can give
But, if an immigrant or Muslim ever catches her eye
Sinfully she hopes that they suffer, and then die.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Killing The World

He raped hard workers and a young girl
Now he wants to rape our world,
He wants to destroy life where you and I dwell
He wants to make our world a living hell.
Scientists and news agency's they all are a fraud
Spoke the man who believes he knows more than God,
He wants a world with polluted waters and air
So, up towards the heaven we can never again stare.
He doesn't care how it effects either you or me
As long as he makes millions for any oil company,
He believes that greed and corruption must always come first
While pollutants into our world will be disbursed.
The oceans will flood and the sun will disappear
Then the world will become chaotic with revolution and fear,
The Bible has said, that the world will mourn and wither
As also spoke the snake, and away it did slither.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Knife On The Table

Upon the table their laid my knife
Just a simple tool of help and also strife,
Harmless and peaceful when left all alone
That can cut a slice of bread, or to stab to the bone.

I looked at the knife at where it laid
Still memorized by its sharp, silvery blade,
But, what are the thoughts that's in the brain
Will it be used for comfort, or maybe to inflict pain.

So, there still lies the knife upon the table
To pick it up and use it am I that strong and stable,
But, of course that takes a certain state of mind
As it can be used to help, or to destroy mankind.

Though the knife is only a simple un-mechanized object
Which can cut and slice and also to stab and nick,
But, in the right or wrong hand the knife can take control
It can help feed a person, or it can release their soul.

The knife it still lies upon my kitchen tabletop
Which has been used to mince and slice and also to chop,
And I have a Bible which rests upon my bedroom dresser
A similar tool, but this one is my soul's confessor.

Like the knife the Bible too has its use
But, with the wrong person it can cause suffering and abuse,
The Bible can save the soul for our life after death
And the knife, it can cause a person to take their last breath.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Knocking At My Front Door

I hear a knock, knock, knocking at my front door,
Which awakens me so very early in the morning;
But, to that announcement I vigorously ignore;
As I take that sound as a bad sign and a warning.

Who could that be that is on my front stoop;
Who is that knocking at my door so early in the A.M
Is it just one person, or maybe it is a group;
Who is it that is causing all of this mayhem?

Who could be the person that is disturbing my sleep,
Or who are the people that want to awaken me;
Does someone want me to worry, or cause me to weep,
What do they want of me, to GOD I do plea.

Ring, ring, ring, now goes my doorbell,
It seems like now their strategy has changed;
Maybe it is a terrorist, or maybe it is a rebel,
Or maybe, it is just someone who is deranged.

I peer out my window so I can see who is there;
But, when I look out I cannot see anyone at all,
Maybe they are hiding, or maybe me they want to scare;
So opening my front door, I still nervously stall.

Silence, Silence, Silence that is all that I hear,
As all of the pounding and ringing has now ended,
Now my curiosity has replaced my terror and my fear,
I think maybe the bad people have been apprehended.

So, I ponder as I slowly turn my front doorknob;
While I rethink of the knocking and the ringing of the bell;
It couldn't have been a person to hurt me, or me to rob;
And certainly it wasn't a salesperson with something to sell.

Maybe (I think) it is the delivery of a prize that I have won,
Or maybe, it is someone who is repaying an old forgotten debt,
It could be my mother, or perhaps it might be my son,
I now excitedly open my door; but whomever once was there, now has left.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Knowing Of A Tree

It is a good thing indeed
When someone plants a seed
And to watch and help it grow
So someday, it to be a tree.
It is a good thing in truth
When a tree brings forth its fruit
Or to shade someone's head
Or its branch be a robins nest.
It is good when a tree is used
By nature, or by me or you
To protect or shelter lives
For a tree; it never dies.
A tree is someone's home
A tree is someone's good book
A tree is never alone,
For to know a tree, all you do; is look.
It is good to plant a tree
It is good to plant a seed
For someday it will be grown
And a tree, will be known.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Laid Off

The company will laugh and management will scoff
Just because of them, I will be getting laid off,
They lied and they robbed their own company blind
While I and others were being forced to work overtime.
Now, I don't have a job anymore and it's because of them
I am one of the hundreds to suffer from core to stem,
My job wasn't being sent away to another country
Management just wanted to see the working man suffer and plea.
Not one of the bosses knows how to work my job
But, they do know how to fire, and contract out and rob,
Now, I must clear out my locker and walk out the gate
And then look for another job, and maybe even relocate.
The bosses have lined their pockets as they gorged and stole
I wondered most of the time, if they even had a soul,
Some bosses retired and some others did resign
But, because of them! I must stand in the unemployment line.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Last Judgment

When I meet my creator at the last judgment
A tear in my hand to him will be my only present,
I will not present him with a list of people that I have hated
Nor, will I show him the lives that I had soured and that I fated,
I wish that I could give him a list of people that I had saved or healed
But I can't! But happily there is no souls that I neglected or killed;
I know there are just two things that we are charged for in this life,
One is to live with our mistakes, and the other is to learn from our strife.

Upon that judgment day when to my creator I am announced
I hope that he will not let my soul be renounced,
In my hand to my creator I will present him my last tear
Which will be created by sobbing and worrying that I had refused to hear,
I hope for him to show me pity from the life that I did live
Then on my knees to him, I will plead and beg him to forgive;
We are all just charged with just two tasks to which we will condemn,
One is that we all make mistakes, and the other is that we will learn from them.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Last Night, I Died

Last night, I died
And there was nobody there,
There was no one for me to speak to
Except for GOD; who I did in a prayer.
I then asked GOD to forgive me
And please, erase the sins of this man,
Then I asked him to watch over my family and friends
And then I asked him to please; hold my hand.
And as I laid there dying
Unto GOD I freely spoke,
I thanked him for all the gifts that he gave me,
And I thanked him for all the words that I wrote.
Then I closed my eyes and I had memories
But, not of the bad times, only the good,
Then I thought of the people that I had loved and trusted,
Not because I had to, but because I should.
And while I was there still all alone
Waiting for death to take my life,
I began to cry, but not for myself
But, for my son, and the woman I called wife.
Then I thought in Heaven who would walk with me
When I arrived, in my new home,
Then I thought who would be with me
Or in Heaven I thought, would I walk alone.
And as I waited for my life to end
I worried as I began to think of everyone else,
The sting of death really didn't bother me,
But, only knowing, that I would die by myself.
And then at last death, it came
And there for me, no one had cried,
Because no one knew that I had left this world
Because no one knew, that last night I had died.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Last Word Spoke

What will be the last word upon my lips
When from my body my soul death strips,
Will it be a friend's name to whom I wish to say goodbye
Or maybe it will just be a very long tiresome sigh.
Perhaps though I might just speak out a curse
To that special someone who treated me the worse,
I still wonder what will be the last syllable that I might utter
Or maybe, incoherently I might just mutter.

It took me years to speak my very first word
That is why now I make sure that I am always heard,
Every night before bed my prayers I will always pray
I so, enjoy ending my day with a devotion to say.
But, someday I know that my words will come to an end
I won't have anything to say to family members or a friend,
So, my last word I must choose with great detail and thought
And when it is spoken! I wonder what emotion will be brought.

I still will write and of course I will always speak
Someday, all the words I have spoken them I will seek,
I will still verbalize my hatred and my sadness and my pain
My words will always fall continuously like the cold rain.
Of all the words that I have read or have ever known
The words I have written, or the ones that I thought I did own,
If my conscience is asleep or even if I just awoke
Of mine I wonder, what will be my very last word spoke.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Laws Of Man

Someday, I will say goodbye to all of man's laws
Abiding to them I will have to no more
I will shun any contract, will, or a document clause
Then all of man's laws I will be able to finally ignore,
I won't have to worry about a subpoena in the mail
Or the knock of the sheriff at my front door
I won't need to worry about paying a fine or bail
To laws I will not have to abide to them anymore,
No longer will I worry about getting a ticket
As to all laws I will have said my goodbyes
Nor will I worry about being fined if I did picket
No longer by law will I be forced or coerces to apologize,
Never again will I be forced to go to any court
While listening to an adult who wears only a robe
No longer the laws of man will I want to support
Either here or anywhere around the globe,
All laws that I know they should be eradicated
They should be replaced with just common sense
We need not be governed we need to be sophisticated
Laws should be a protection and not a defense,
No law should be created to make any man rich
Laws should be established to help nature and the poor
Laws made by man should be buried into a ditch
But one day I will worry about them not anymore,
In my thoughts and soul there is no more churning
We are all helpless in the face of our own destiny
What I had felt once before it is no longer concerning
Myself being and my belief is sadly my inevitably,
Legal actions no longer will I need to pursue
Of all laws I swear that someday them I will ban
It's true when you die you can't take your wealth with you
But happily, neither do you take the laws of man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Lawyers And Politicians

These words I find to be both true and profound
In heaven a politician will never be found
And a rich person with greed will not be heaven bound
And when a lawyer dies, he will be screwed into the ground
These words that I have heard are both wise and true
What you have practiced on Earth you will always pursue
A wise man is wise as all corruption he has bid adieu
And in Heaven there is no offices, and GOD you cannot sue.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Laying Sick

She laid sick in her bed
Sometimes motionless as if she were dead,
She hates being there confined
That is not how her life is defined.
She is more than just a stunner
She is indeed a runner,
No food or help does she seek
She has had no appetite for a week.
Into life and adventure, she once sprang
She, of course, is the wild mustang,
She is not known as a quitter or a setter
Her fight she will win and she will get better.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Learn My Son

Learn my Son, my Mother said
From the things you've seen
To the things you have read,
For there is so much knowledge,
In our small World,
And when you learn it my son
It will become your pearl,
As you will shine it
And you will refine it
You will then display it proudly,
You will then profess it
A then you will confess it
And you will brag of it loudly.
Learn my son, my Mother spoke
As she talked from wisdom of age
As you can learn from many things,
Or by simply turning a page.
You can learn from a tree
If you would sit and watch a seed,
You can even learn from a poor man,
Just look upon his face, and you will be he.
Learn my son, my Mother cried
As tears came to her eyes
You can learn from tears and also smiles
You can even learn from a Child,
You can even learn, from me,
When I pass through my life,
You can learn from all men's brothers
And why some only wish to die.
So take your knowledge and store it well
Protect it from all other men
For some Men need, what other men own.
And they will steal it as surely as you stand.
And when the years go by, and you're old and gray
In your mind many things will flow,
Some men have their wealth, many Men their gold
But their will be nothing more precious;
Than what you will know.....

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Leave Behind

No man will I leave behind
But the liars and adulterers I will leave alone
As they are no longer any children of mine
And for their soul and salvation I will no longer moan.
I will not listen to them when they speak
As they have mocked me with what I have said
As they were never strong but always weak
And easily through evil and temptation they were led.
They walk the paths that sinners have walked
As for them it was an easier road to travel
Then they try to confuse the good with their talk
Now their sins of their souls will unravel.
I will forget them all as though they have no name
Never again for them will I shed another tear
As they never cared about others suffering or pain
And so for them I will never be here.
When they are trouble again I will not care
When they get on their knees to pray I will not hear
I will not listen to them in their thoughts or prayer
Even when their souls are full of hate and even fear
A man is honest and is never a liar or a cheat
And he listens to and obeys the laws of man and mine
In heaven someday him I will happily meet and greet
Because no man, will I ever leave behind.

Randy McClave

Leave With Grace

To all of my friends I will say goodbye
But I hope my end will not be until years from now
So let us joke and laugh and let us not cry
I will be here for you my friends that I do vow.

Let's celebrate life while I am living
While I am still happy and virile and very fit
I want to hear songs and jokes with no grieving
And you my friends I will never forget.

So I say to you each one and all
With this smile projecting from my face
Let us not get angry and let us not brawl
Let's meet like a storm and leave with grace.

Randy McClave

Leaves On A Tree

Like the tree with many colored leaves
We are a country of many different beliefs,
We are a diverse nation for the many
And we are the melting pot for any.

We are not one just religion or one race
Just come and look upon our face,
You will see us all, and our own heritage
To stand united, we will that I pledge.

We fight, but we will also stand together
Lady liberty she is still our mother,
We say welcome to all that comes to our land
And for their right for freedom we will stand.

We are the rich and we are the poor
We are the citizens from shore to shore,
Justice for us all, liberty holds the weights
We are the people of the United States.

When our flag flutters in the wind
A message to the rest of the world it will send,
We are a country with many languages and different voices
For freedom and independence our soul rejoices.

As a family in this country we all belong
Our people are proud and our land is strong,
We stand upon our feet and not upon a bent knee
As we look upon the leaves upon a tree.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Leaving Love

I have loved you since the day we met
And I will love you until that day I die,
I will love you until, my heart stands still
And then GOD, he will hear me cry.
I have loved you since I saw your face
And I will love you when I am old and blind
I will think of you in poems and songs
Whenever or wherever my life is defined.
I place my head into my hand
As I write out this very last poem
I now wipe away a tear, though not from fear
Because now, I must leave you alone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Let Me Be

Though you might show a hundred different faces
I am only on that need to know bases,
If I want to know your story for that very next minute
I will then let you know, but I won't be in it.
If you believe that you need me to help you grow
I might be there for cognitive empathy, I will let you know,
But, please don't include me in that emotional plan
Even if you believe that with my support, you can.
I don't need to know about your future or your past
In your drama I don't need to be a member of your cast,
If you still think that I need to know your life's story
Please, take the batteries out of that childhood toy.
I like keeping things in the moment and the easy
I don't like the filth, or the turmoil, or the sleazy,
Some people want theatrics and crisis, but not me
So, with your problems and your worries, let me be.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Let Me In

Let me in, inside of you
With my love let it soothe
Taking you up, and lying you down
Riding with you all around.
Let me in, inside of you
The voice I heard it speak
I'll tell you things, you never known
And places you've always wished.
I'll tell you things no one knows
Places only I have seen
I'll show you how true loves grows
And what makes all man weak.
Then I'll tell you why women cry
For the love, they'll soon deny
Then I'll show you love inside of us
That's always been out of sight.
Let me in - inside of you
I'll show you many things
I'll show you champions, I'll show you kings
While I'm inside your dreams,
I'll be with you every night
Answers to you I will give
I will show you love, then I'll show you hate
I'll show you love so true
Then I'll tell you why, lovers cry
If you let me; inside of you..

Randy McClave

Let The Sword's Rust

People are still fighting
Enough! , is Enough!
Lets lay down our arms
And let, the swords rust.
Lets throw away the guns
And explode all the bombs
Lets save all the children
Before they are all gone.
Lets end all this fighting
Enough has finally came
By ending all this killing
And its senseless pain.
Now the time is at hand
Lets all quieten to a hush
And throw down our arms,
And let, the swords rust.

Randy McClave

Let Us Teach

Freedom, freedom they shouted

Freedom, freedom they cried

Freedom, freedom some ignored and flouted,

Freedom, freedom; then that voice died;

But, freedom it had survived.

Equality, equality was preached

Equality, equality was demanded

Equality, equality was then breached,

Equality, equality was then stranded;

But, equality was finally reached.

Peace, peace for it they paraded

Peace, peace for it they prayed

Peace, peace then the voices all faded,

Peace, peace many forgot and forbade;

But, peace..... It stayed.

Freedom, equality and peace

They must and will go together hand in hand,

No one! Has the right to cause them to cease

No one! By a request or by any demand.

In this time of life and living, we all deserve an equal piece,

I say freedom for all! Equality forever! And, peace let us teach!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Let's Build The Wall

Let's build us a wall to keep everyone out
Let's build us a wall even if they scream and shout,
To the heavens it must rise to protect us one and all
Then we all will be finally defended, so let's build us a wall.
Around the wall we won't need any windows or doors
So, no one can peer in as we hide behind our shores,
On the outside of the wall we should also bury mines
And also place, "Sold", "Get Out!" and "Not
Welcome" signs

Let's build us a wall, so that we can keep ourselves in
Let's speak the same language and have the same colored skin,
With the same religion, we can all share the same belief
And we will have no more poor or the needy, or sadness and grief.
There will be no more murders or killers inside our blockade
And no more rapists or immigrants no one will be afraid,
Now we all can stand brave and proud and independent and tall
When we all get together and build ourselves, the wall.

Let's build us a wall that no man could ever destroy
Let's build it strong and fortified, so that God it will annoy,
On the wall we can post signs or draw religious graffiti
The wall will even overshadow, "The Statue Of Liberty";
We will become a country club, only a few will be allowed
Remember we are Americans, free and independent and proud,
Now we can build ourselves a wall that we all can stand behind
Now from foreigners and other beliefs we can be callous and blind.

Let's build us a wall like the Russians once did
Let's build it to last forever, so no one will know what we did,
And then if anyone ever asks us did the wall make us humble
We will then remember the walls of Jericho; all walls will crumble.
A fence makes a good neighbor, but a wall will make a foe
And from stone or steel or concrete nothing good will ever grow,
Hatred, bigotry and prejudice is all that it will protect and yield
So, let us all come together, as we have a wall to build.

Randy L. McClave

Let's Pollute

Let's pollute all the rivers and all of the streams
To accomplish millionaires and coal owner's dreams,
Let's then poison all the wildlife and also all the fish
Accomplishing again, billionaires and mine owners ultimate wish.
Let's then call an end to the EPA
While the balancing scales of our morals should not ever weigh,
We will have contaminants in our water from acid mine runoff
So, we can get sick or die while we cough, cough, cough.
For sins to each other we all can be forgiven
Sadly through the devil, that is how many of us are driven,
But, when God comes to visit this world once again
He will shake his head because of pollution, and not for man's sin.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Letter From A Girlfriend

I am tired of cheap hotels and one night stands
All that I want is love and holding hands,
I don't want to be that whisper underneath someone's breath
And I don't want to live in remorse or in regret;
I do not want to be characterized as loose, cheap or easy
That is not me, and I am not immoral or sleazy,
I am a good person with a good soul who is just confused
And I am just tired of being hurt and also being used;
When I walk down the street I don't want to walk in shame
As I have done nothing wrong, so I don't want anyone's blame,
I do not want any whistles or flirts or even a wink
And if I am at a bar, don't think I can be bought with a drink;
I am looking for a love and only one true connection
Where I can be happy and content with a fond reflection,
And when I find that one person I will feel complete
He will accept me for whom I am, true and honest and I will not cheat;
Remember there is more to me than a kiss or a jump in the bed
There are thoughts and ideas plus there are worries and dread,
I want you to know there is more to me than what you can see
And when I am with the one I care for, I become their devotee;
No! I do not want to be called just for some fun
I am tired of all those games and with running around I am done,
I want good conversations and long thought-out plans
But, what I want most of all, is just holding hands.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Letter To The Devil

Old, old Nick, why do you do the things that you do
With all the grief and turmoil you enjoy putting me through,
Why do you always enjoy throwing these temptations up at me
Why do you like to see me, screaming in pain and also in agony.
Is that your main enjoyment seeing me in misery, sadness and grief,
Why do you want me to be like you, a liar, a cheat and also a thief.

Hateful Deceiver, why do you enjoy so much to deceive
When I fall in love or want to trust you cause me not to believe,
Do you feel any better when I am down and depressed
Does it make you happy and joyful because of my unrest.
Do you enjoy laughing at me when I suffer and I hurt,
Why from my way of life do you always want me to convert.

Demon, why do you hate and loathe me so much
You! I have never seen or cursed or even the such,
You once were loved like how I wished and want to be loved
Now in my mind there is hate and its torment that you have shoved.
But, now you are hated and despised and also feared,
When you see me angry that is from the evil you have cheered.

Beelzebub, I just need to know, so I must ask you why
Why do you enjoy it when people scream, suffer and also cry,
Why do you enjoy it when you hear of murder, rape and lust
You bring me nausea, distaste, hatefulness and of course distrust.
Why in man's suffering and heartbreak and anguish you must revel,
Please tell me why you are the way you are..... Devil!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Liar

If only I had thought prior
Then I would have known who was a liar
But of course I believed and trusted
And in the end a liar is always busted
Must we lose all hope and belief
Thinking everyone is lying through their teeth
Or must we be hurt all over again
While taking another shot upon the chin
Some people are sellers and some are buyers
Others are honest and many are liars
When we are prepared and expecting the truth
We do not need to be a detective or a sleuth
All any of us want is a sincere honesty
And not a pardon or an amnesty
In life and in a person's word I want to be a believer
I don't want to listen to a liar or a deceiver
Some people are cold and some are warm
Many are actors who are ready to perform
Liars are strangers and some could be a friend
I guess God, and not me, will sort them all in the end.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Lied And Cheated

As she had lied and also cheated
With sins before she had repeated
So after all of her sins and lusting
I find her both sinful and disgusting
Goodness in her finally was defeated.

She walks the trail she walked before
Not only as a woman but as a whore
To ridicule and label herself once again
In front of all, even GOD and men
Never will she be loved or ever adored.

She tell her lies and speaks them well
She craves not heaven but only hell
With not passion or virtue or morality
And with only the presence of venality
Her soul and conscience was an easy sale.

She hides the truth so others will not see
Of her life and truth and what she believes
But someday the truth upon her will fall
She had once walked but now she will crawl
And then they too will see that disease.

Soon she will be humbled and not conceited
As on that day she will be judged and greeted
She will seek forgiveness from one and another
But the cries of her sins she wont be able to smother
And it all began, when she first had lied and cheated.

Randy McClave

Life

Life is measured by consequences and deeds
How one lived their life and helped those in need
By the journeys taken and the dreams we did seek
And not accepting sin or temptation when the soul was weak

Life always begins here and it ends way over there
It starts with a birth and always ends with a prayer
Loved ones will remember with a kindness and care
As sinners and the unrighteous will be remembered with a stare

Life is learning every day as we get older
To say no to temptation and yes to truth as we get bolder
In life our journey must be truthful and straight forward
Not a life of lying and cheating and looking over ones shoulder.

Randy McClave

Life Goes On

Even if your dead and gone,
Life goes on,
Life is like a spinning top
It will wobble, but it won't stop.
And when your life does end,
A new adventure is ready to begin.

If you are a captured pawn,
The game still goes on,
Even though all moves are not the same
It is still the identical game.
Even when life ridicules,
We all follow the very same rules.

Even if you think that you're all knowing,
You are still growing,
Your life is only yours to live
The world will not end if you do not give.
Remember there is always a new dawn,
Even when, you won't go on.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Life Is A Drink

With a full glass in front of me, I think
Isn't life a lot like this cold, cold drink,
It's filled to the brim full of desire for temptation
First look of it, it is just pleasure and anticipation,
It quenches the thirst and satisfies the mind
Whatever I need or want, it is now easy to find,
I bring the drink to my dry, thirsty and waiting lips
I look and analyze it first, before taking the first sips,
Slowly I take a swallow to quench the thirst
Now what was bad in my life, it really isn't the worst,
Then I sit my drink on the table, and it's half gone
Should I wait a while I think, as life quickly passes on,
I sit and watch the moving and the dancing bubbles in my glass
Like positions in life, around each other they would quickly pass,
And when they reach to the surface it is their end
It is so much like life when we pass or forget a dear friend,
When one bubble has ended another slowly will appear
I slowly take another drink, for that sadness and the fear,
I then set my drink back upon the coaster and the mat
But, I can't keep it there too long, or my drink like life will go flat,
I finally finish my thinking as I finished my last drink
Life is a lot like a beverage, I truthfully and honestly think.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Life You Chose

You became a liar
You became a cheat
You became disrespectful
To all that you do meet.
You became an adulterous
Or should I say once again
You also became a thief
To satisfy your ways and whim.
You became a user
You became a coward
You became soulless
As you seek no higher power.
You became the proof
That no one should be like you
including your children and family
Or the people that you once knew.
You have become hated
You became unfaithful
You have become untrue
And you have become so cruel.
You have become the person
That gives out sadness and woe
And all person's that remember you
Will say It's the life that you chose.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Life's Journey

At the start of our life's quest
We are ready and prepared to compete,
Some are given the rocky path
While others will take to the concrete,
Some will walk upon a smooth calm road
While others will take the busy street,
Some will be carried and pampered
While others will bruise and burn their feet;
At the end of our life's odyssey
At that finish line we all will greet,
We all will be tired and hungry
But, we will be strengthened, and we'll fill complete,
When our being is over, it is over
Life and its race we cannot ever repeat,
At the end of all of life's journeys
All the roads, they all will meet.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Life's Numbers

First, all we want is to survive,
Thirst then overcomes us so we thrive.

Second, comes the need and then the desire,
Beckoned as though the calling the moth to the fire.

Third, comes the hunger so we search for meat,
Heard is our stomachs complaining, so we kill and eat.

Fourth, comes the urges so we look for a mate,
Forth we will go and search as destiny is our date.

Fifth, we learn and discover and then we begin to ask why,
Myth is we never understand or learn, and then we die.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Life's Payment

The Devil will take you by the hand
And then he will tell you not to fear
His beliefs and ways you will understand
As he becomes your puppeteer,
You will walk the road that he has paved
Excuses will be the answers for your evil and sin
Then while you're heading for your grave
Only then will you understand the evil within.
GOD will try to take hold of your hand
And will lead you away from sin and transgression
In return truth and righteousness he will demand
And no more hate, or greed, or aggression,
Man knows in life what to withstand
And as the wise man to me once did say
If the devil takes you by the hand,
GOD; will make you pay.

Randy McClave

Like Her Mum

She's just like her mum
Her dad did say,
As we sat and spoke for a bit.
So sad are the things
That she has done to you,
In my heart there is another candle unlit.
My poor little lassie
She has done it again
That son, is why that I am crying,
As what she has done to you
Was also done to me before,
And I too, felt like dying.
Her Mum whom I loved
With all of my heart
Did to me the very same things.
She went behind my back
More than once in our life
Then forgot about me and our rings.
All these excuses that she gave
And all the times that she lied
Finally came, and caught up with her.
Now she walks in her shame
From day unto day,
Never knowing what has, occurred.
But my poor young lassie
I pity her so
And the life that she is trying to live,
She will blame all of her faults
On her Mum and maybe even me
And now probably you, I do believe.
Inside of my own heart
As to me, her dad did speak
There are many candles that are unlit,
From the sadness that she caused
And the pain that she had dealt
My heart has become an empty pit.
And sadly I know one day
And it will be because of my Lassie
The candles will be gone, and I will had cried,

And this you will know my son
When my light and sunshine are gone
Of course so will I, as I will had died.
She is just like her Mum
Again her dad did say
As we had just finished our talk,
I can see it in her eyes
And I hear it when she speaks
I can even see it in her walk.
I feel so very sorry for you
What you have seen and what you have felt
Of all the wickedness my Lassie has done,
But sadly you are not the first
And you will not be the last,
As She is, just like Her Mum.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Lisa Was Mad

Lisa was mad and very livid
Her actions and motives were very vivid,
She was so angry that she wanted to beat some ass
And she didn't care if it was that of a lad or a lass.
So when I saw her coming I got out of her way
Then of course on my knees for some poor soul I did pray.
In her heart there is love, but also stupidity
She doesn't care for wants or cupidity,
Anger and a rebellion you will find hidden in Lisa
Sadly you will never find the mercy, of a Mother Teresa.
If you are looking for forgiveness best look somewhere else
But, first hide your shoes and boots and all your belts.

Lisa just wants to be loved by just one man
That is her only belief, and her own life's plan,
Someone to take care of her, and for her to take care of him
But, of course that is my summation and just a prelim.
To give her joy and happiness will make a life worth living
But to do the opposite, in your life you will be the one grieving.
She is a caring and loving woman, which is true
The hope of being a mother, and a wife is her life's main venue,
But, when you press upon her with your attitude and your might
That gentle woman is ready to throw down and fight.
Do good unto her, and her feelings you better never shun
But, if you do, you had better put on your shoes and run.

Beautiful Lisa though she was born a true blond
But, a meanness and an evil in her has been spawned,
Though either by GOD, or by her parents her soul was misread
That Lassie should not have been born blond, but instead a redhead.
To do her right you would find the love of your life
She would be that one woman, to take home to be your wife.
But, to do her wrong, you might end up in the hospital or even jail
Then instead of having breakfast, she would be waiting for the bail,
Maybe she is feeling lonely and unappreciated and just very sad
Because, last night Lisa was livid and was so very mad.
Never do her wrong no matter how lightly that you might rub
If you err against her, she will come after you, like a demon with a club.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Listen

If we don't listen to GOD
Then who do we hear,
If we don't listen to righteousness
Then what do we fear.
If we don't believe in anything
Then why do we have faith,
If we don't believe in salvation
Then where does our soul escape.
If we don't believe in sin
Then should we believe in lust,
If we don't believe in marriage
Then should we not believe in love.
If we don't believe in life
Then should we believe only in death,
If we don't believe in living
Then should we wait for our last breath.
If we don't believe in our spouse
Then who else should we believe,
If we don't trust our neighbors
Then where else should our trust be.
If we don't always speak the truth
Should we believe in what others say,
If we don't believe there is a GOD
Then to who do we need to pray.

RANDY L. MCCLAVE

Randy McClave

Listen To My Breath

Listen; to my breath
Hear it as it stutters
Observe it, as it shutters
Then listen, for my death.

Once, it eagerly breathed out life
It blew smoke circles in the air
It blew through a lovers hair
But, now there is a pain and strife.

It was used once to blow a whistle
And make bubbles in a glass of milk
Then inside water and it's ilk
And it was used in the sound of my dismissal.

I used it to blow out my birthday candles
And to relieve the pain from a needles scratch
And also to blow out a match
And it whispered, into the ears of vandals.

Listen, now listen closely to my breath
Listen..... For now it is gone
It left me with my final yawn
Then in the air was a gasp, with meth.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Listening

Shhhhhh; and listen

Do you not hear what they are saying

Sometimes it's in the air before a christen

People will be murmuring instead of praying,

Did you not hear their idea or their thought

Maybe it's about the rich or maybe the poor

But, it is always heard before the first gun shot

Maybe it's about an affair or a robbery, or maybe it's a war;

Is it possible someone had some secret surgery

Or maybe some sad person is getting a divorce

Perhaps someone knows of someone who had committed perjury

Or maybe someone is happy when they should be showing remorse;

Listen, is it a fact or the gospel or is it just a rumor

Take heed before any truths that you can't confer

Maybe someone has cancer or maybe a tumor

But, remember this; everything always starts with a whisper.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Listening To My Mom

I should had listened to my mother
But, of course I never did,
She cared for me more than any other
But, her I ignored and from her I hid.
She told me never to play with matches
So, of course I never listened and I got burnt,
Now I wear all my burns and other scratches
From not listening to my mom, I learnt.
She told me that I must finish high-school
But, for any school I was too smart,
Then I couldn't find myself a job, I was the fool
So, now my learning again it must start.
Mom always told me never to smoke
So, I smoked a pack of cigarettes every day,
Then I had myself a stroke
How I wished to mom's words I did obey.
She told me to always to save my money
So, I ignored her once again,
I spent my cash for women and my honey
And always for the occasion temptation and sin.
Mom was happy for me when I got married
And saddened when I got divorced,
For a time she wasn't worried or harried
My first marriage she whole heartily endorsed.
When I was married I was a happy man
My life for me completely turned around,
Then I ignored mom's blessings, so I ran
Though I truly was heaven bound.
My mom's advice I would never accept
So, I kept making my many stupid mistakes,
Never did I know that is why my mother wept
Which also caused my own heartaches.
Then once again my mother I ignored
When I quickly found myself another bride,
The marriage wasn't blessed by mom or by the Lord
To them both, my new wife and I had lied.
Then again there was another divorce
But, this time it wasn't my fault,
Now I am happy with no sadness or remorse

As I told my soon to be ex to hit the asphalt.
One thing from my life I have learned
Many of my decisions were stupid and dumb,
Seems like for good advice I never yearned
I should had always first listened to my mom.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Little Baby (Unknown)

Little baby who violently from your mother was torn
When they all deemed it was unworthy for you to be born,
Now no one will ever worry about listening to you cry
As they all sat and watched, and assisted as you did die;
So, I wonder if anyone will ever mourn.

Little baby from desires you were indeed created
But, sadly for you, a wanting mother you were not fated,
An accident and or a mistake you will be remembered and called
Sadly for her, you will never be loved or enthralled;
One might only think! Why were you loathed and hated?

Little baby you will not be remembered by a tombstone
And for that baby, no one will ever reflect back and moan,
Or maybe that baby was just a dream, and it never really existed
I wonder if in GOD's 'BOOK OF LIFE' if it's being was already listed;
But, who knows or cares, as it's name and life will never be known.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Little Bird

I watch you timid and scared little bird
As you peck for food from the ground
Sadness for you it has occurred
Today for you, no food will be found,
The wind is cold and again she'll blow
Scattering all morsels so far away
Your next adversity will be the snow
Upon your search, it too will weigh,
You search the yard all over once again
You peck and peck searching for a bite
But being fed, sadly you do not know when
You ready yourself again to take flight,
I toss you crumbs so you will not die
But the wind it does not care about you
She blows her breath she will not comply
Because of her, you must bid adieu,
I open my window so you to enter my home
Then I left a plate of food upon the floor
But you know I am here, and you're not alone
So now I welcome you through my front door,
If I could only transform myself into a bird
Happily and hungrily would you accept this food
But I am not GOD, and a man is not preferred
As one must be trusted and the faith renewed.

Randy McClave

Little Jackson

Little Jackson, he hates the poor
As that is how he was raised,
If he ever sees them suffering or even begging
He sings hallelujah and then to GOD he gives praise.
When he has an extra dime, he never gives it to the needy
Instead he bounces it off the head of the poor, and gives it to the greedy.

Little Jackson, he hates welfare
He thinks that if people don't work, they should just starve,
He has turned a deaf ear to their needs and wants
Especially at Christmas time when a turkey is carved.
He believes that in his life there is only one plead
For him to be happy, and others not to worry about or feed.

Little Jackson, he hates the low income
But, of course they are not his problems at all,
His parents preached that if they don't work they should die
So, the beliefs of his parents he will always remember and recall.
The friends that he has, they are of all one social standing
They mock the poor! and the needy they are always branding.

Little Jackson, he hates the impoverished
And to help? he doesn't, his parents have done the research,
They all are lazy and shiftless and drug induced beggars
So, he never gives donations to them when he goes to church.
I wonder about little Jackson, does he pray when he goes to bed
Because of his parents' belief, another Jackson somewhere is dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Little Man Syndrome

He is though a very short man
To the world he must always prove himself
Tired of woman laughing when he walks by
And hates it when children calls him an elf.
When other man talks he always shouts
When other men walks he has to run
As though his disease his known to himself
As what he has is the little man syndrome.
So he goes out and buys himself a bike
And then buys a pair of high heel boots
He wants people to think he is truly a man
He even sometimes wears a small boys suit.
He has a short temper as he is a short man
Some times he tries to tell others want to do
But he gets ignored which is quite common
To the world his existence he must always prove.
He drinks and smokes to make himself feel tall
Must lie and steal at what other men do own
Always has seconds to what other other men had first
In the world of man he is always alone.
When he walks he must walk on his toes
Sadly he is shorter than all man and all child
And when he's with a woman she hunches her back
So she can help him feel tall every once in a while.
When others get taller he grows not at all
He is the same size as when he was a child
So the very little man has little small hands
And everything or one he touches he will defile.
He thinks he is tough but that is an act
As he cowers to everyone that he will meet
He will run and hide and cant fight his own fight
As a man he isn't he cant stand on his own two feet.
When he take his picture he stands on a chair
While all others will sit as he must always stand
But no matter what he does or what he wears
Everyone know the syndrome of the little man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Little Weed

Poor little weed you just want to survive

But, I am sorry to say, "I will not let you thrive",

Wherever I might see you growing, I will always pull you up

I will end your life, then I will toss you away like a paper cup.

Wherever you try to grow whether in the dirt or under a stone

I will destroy you, and I will make sure that your seeds are not sewn

When you begin to appear between the cracks of the concrete

I must always step on you and smash you with my feet.

I will pluck you away from my yard whenever you are found

And if your roots run deep, I will dig you up from the ground,

I don't know why I hate you, but I know that I do

My father hated you as well, as I remember that, which is true.

Since you are a weed, my father's words I must always heed

I must destroy you all, and also hopefully your seed,

Though sometimes I have imagined and wondered if I had let you live

All the memories and maybe beauty that you were willing to give.

Randy McClave

Live With Yourself

How can you live with yourself
Spoke the old woman to herself
As she stared into her cosmetic mirror
Then she sadly cried another tear.
She thought again of her own past
When she swore forever, but it didn't last
Remembering he people she used and also hurt
Her soul she lost, now for which she searched.
The blames she had placed on all others
While never her fault but always another
Never saw the crimes that she did
As inside of her mind from them she hid.
Always someone else's fault but not her own
Is that why she's at peace when she's all alone
Putting herself always in front of pities line
What was hers is hers and her ways a crime.
No one has suffered as much as she had suffered
And she has endured more than any other
At least that's the stories she wants to believe
So her eyes are always closed so she doesn't see.
She doesn't remember the lies that she spoke
Didn't care about the truth that she had choked
She didn't recall the sins that she had sinned
So she can repeat them over and over once again.
We all have our stories to write and speak
Truthfulness and honesty is all we should seek
Not lies so we can become someone we are not
That's not the road of happiness we had sought.
The old woman took her eyes away from the mirror
She thought how once she was a mentor and peer
And her children and students that she had taught
Now her type of life they too had sadly sought.
We live the life that we are given to live
Honestly and honor is the best that we should give
We must better our lives as our destiny was dealt
Old woman tell me, how can you live with yourself.

Randy McClave

Living For Now

I must admit in this time of hours and days
I would rather live for the moment with joy and praise
Enjoying my time I have which only GOD will allow
While not looking for my forthcoming, but living for now,
I don't want to wait and look out only for my future
Which could end or begin with the closing or opening of a suture
Neither do I want to express in sadness with 'what' or 'how'
I want to enjoy the present and live for the now,
A man will work and scrape money for his golden years
As he waits and slaves and sheds his own blood and tears
Time it will pass him quickly like the sweat on the brow
I won't reminisce of yesterday or wait for tomorrow I live for now,
I enjoy each moment as I live for today and not for tomorrow
When I meet death I don't want to leave with unfinished dreams or sorrow
My yesterdays I have harvested and my tomorrow's I will plough
Other deeds they must all wait, as I live for the now.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Living In Hell

Could we not tell
If earth was really not hell,
And sinners are sent here to languish
To fight and suffer in anguish,
This is where we all are damned
Everyone of us here are crammed,
To me there is no doubt;
I want out.
We tend to ignore God
Many think of him and Christ as a fraud,
We are happy when others are in pain;
We have become Cain.
To walk a strait line to heaven we don't care
We don't worry about the fare,
If that line to our destiny was straiten
It would lead to Satan.
Children of course are born
So to them we can mourn,
And secretly we hate each other
We have one religion killing another.
Everywhere there is someone crying
And someone cheating and stealing and lying,
Murderers are always for hire;
Hell doesn't have to be only fire.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Living Life

We live
Then we cry,
We forgive
Then we die.

We are delighted
We are sad,
Then we are excited
Then we are mad.

We work
And we slave,
We smirk
We enter the grave.

We worship
And we pray,
We will trip
We then betray.

We are created
Then we are blessed,
We are complicated
Then we are depressed.

We are born
We are raised,
Then we scorn
Then we are praised.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Living With Yourself

How do you live with yourself
When you are walking down the street
How do you live with yourself
When you tell lies to the people that you meet.
Don't you know that's it's not loyalty
When you go from one man to another
Don't you think that it's also disrespectful
When you tell others that you are a good mother.
You have cheated on all of your husbands
And also your boyfriends when you begged for help
Honestly how can you believe you done nothing wrong
Tell me again, how can you live with yourself.
Don't you know that it is a mortal sin
To live a life the way that you do
Telling your children that you done no wrong
Do you really want them to respect or be like you.
You live as a user and an adulterous
While others say you live a life as a tramp and a whore
And you have your children watching you sin
How can you live with yourself any more.
Are you happy with the deeds you have done
Even with the ones you have done many times before
Are you not tired of lying and making up stories
Dont you understand why with people you they ignore.
You still put on your act with people that you meet
You will not tell them the truth about yourself
If they knew too the evil and sin you commited
They would also tell you that you are going to hell.
So close your conscience and live your lie
And act like you care for others and them you want to help
But all you care is for yourself and only you
And ask GOD please, how can you live with yourself.

Randy McClave

Lonely Tear

I close my eyes and you are there
As you stand in front of me
I reach out my hand to hold you
As you have set my soul and mind free
You then give me a smile and then a kiss
And now my heart and soul is on fire
I tremble and shake with thoughts only of you
My heart is full of want and your desire.
You then close your eyes and walk towards me
We then kiss with both passion and need
You gave me what I want I gave you what you have
To each other our passions we will feed.
You then step away to show me who you are
I ravish you with my hands and eyes
I then caress your breasts and touch your lips
Once again I am a man deep inside.
You turn around just one more time
To prove to me that your the woman for me
I take a deep breath it explodes in my soul
My soul and mind of all other women is free.
You take me by the hand and lead me to our bed
We lay down together with you at my side
Your head is on my chest and my hands in your hair
My passion for you for this night I will not hide.
You then make me a man I can barely stand
I look at you as you are covered with silk and lace
We then kiss again you're my lover and friend
As I can see the pleasure upon your face.
I open my eyes and now you are gone
And sadly it was a dream you are no longer here
I now forget the passion and the words I had spoke
Now I walk away alone, with one lonely tear.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Long Ago

Near the tree, inside the park, I heard the children play,
They ran they shouted and they fought,
Then in the grass they did lay.
The birds they all sang, the butterflies they flew,
But, that was a memory from my youth,
A day and time long ago that I once happily knew.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Long As

As softly as the wind blows
As quietly as the grass grows
Is as sure as love does flow.
Truly as the sky is blue
As long as there has been two
Is as long as my loves been for you.
As long as there has been night
Longer than there has been light
Is as long as you'll be at my side.
As long as there has been day
As long as words I can write and say
Is as long for love man and me have prayed.
As long as I will live my life
As long as I will battle with my strife
Is as long as I know that love is right.
As long as there has been a tear
As long as I have shown no fear
Is as sure, as I wish you were here.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Look Down Upon

I will not look down upon any man
Even if he has cheated or has stole
So I will not say that I will or that I can
As I cannot see inside any mans soul,
I will not think that I am better than him
Judging from the clothes that he might wear
As in life we will either sink or swim
And sometimes the help we need is never there,
I will never think myself as superior
By ridiculing someone else for their belief
As if I did I myself would be inferior
And my mind and thoughts would give me grief,
I cannot and would not belittle any person
For a sad way that they live their life
If I did my own thoughts would only worsen
As I know not of their turmoil or strife,
I don't know of the life that they had
Or of the footsteps that they had taken
I don't know what made them happy or sad
Or by whom, they might had been forsaken,
Never will I look down upon anyone
Truly I don't care what others might see
As one day I know as I am in my coffin
And I want no one looking down upon me.

Randy McClave

Look Out My Window

Look out my window
See what I see
Watching the birds fly
Believing in me,
As here comes my music
Then here comes my soul
Just like the wind is
And towards me she will blow,
For I hear the music
That's playing in my mind
And I hear the voices
Singing in rhyme
For they will sing to me
While watching the trees
Listen my music
Please listen to me.
Outside my window
I again hear your song
You sing what I wrote you
As I wrote you no wrong,
As you are the beauty
Beauty, in the air
You are my music
You've always been there.
Outside my window
And outside my life
That is where my music is
Outside our lives.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Looking At You

Though my clothes are not your style
And in my shoes you've never walked a mile,
And when you start speaking of prejudices with guile;
I just look at you, and I give smile.

When you mock someone else's life's path
From the clothes that they wear or if they took a bath,
Your answers are in criticism and always in wrath;
I just look at you, and I begin to laugh.

When you try your best at others to provoke
At their sensitivities you enjoy to prod and poke,
Behind their back you have mocked and hatefully spoke;
I just look at you, and then I tell a joke.

Sometimes I realize that you just don't think
Or maybe you have had to much to smoke or drink,
Maybe though you should go and see yourself a shrink;
I just look at you, and I give a wink.

Hurting others feelings I believe is your main perk
Most of the time to others you are a complete jerk,
Remember words and insults about me don't ever work;
I just look at you, and I give a smirk.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Looking For A New Home

I was never ashamed of my country,
Not once in my entire life,
Especially when I brought home with me
My foreign uneducated wife,
I told her about the many cultures
And the diversity that's in my land,
Then we walked into America together
While holding onto each others hand.
I told her there was freedom of religion
You can pray to whomever that you want,
And unto no person of color or of difference
Are you ever allowed to mock, or taunt,
The wealthy they are not superior
And they are no better than me or you,
We also care for the needy and the poor
As our Constitution and belief tells us to,
The elderly they are also taken care of
As truly that they should be,
They have fought and suffered for our country
So, there would be a better life for you and me,
Then she read the paper and she watched the news
About my country and all that was related,
She then told me about the President and my Government,
I was the one that was uneducated,
I then bowed my head in disgust and shame
As the spirits of my forefathers around me surrounded,
They shook their heads in sadness and disbelief
This was not how and why our country was founded,
I then took my new bride by her hand
And I said to her before they build a wall or a dome,
Let us leave this country that I once had loved
And let us together find us a new home.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Looking For Hate

If you look for hate, you will find it!
Many times it will be much nearer
Sometimes it will be in your mirror
To find it, all you have to do is submit.

Sometimes you can say a prayer
Pretending that it's not inside of you
But, you can feel it's slime and mildew
Then you know that it is in your air.

So, why do you care or bother?
You enjoy to ridicule and hate
Maybe, it might be your own fate
It of course, was a gift by your father.

When you look inside your cup of coffee
Do you see the black or the white cream
Or maybe you just see the steam
Are you happy, or do you disagree.

He that looks for hate will find its appeal
It will be everywhere that he will look
It is even in his very own good book
There are people would rather hurt than heal.

When a man looks for hate, it will be found
Along with the loathing and its fear
To him it will become much clearer
Now unto hostility he will be known and bound.

When a man finds hatred
He will find it without any doubt
It seems to find the souls quickest route
Then unto his children, it will become sacred.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Louisiana

In Louisiana where the Mississippi does flow
Upon that mighty river I traveled a long time ago,
I was a sightseer and a captain upon a lonely boat
I still remember that land as we slowly did float,
That exciting region I wanted to get to know.

I thought that unto her shores that I could easily row
But, I couldn't leave because of my boats cargo,
There is a woman waiting for me for which I can dote.
In Louisiana.

My boat and my cargo we all went into tow
I explored Louisiana alone and sin I anxiously did sow,
Then a hurricane and my wife arrived so, I put on my raincoat
I lost all that I had owned, I became my wife's scapegoat,
Now I just sail alone upon the Gulf of Mexico.
In Louisiana.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love (Around The World)

Love it is international
It is also blind and not rational,
It is for every deserving soul
It causes emptiness to be whole.

I want "Love" to be tattooed upon my arms
As a person would wear good luck charms,
Then to whatever country that I might land
Love is waiting with my outstretched hand.

In France they will read, "amour"
Upon my arm were my tats are wore,
In Japan they will read their syllabic script
As "Love" in Kanji and Kana on my arms are writ.

No matter of a race, color or gender
To love all men and women will happily surrender,
So, on my arms I hope all will read
The word "Love" tattooed to succeed.

Whenever I travel to another country
Maybe to Russia or perhaps to Germany,
On my arms in their language they will read
The word "Love" to which I will hope that they will heed.

Love, it is global
It is not forgotten or ignoble,
It is a gift that can always be renewed
So, upon my arms, "Love" is tattooed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love Again

She was romantically refined
But, physically declined,
The love that we did share
Would never again be there;
The look that were in her eyes
Was now just a silly disguise,
That feeling that we once held
To use it, it now failed.
I was just one of her men
Never will I be back to her again.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love And Rain

Love sometimes is like a slow rain

But, then sometimes it's like a violent thunderstorm,

It drenches the skin like a cold delayed pain

But, then sometimes love is just lukewarm.

Love comes and goes like a spring shower

Then sometimes it arrives like a surprised cloudburst,

It might last for a moment, or sometimes an hour

But, it always arrives to quench the thirst.

Sometimes love is just like a storm cloud

Brought about us by our sadness and regret

We want love and rain, but it's covered by a shroud

That is when we all just need and want to get wet.

Love falls upon the soul like slow raindrops

Sometimes that's how we know when we are in love,

But then for the idolizers the rain slows and then stops;

Oh how I wish, the rain would become a flood.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love At First Sight

I had loved once for the first time
But that error it was all mine,
I thought I had heard the bells chime
But what I had heard was just a deadline,
I was told I wasn't a young person anymore
They said that my life it was passing me by,
My heart and soul I needed to restore
And of course alone, I did not want to die.

I had the choice between love and hate
Choosing one or the other to dwell in my heart
Joy and happiness I decided would be my fate
Hate and loneliness I would not be a part

I then experienced loved at first sight
But that too was so very long ago,
It had brought me joy and also delight
Cupid indeed had shot me with his bow,
Everywhere I looked I saw love and devotion
I was happy as love it became my appetite,
Then I found out that love was just a notion
Never again will I fall in love at first site.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love For A Toy

I was once asked when I was a little boy
If I had ever loved? And, yes I did for a little toy,
I wanted it so much, and to buy it I tried and tried
But, I never had enough money so I cried and cried,
So, I waited impatiently for my birthday to come
Hoping my parents would buy it with their own income,
I dreamt for that toy that I loved every day and night
My dreams were full of excitement and also delight,
On my fingers and toes I would countdown to my birthday
And every night before bed for that toy I would pray,
My birthday finally arrived and my parents gave me their present
I unwrapped my gift eagerly with urgency to see its content,
Finally in my hands was the toy that I had so desired
I was now holding my toy, my love that I had longingly admired,
Happily I played with my new toy from sunset until early dawn
But, then I got bored with it, my aspiration for it was quickly gone,
I once was in love when I was a boy, not with a toy, but a dream
When that dream became a reality, it wasn't what it had seemed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love Had Just Begun

As she slept, I wept
There was nothing more that I could do,
So, I just sat, like a diplomat
How I wished that she just had the flu.
Her eyes were closed, as she dozed
Her lips they were slightly parted,
To be at ease, I watched her breathe
Our love, it had just started.

I paced the floor, towards the door
But, I did not know where to go,
So, again I cried, I lost my pride
As I stared out at the stars through the window.
Our love was forever, no one could sever
As I paced the floor once again,
I looked at her there, just lying there
Our love, did just begin.

While I thought, she fought
We weren't going to leave each other,
So, she stayed, and I prayed
I will never search or want another.
I held her hand, as if to stand
But, me she did shun,
I kissed her head, angels fled
Our love, it had just begun.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love In The Abstract

I want to circle your mountain's passage
Which had greeted many men without any baggage
Then I will lower down my own mighty ship
As I prepare to land upon your readied landing strip.
You will direct me in as I begin to land
You will take over my controls in your loving hand
Then will come the ecstasy of the landing and boarding
As I gaze upon your mountains from pleasures rewarding.
Though no one ever will know who you truly are
As I will keep that mystery locked away in my brains reservoir,
Pluck out my eyes and my ears and even remove my tongue
Then in my soul you will remain with the last breath from my lung.
If I were a pilot you would be my journey's end, my final destination
As you are my soul, and my only true salvation;
Just think! To live any life and not ever to fall deeply in love
All that I could ever say, 'what are we really created of'?

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love Is

Love is special,
Love is kind,
Love is joyful,
Anyday or anytime.
Love is you,
You loving me,
Love is everywhere,
Love is free.
Love is given,
Never robbed or stole,
Love is precious,
Cant be bought or sold.
Love is me,
Me loving you,
Love is the heart,
Love is always true.
Love is giving,
Love is sharing,
Love is living,
Love is caring.
Love isn't learnt,
Love wont be fought,
Love cannot be fighting,
Love cannot be bought.
Love is forever,
Love is never ending,
Love is never stopping,
Love is always beginning.
Love is you and I,
Us forever living as one,
Knowing that it cannot be stopped,
And though GODS grace; will continue on.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love Is For The Young

As I breath this thought from my lung
Love is not for the old it's for the young
No longer for another love will I ever seek
As now I am one of the aged and the bleak
Passion and desire has been long forgot
Now I don't care what I have or have not
Though I will fondly remember the days of my past
When I knew of love and it was in my grasp
But I did not nourished it so I let it die
Oh love, dear love, to it all I said goodbye
My days of romance they now are gone
It is a fact that I awaken to in the dawn
Youth and love was the music once played
It was a promise unkept and a bed unmade
The last song to me that will ever be sung
"I once knew of love when I was young."

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love Is Real

I want to hold you when you cry,
I want to love you till I die,
I want you to be, only mine,
I want to love you till the end of time.
I want to gaze into your eyes,
I want to see truth and never no lies.
I want you to need only me,
I want my life to set you free.
I want you, and only you,
I want you to know this is the truth,
I want you to look in your heart again,
I want you to see love till the very end.

I want to love you throughout my days,
I want to love you in everyway,
I want to hold you when you are rich or poor,
I want to give you all, even when you say no more.
I want to be there when you are old and gray
I want to love you more each and everyday.
I want you to feel like me,
I want you to tell your heart to feel and see,
I want you to be in my soul,
I want you never to let me go.
I want you to know how that I feel,
I want you to know that this time, love is real.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love Isn't What It Is Meant To Be

Love isn't what it is all cracked up to be,
I found the truth to that firsthand;
I thought love was mine and everyone's destiny,
Love I found out must be ready, and also planned.
So here I am being solemn and alone,
I do without love, as I would rather face the unknown.

Love was created by poets, it does not exist,
Fairy tales though are a better told story;
That fact to one and all I will always insist,
Love was created like medicine, in a laboratory.
Only true love is that of a mother to her child,
I have seen it on the streets, and also in the wild.

Love they say will last forever, but the ring will rust,
Like any feeling it can be replaced by another;
Men use the word love so they can turn it into lust,
Then they get old and that feelings, they smother.
A happy man is the man who has no feelings,
Then directly to his soul and heart is his own dealings.

Love they have said it is only for the fools,
In my opinion truer words have never been spoke;
In marriage or love, men and women always break the rules,
A life without love of a spouse is better; that I quote.
Love causes hate, vengeance and adultery, and war,
Love isn't cracked up to what it is suppose to be, I want it no more.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love Me Forever

Love me forever,
I will give you my soul,
Love me tonight,
And I wont let you go.
Give me a wish,
And I will be your dream,
I will be your shiny knight,
And you will be my Queen.
Give me a smile,
And you will give me hope,
Give me a kiss,
I will give you poems that I wrote.
Give me inspiration,
As if you were my wife,
And then give me your hand,
And then you will be my life.
Show me a flower,
And i'll swear I'll see your face,
Show me you, all alone.
And I know I will feel waste.
Hand me a rose,
So I might enjoy the scent,
Then I will tell you,
Where you and angels have been.
Walk away fro me,
Disappear forever from my sight,
Then you will take my soul,
As GOD surely, will take my life.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love Never Dies

I will love you forever,
Though your lips might speak end.
I will hold you in my heart and soul,
As my everyday slowly begins.
I will see you when my eyes are blinded,
As I feebly walk alone.
And I will feel only you in my soul
When my heart is full of woe.
I will touch you, or I will remember the touch,
When my fingers become cold and numb.
And I will see, and hear only of you,
When the stars in the sky replaces the sun.
I will hear you speak again,
When a breeze gently blows past.
Then I will speak, of love and you,
When my first breath, becomes my last.
And when GOD calls me home again,
I will kneel unto the Lord.
And I will speak so proudly and only of you,
For I will love you more then, than I did before.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love Of A Woman

The love of one woman
I wonder what is it worth.
Could it be measured in dollars and cents
If for it we had to search
Would it be worth all the riches
That one man does own
And would it worth dying for
Knowing that he would not be alone.
Could it ever be measured
With just a ring upon the hand
Knowing the devotion and love is yours
And not to be given away to another man.
The love and honesty that she has
The greatest gift a woman could give
And that she doesn't give out freely
But gives it to one man as long as he does live.
She keeps all her oath's and her vows
To the one man that she does love
And never will it be shared by other men
As that promise is known by GOD above.
She gives the warmth to make him happy
And the strength that makes him strong
The courage which makes him brave
And the hope that together you are never wrong.
The love of just one woman
With the great feelings only which she posses
Only God will only know what it is worth
But if GOD asked me I would say priceless.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love You More

I love you more than life itself
So I give you whatever I own
Though I own not much of earthly wealth
So then, I will give you my soul.

I would give you my life if so need be
And I would ask for nothing in its place,
I'd say do to it, whatever you need
For without you, it would be a waste.

I would give you my heart, if only I could
Because my heart is no longer there
It has been replaced with your angel face
Now it only beats, in your prayers.

I Given you everything if you only look
If you can search the soul and mind
Though I dont have what I wish to give
But what I do give, it is nobodies but mine.

I would give you my eyes if only in thought
So you could see the things that I can see
You would see a world such a happy place
But only, If you were in love like me.

I wish I could give you my ears, so you could hear
The sounds which only that I can hear
The beating of hearts, the rhyming of poems
And the sound of love, which is always near.

I gave you everything that I do own
And everything that I cherish dearly
And I know that you could feel the way that I do,
But only, if you were in love like me.

I wish I could speak and say how I feel
But I cant, so I write it with paper and pen
So when the day does come and I'm taken away
You can then read of my love, once again.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Love, What Is

Love; it is to live and it is to desire
It is to experience and to romance
It is a feeling and it is a thought
It is the reason why some men live
And why some men will die,
I have lost it, and I have found it
Do not ask me to explain it
Because I cannot, and I do not know why;
It is here today and gone tomorrow
But, that feeling it will last forever
Some men will scream its name in victory
While others will sob its name in defeat
Some men will deny it and some will reject it
Some men will bury it while some will give it birth,
Could I tell you of 'love' or grasp a rose by the stem
No! I could never; But, I have dreamt of it.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Lovely Kim

I feel the warmth of the sunshine
And the blowing of the wind
Then in my ear, her voice I do hear
It is that of the lovely Kim.
As a happiness comes over me
Which really I cant explain
When she is around, my soul to her is bound
And no longer do I feel any anger or pain.
I walk with my outreached arms
Trying to find where she might be
And the wind blows, and then I know
She is there, for me to believe.
A happiness it enters my soul
And I hope from me it never escape
As long as its there, I know that she cares
And I know for life for me isn't too late.
My day it is full of happiness
I keep a smile in my heart and on my face
I feel a happy sound, which in my soul rebounds
Finally love and joy, I feel that sweet taste.
People they walk past me
I can feel the happiness in their soul
Loves in their heart, from which they cant part
And never will they let that feeling go.
So as once again I sit and I will wait
For the blowing and calling of the wind
I then close my eyes, and then I fantasize
Of that, and of the beautiful lovely Kim.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Loving You

How much do I love you,
Do i know myself,
Could a man own so many riches,
Can a man hold so much wealth.
Could a man swim a river so wide
Or climb a mountain so high,
How much do I love you
Couldnt know till the day I die.
To show the world I love you
Would be such an easy task,
But to prove to the world I love you,
Would take a never ending life.
For this life that I live,
Is from the love that you give
And without you, there is no me,
For without love I could not breathe.
To show the world I love you
Would be as easy as a heart beat,
For to show the world I love you,
Would be loves greatest treat.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Lucky I Am

Some of us don't know how well we have it
In this land of ours of good and plenty
While many say and think that their life is unfit
While their souls and stomachs are never empty.

I once cried out for a new pair of shoes
Until I saw a man who had no feet
Then I heard a child cry for food that she refused
Then I saw another child that had nothing to eat.

I once saw a man whom had everything
Then I saw a another man who had nothing at all
Then that homeless man to GOD he did sing
While the man with everything was afraid to fall.

I once knew of a woman who pitied her life
Screaming out that no one had it as worse as her
Then I read of a woman whom died from her own knife
But of her own problems to no one did she say a word.

I never had any holes in any of my pockets
Then once I saw a man carrying change in a can
Then I thought about mans own work docketts
I then realized, how lucky that I truly am.

RANDY L. McCLAVE

Randy McClave

Lucky Is

Lucky is a person that I see
Who is born into a happy family,
Into, which is born into a wealthy country
And a person who is born both rich and free.

Lucky is a person that I hear
Who is not born with guilt or fear,
Born into a greedy and suffocating atmosphere
Happy is that person who is born here.

Lucky is a person I do say
Who doesn't have to beg or pray,
No worries to own and no justice to weigh
Their needs and wants are here every day.

Lucky is a person that I know
Who is born not never having to owe,
Upon this earth is their Eden and their meadow
With no desire to steal or need to borrow.

Lucky is a person born parental
Not being born either kind or gentle,
One who doesn't care and is unsentimental
Then so easy for them to become judgmental.

Lucky is a person born with wealth
And who is not born poor and into filth,
Then one day in the world he will tilth
Lucky is for them if they are born in good health.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Lying News

Every time that I hear him cry, 'Fake News'
Lies and hate also from his mouth spews,
I now think of the Devil screaming, 'That Lying Bible'
And we only accuse him of speaking Libel.

The news they all lie if they speak badly of him
He says that at his every whim,
And whenever he calls the real truth a lie
I think of the people who for truth that did die.

The Devil he too wants us to believe all of his lies
He too doesn't care who suffers or dies,
I was taught of honesty in Church in my youth
Now he and the Devil want us to believe their lies as the truth.

Unless they are speaking goodness of them the news is fake
They don't care who they harm or who they forsake,
All that they soulfully care about is the big win
They don't care about their greed, or corruption, or sin.

Every time that I hear him calling all media liars
I always think of them both with their greed and their priors,
The Devil we all know is already hell-bound
Now a lying, sarcastic, mocking, evil disciple he has found.

When I hear him cry and scream, 'Fake News'
I think now mostly of the innocent and the Jews,
The Devil had convinced them that Christ had lied
Then on the cross Jesus was crucified.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Lyndsay's Wedding Dream

Lyndsay just wanted to get married
Ever since she was just a little girl,
Over a threshold she wanted to be carried
Then she'd be known as a Mrs, to the world.
In school she always thought about her wedding
And about the man that someday that she would wed,
Like her, would he also like animals and the snow and sledding
Will he be tall and thin, and unlike her will his hair be red?
During recess the other girls would go out to play
Skipping rope, playing jacks, or finding places to hide,
Whereas Lyndsay would just draw and wish and pray
While pretending that someday she is someone's bride.
Though she was just a young and infatuated teen
Constantly dreaming and waiting for her own wedding day,
Everyday she would always read from her wedding magazine
While waiting to be carried through the doorway.
She started a dairy and a wedding scrapbook
Regarding her someday soon-to-be wedding and its theme,
Daily she would add to it, and in it her friends would laugh and look
But, a wedding is every young girl's fondest dream.
Marriage to her it then became a jigsaw puzzle
Pieces were the guests, the church and the wedding priest,
Puzzle pieces were the food to be served and the drinks to guzzle
But, still there was just one major missing piece.
She knew the wedding dress that she was going to wear
And also the decor and the rest of her thought out wedding plan,
She had everything planned down to the letter, that I swear
And the only thing that was missing; was the man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Made Me A Man

As I work with the sweat upon my brow
As so to support my family my wife and child
I do for them, all that I can,
As GOD, he made me a man.

I Protect all which is mine and what I own
Which includes my possessions and also my home
At my wife's side I will always stand
As GOD, he made me a man

I will never ever lie or cheat or steal
Never hurt anyone when instead I could heal
As I know what is in my greater plan
As GOD, he made me a man.

I will never ever start a war or even a fight
Whether I be wrong and they be right
I will talk with them, until we both understand
As GOD, he made me a man.

I will not break the vows I made to my wife
No matter the problems or even the rife
I know years from now in front of GOD I will stand
As GOD, he made me a man.

A soul and a life GOD he gave me
He showed me the roads and told me to be free
I gave up being a boy from worries I had not ran
As GOD, he made me a man.

As I say my prayers alone at night
I humble myself to the Lord and his might
I know that GOD, he made me a Man
But I am the one, who made me who I am.

Randy McClave

Makeup

When you wake up in the morning
And you put the makeup upon your face
Do you try to cover up the age and lines
Or only the sins and deceptions and the disgrace.
Do you try to place on a happy smile
By putting bright lipstick upon your lips
Or do you try to cover up your own hard life
Something that someone like you never forgets.
And as you look into your mirror
Do you powder the many lines upon your face
The lines that has stretched from years ago
Unto the present days of your life and waste.
Do you try to cover up the bags under your eyes
From all the many restless and sleepless nights
The nights when you cared not where you went
As long as you went and held on to someone tight.
Do you place the powder upon your cheeks
To make you look so cheerful and so very nice
But as they say you cant judge a book by its cover
And if they knew you, they need only to think twice.
And as you are preparing yourself for the day
With your makeup in front of you and on the shelf
Does it take you a little longer to put it on each day
As you try to cover yourself up and become someone else.
The makeup you have will you pass it along one day
And then show someone else how to cover up their lines
Maybe your sisters or even maybe your daughters
That is though if they need to cover up their lying.
And do you ever step back away from your mirror
Do you ever try to look at yourself as a whole
Does it ever bring tears into your heart and eyes
Do you ever wish that you still had a soul.
So as your prepare to start your brand new morning
With your lipstick and powders and so much more
Do you ever wish that you could just wash your face clean
And never have to cover up your ways and lies from the nights before.

Randy L. McClave

Making Of A Man

Man doesn't want to beg or rob
To support himself he needs and wants a job
And when he does, he'll do the best that he can
And truly what he does, makes himself a man,
He doesn't want to rely by the support of others
Whether they be friends or strangers, or sisters or brothers
He wants to build and support with his own two hands
As that is truly, what makes himself a man,
He wants to be proud of how he lives his life
As he would rather give than take, from the needy in life
The calluses on his hands shows where he has been
As being a lazy man, he will never be accused of that sin,
Everything he owns he has paid for and bought
From the work he has done, the possessions he sought
And the pride started when he could either begged or steal
But then he knows that life is either a sweet or sour pill,
He lives by his pride and his honor is his work
Supporting himself and his family is his greatest perk
He will continue this tradition until he cannot anymore
When his body is tired, and his muscles are sore,
Then the day will come when he is old and gray
And out in the pasture they will put him to graze
He will remember how he worked and proudly he did stand
And how he sweated and worked; as he became a man.

Randy McClave

Man Forgets

Man, He seems to always forget
His sins from his own conflict,
And the evils he does against another man.
But then he will always remember
That one cold day in that one December,
When he gave out a helping hand.
He will remember his deed of good
When he helped another as he should,
But he'll forget the evils that he has also done.
He will forget when he had cheated and had lied
When he had stolen and abused and cried,
And when he lost, but instead he said he had won.
Man will forget his pity and his shame
Will not remember his losses but only his gain,
His deeds will be like coal and its dying ember.
He will forget all of his evils ways
As he hoped that they will all be washed away,
But what Man forgets, GOD he will remember.

Randy McClave

Man Said No!

I wanted to build myself a boat
Everyone said that it wouldn't float
As carpentry and boating I do not know
So man unto me, he said no.

I wanted to plant myself a flower
I was told I couldn't without knowledge or a power
I wasn't a gardener so plants I did not grow
So man unto me, he said no.

I wanted to learn myself how to fly
But I was told if I did I would die
In the air to the ground I would crash below
So man unto me, he said no.

I wanted to cook and to become a chef
But I was told that I wasn't mature enough
If I lit a match I would cause an inferno
So man unto me, he said no.

I wanted to learn to play and to enjoy music
But I wasn't allowed to listen to it
I wasn't taught to sing or to play the piano
So man unto me, he said no.

I wanted to learn how to ski
But to my idea everyone did disagree
Everyone knew I loved the cold and the snow
So man unto me, he said no.

I wanted to live my life the way I should
Do what I believed and understand what I could
To my wants and ideas to all I did confess
So man he said no; but GOD he said yes.

Randy McClave

Mandilyn

As I lie on the grass
In the field upon my back,
At the heavens as I stare,
To remember my love, who now is there.
The clouds they shape her gentle form
The birds they sing her happy song,
The wind again it speaks her name,
As I hear it call for Mandilyn.
Oh how I long for her gentle touch,
How I long for her gentle kiss,
How I long for her loving hug,
Oh Wife, my life, you I miss.
I close my eyes and I see your face,
Lying beside me upon the grass,
Laughing and smiling we are again,
But when I open my eyes, you are gone again.
I see you walking rose in hand,
In the heavens your above this man,
Happy again I see you are,
Oh death, why be you so far.
The clouds they then turn a misty gray,
The wind has stopped calling her name,
The birds they all have flown away,
Then upon my face, it begins to rain.
But is it rain, or is it tears,
Falling from heaven upon this Man,
It is as though my wife's trying to say,
In heaven again we'll be together someday.
As I arise from the grass,
I leave the field into the night,
Death it came and it tempted my soul,
But then it left, when my Wife's love did grow.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Manford, In The Cave

Manford was the happiest man that I have ever known
He was the man that lived in a cave all alone,
Never did I see him worry or hear him cry
He was indeed the luckiest man alive.
He always stayed the way that he wanted to be
And he would never change for either you or me
His dreams and wishes they stayed the same
He was how he wanted to be every night and day.

Manford was the man in the cave that lived all alone
Never once did he cry or did he ever moan
He never did lie in the world of his that he had made
And that is where he lived and enjoyed and stayed.
He never had anyone because no one wanted him
Except for the visits by the rain and the wind
He stayed where he is destined to grow old and live
And he never does take, so he never does give.

Manford was known as the man who lived all alone
The clothes on his back is all that he owns
Nothing else does he need in the world that he made
And that is how he believes every night and day.
He daily sits in his cave and stares at the sun
Everybody has someone he thinks, but he has no one
Occasionally he will reminisce so he will sit and smile
But, then he will blink his eyes, he will forget for a while.

Manford lived in his cave until the day that he died
He gave all, but received nothing so he sat and cried
No one ever cared the way that he did care
He knew not how to give or even how to share.
Sitting all alone he lived the way that he wanted to live
People kept their problems in a bowl, he kept his in a sieve
Manford lived his life without ever being anyone's slave
He was known as the crazy man who lived alone in his cave.

Randy L. McClave

Man's Best Friend

A time in my life I had nothing at all;
I thought my world had come to an end;
Then as I sadly looked about my home;
In the corner of my eye, I saw my best friend.
She was panting at me, and also wagging her tail,
I knew she would lead me to heaven, or drag me out of hell.

She has always been faithfully at my side,
Through the calm times of my life and also the rough,
She never wanted anything from me, but only my love,
And for me she has never run away or given up.
And there in the corner she was wagging her tail,
I smiled at her, as I realized a true friend did prevail.

She then slowly got up and then walked towards me;
As though with sadness and of great concern;
I got down on my knees and she licked my face;
Unlike others I know, she didn't want anything in return.
I then patted her on the head as she wagged her tail,
How I wish more humans were like this canine female.

She has never searched or wanted another master,
To me she has always been true and devoted,
She has always come when I called and needed her,
My faith in her, I have always noted.
And whenever I have been sick or my health began to fail,
She would always be at my bedside wagging her tail.

The dog cares not for any material belongings,
As mine is always happy just to be with me,
And at my side she is ready to protect and defend;
And she doesn't argue or whine, she is mans best company.
Man's final fate is decided from hate, sin, poverty or depression;
A dog's fate, man's loyal friend; will always make it to heaven.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Man's Happy Day

There are two happy days in every man's life
The first one being when he takes himself a wife,
A woman that he loves will now become his bride
Two souls will become one, as their souls are tied;
Her desire's now becomes his own duties and wants
Now forever in his soul her feelings and voice haunts,
Together they will be one until the day that she dies
And until that moment; he must listen to her wants and cries.

The second happiest day are in the lives of most men
It is when they are saved by GOD and are forgiven of their sin,
Now him and his wife will be together, forever more
Both in this life and the next life as they walk the distant shore.
The second happiest day are in a saddened man's life
Happily though it still pertains to him and his wife,
In their life of marriage, their needs now takes a separate course
Now the man again is happy, when he sues his wife for a divorce.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Man's Single Life

There was Lynn and Heather, Kim and Sharon
Chris and Julie, Amy and of Course Mary;
Then came Janet and Kathy, Kate and Karen
Tammie and Lily, Teresa and then came Cherri.
These were all of my women and each one was my lover
And I remember each one that came into my life,
But, they soon all left me, when the truth about me they did discover
That I only wanted them as my lover, but never as my wife.
They cooked and they cleaned, they also ignited my fire
A good woman in any man's life makes his life worth living,
Companionship and needs was and still is my only desire
I especially enjoy the gifts that a woman enjoys giving.
Being a single man it is the perfect life for me
I would highly recommend that to any single man that I'd meet,
Live the life that you want and don't change and still be free,
And maybe hopefully another woman in the morning you will greet.
A woman doesn't want to be lonely, so she must have a man
She will do what she can to snare and then to trap him,
Marriage to any woman that of course is her ultimate plan
He then will become her servant, for her every wish and whim.
I have been told that I will die unhappy and also all alone
There will be no woman at my bedside when this life I leave,
But, then I don't want any tears, or any woman to ever cry for me
For the lost of me, I do not want any woman ever to weep or grieve.
Maybe next for me there will be a Tina or Rachel or maybe a Stacy,
An Amber or a Georgina, Lilly and maybe even a Dawn,
Carolyn, Alice, Debbie or maybe another Lacy
When one woman leaves me, I just need to find another one.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Man's Sins

GOD wants all man to make it to Heaven
While man is determined to send himself to Hell
As he will deny the law, that GOD gave us all
Then that road to heaven he will ultimately fail.
He ignores the laws that was set before us
Then he uses excuses why he did or must sin
But he cannot hide, from those deeds inside
As he will then marked before GOD and men.
He will think that he is righteous to one and all
As he will declare to all that his sins were a must
He will forget his sinful way, until judgement day
As his soul will be judged and his body will become dust.
Man thinks that all will forget the evils he has done
But in the end his deeds and acts they will all prevail
And he will be known, from the deeds that he has sewn
GOD gives out heaven, but man's determined to go to Hell.

Randy McClave

Man's Worth

Is a man's existence worth more than a loaf of bread
To save himself from starvation so he steals to be fed
Then off to prison should he then be led
If a man cannot afford food, should he be better off dead.

Is a man's descendants worth more than a gallon of milk
Just to feed his children and to save his ilk
Or does everybody believe that everyone he is trying to bilk
Maybe because his clothes are tattered and he wears not linen or silk.

Is a man's life worth more than a grain of salt
If he takes it for his food should we riot and assault
Then curse him and scorn him for it his own fault
If he has no means of buying, should death be his default.

Is a man's being worth more than his own income
To the judgment and ridicule of others should he succumb
Isn't a man worth more than the dirt underneath his thumb
As that is what GOD had created man and woman from.

Randy McClave

Marching

They are marching, marching, marching
They are marching in the band,
As they follow their drum major
With his baton waving in his hand,
They will follow his every movement and command
They will go without thought to whenever he might lead,
In pride they march and play their instruments
Forward on they will go as they proceed.

They are marching, marching, marching
They all are marching off to war,
And when many of them return back home
They won't be marching any more,
They will follow their captain their commander
Wherever he leads, they all must go,
But, now there is no cheers from the bystander
As they march, march, march, row after another row.

They are marching, marching, marching
They are the pallbearer carrying the casket,
They are led not by a captain or a major
They are led by a child with flowers in a basket,
Their footsteps they all have echoed
Unto one and all from the solid earth's ground,
As they march, march, march, proud and bold
With the playing of taps as the farewell sound.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Mascara Mishap

She puts on her lipstick and mascara,
As we prepare to go out for the night,
I compliment her on her beauty
Upon my eyes she is a sensual delight.
Later while we are drinking we begin to argue
She then cries as the argument becomes a fight,
Her mascara begins to run, but should I laugh or scream?
So, I just ran away from that horrific, or funny sight.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Massacre At Glencoe (Don't Trust A Campbell)

He shouted, 'don't trust a Campbell! '
Then he spat upon the ground;
'Don't trust a Campbell! '
Then on the table his fist he did pound.
And if you are a MacDonald;
And if you cherish your children and wife;
Then don't you ever trust a Campbell,
As they will betray you, and then take your life.

It was over three hundred years ago today;
In an area named Glencoe,
When kin and countrymen one man did betray;
And because of him their blood and fear did flow.
The english king wanted the death of a clan;
And he wanted their chieftain Alastair Maclain he did yell;
So he needed a man to kill every woman, child and man,
He then shouted! "bring to me Robert Campbell! "

Robert Campbell, he was a Scotsman;
Along with being the MacDonald's kin;
Their confidence, him and his family had won;
But, thick with him was not the skin.
The MacDonalds fed and lodged him for weeks;
As he and his troops were billeted at Glencoe
But, an advantage and wealth the coward seeks;
As he carefully picks out the weakness of his foe.

The Campbells they were all lowlanders;
They swore their oath to their brand new king;
Whereas the MacDonalds they were highlanders,
They were jacobites and so was their offspring.
The highlanders they stood for Scotland;
So, the Campbell's would murder them for that one reason;
As they had swore their allegiance to England,
So, they will kill the MacDonalds because of their treason.

Then came the night when all the MacDonalds were asleep;
The Campbell's murdered the innocent as they slept,
Women and child didn't have a chance to weep;

As the soldiers and the Campbell's towards them crept.
But, there were the soldiers who cherished their soul;
They broke their swords before the Glencoe Massacre,
Then they muttered, "don't trust a Campbell";
As only GOD, and not greed is our master.

The old man shouted, "don't trust a Campbell! '
As he looked upon his tartan thread;
Because if you ever trust a Campbell;
You will be used and you will always see red.
That night my family they ran and they escaped;
And that story to my father and to his they still do tell;
Over the innocent bodies the Scottish flag was draped;
So, "Don't ever trust a Campbell".

Randy McClave

Master Of Destiny

I am the master of my destiny
The captain of my ship
Sailing the oceans and the sea
My fortune and providence is my trip.

I go where I must sail
I take the journey that I need
Chance and luck she is on my trail
My fate and fortune is where I lead.

My arms they are sore and tired
From the journeys I have taken
But I will not give up until my dreams are acquired
As my thoughts and dreams slowly awaken.

I have opened all of my bags
To remember the roads that I have traveled
I find my maps of lines and flags
As I remember the roads paved and graveled.

I am the master of my own destiny
I am the redeemer of my fate
My predestination, I am its trustee
I open my own doors, and drawers, and gate.

I live my life as I have decided
And I ask no one to follow me
What I have in life I have provided
As I am the master of my own destiny.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Mate

As man is destined by his heart and fate
He will search for his one and true soulmate
He will knock at every door and cross every fence
Man is determined and his want is immense.

GOD created man's mate from man's rib
Then that knowledge he whispered to him in his crib
That a woman one day will become his mate
For her, man will dream and also man he will wait.

In the heart and soul there is a yearning
Calling for the one destined with a burning
So man he will wander and he will search
And his final reward will end him up in a church.

I once was that man and I too had that feeling
My passion and desires they were revealing
I had walked down many roads I crossed many seas
But all I found was the ocean, and a forest of trees.

Man he will search for his partner and his spouse
He will knock at every door going from house to house
As he remembers the knowledge that GOD had spoke
That he had created him a mate; and then he awoke.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Maybe

Maybe there is no GOD
Maybe there is just you and me,
Just think, out there could be nothing
Now! I just want to believe.

Maybe there is no heaven
Maybe there is no hell,
When we die, that's it, it's over
Then only in memories, will we ever prevail.

Just think! there could be nothing
No one out there to pray to or to protect us,
And no one to judge me, or to convict you
So, who would we bow to or confess.
When we die, are we dead forever?
If we have no life or an everlasting soul
So, why should we care about our acts or our sins
What then? is a poor person's goal.

Maybe there is no celestial light
Maybe there is no heavenly choir,
When we close our eyes, is there only black!
And for us? will no one care! or even enquire.

Maybe there is no GOD
Maybe there is no hereafter,
Perhaps we all are here by accidents
And when we die, then we will hear the laughter.

Randy McClave

Maybe Today

Maybe today, or perhaps tomorrow
With a happiness and a joy, or maybe with a sorrow,
Maybe hours from now, or conceivably next week
When people are feeling brave, or are stupid and very weak,
Maybe next month, or probably next year
When people are smiling, or most likely shedding a tear;
Maybe while we are living, or imaginably when we are dead
But! Someday sooner or later, about us people will have read,
I might call it a sadness, and others might call it a mystery
But, they will assuredly know it, as a drama and or history,
As the calendar pages are removed and the clock slowly ticks away
Sooner or later people will know the truth; of course.... Someday.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Me

Me;
Who am I am;
Am I that much different than you,
I have two legs
And also two arms
I too have dreams to pursue,
Don't look at me
As though I am different
And ask me who I am,
I am like everyone else
If you take a closer look
I am a lion and not a lamb,
I will not lie
Though I easily could
And of course I will never cheat,
Never would I steal
Or could I use or rob
I make myself whole and complete,
So when you look at me
And you have your concerns
One thing I can guarantee,
I have two arms
And I have two legs
And if you look closer; I am me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Meaning Of Life

What is the meaning of life
Is it to be born and then to die
To that question once again I have thought
As once again for that answer I have sought.
Just to understand just why we are here
Is it to bring joy and hopefully not a tear
to live strong each and every day
And then every night to kneel and pray.
Is it to see how far that we can go
Or how much knowledge we can place in our soul
Is it to marry and then take a husband or a wife
Or is it just simply to help others with their strife.
As I look out my window and as I do think
Life can either end or begin with just a wink
We are here and then we can be gone
And after all in the end we are all but just one.
Is it just an accident that we are born
Was it an accident that our world was formed
Are there a reason that we are here to stand
Truly I wish to that question I could just understand.
To understand our life and our being
Many have said that research is never ending
As there is no true answer just why we are here
And if there was would our hope and wonder disappear.
As I think to myself could life itself be just a test
To see how far we make it in life's quest.
Where our soul and conscience is the preacher
And then GOD himself is our Teacher.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Meaning Of Love

Love is created out of truth, honesty and kindness
It is not formed from lies, cheating and sadness,
Love is created by two and joined by GOD to make one
It is a pack that is made together, and life is the bond,
Love cannot be created, by cheating, deception or lies
That type of relationship would make any soul unwise,
Love is truth and honesty and doing the best for the other
Love is endless; and no one should try and put asunder,
Love is forgiveness, especially when we do err
It is not running away or ignoring, but to return with care,
Love is forever, it is not for one day or even a moment
It is the breath of fresh air, as that is by what love is meant,
Love is secrets and trusts, that will be kept till the end of time
Love is one, and also knowing what is yours is also mine,
Love is pride and joy, when your love is holding onto your hand
As of bragging of your love, so others too will understand,
Love is not shame or guilt of the one that you are with
As that is not love, but lust and pity, and a users myth,
Love is to stay together, through the good times and the bad
It is not to run away or hide, when you are tired, mad or sad,
Love is created by GOD, to keep two souls forever together
And never from that relationship could or would they sever,
Love is the the sun and stars, and the clouds that are above
As they are here to warm and show us, of ourselves and our love.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Meeting Again

I hope that in heaven we will meet again
Then we can chat from where we had been,
But, I wonder if God will allow us both in
Especially from our past deeds, and sin.

I still try my best not to sin anymore
My soul and my life I am trying my best to restore,
I have turned against immorality, and I pray against war
To change my life for God, I have swore.

I hope that we will meet in heaven one day
To that happy reunion every-night I do pray,
God's words we must never misuse or betray
And Jesus's teachings, we must always obey.

So, I say unto you my dear good friend
Let us work together and our ways let us mend,
Let us not ever again accuse or judge or hate or offend
Then making it to heaven, we will not need to pretend.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Meeting On The Internet

I remember back to my younger age
When I didn't care where I worked, or my wage,
I called girls on the phone or I would send them a letter
But, meeting and talking to them in person, was so much better;
So, if you can.... Please send me a handwritten message.

Please, don't get so vexed!
Just because I keep sending you jpegs of sex,
I remember when we chatted on-line before we met
You told me that you would enjoy staying in my bed,
So, when you can.... Send me a text.

Now as I sit back and think
When you tweeted before you said that you enjoyed to drink,
And you also enjoyed playing games and watching sports
And you posted that you adored wearing your short, shorts;
When you get a chance.... Send me a link.

As now as I remember with great detail
You wrote me once that you were different than another female,
You would never get jealous and you would never shout
Especially when my friends and I would all go out,
If you can.... Send me an email.

More information about you I would like to compile,
To me, you seem strangely odd and quite hostile,
Though we have known each other for years, it is though curiously bizarre
That we have never met, so I wonder who you really are,
If you don't mind.... Please update your profile.

Once again, are you skinny or are you fat?
You wrote that you're a republican, but you read like a democrat,
You also posted that you're attractive lady and your name is Kim
But, could you be a guy and your name is really Tim,
Let us sit down.... And, have an chat.

Once impatiently I waited for my phone to ring
I used it for talking and planning and for everyone and everything,
Now though it seems whenever I argue or whenever we fight

It is always while we are on a social media site,
So, when you can.... Please send me a ping.

I once sat down and I circled personal ads in the local gazette
Then I would watch the local sports on my television set,
To meet or talk to women I would just step out my front door
But, that was the time of the past, no one does that anymore,
Now, we just turn on.... The internet.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Melt In The Air

All that is solid will soon melt in the air
What once was genuine will no longer be there,
What had stood for a lifetime it will soon disappear
Soon all will melt in the sun and the atmosphere.
All that is solid one day it will be gone
Vanishing with the sun along with the dawn,
All we can do is to hope and to say a prayer
Assuredly one day all that is solid will melt in the air.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Men Or Women (The Difference)

Women love live flowers, long baths, and perfume
Whereas men enjoy power tools, quick showers, and the bathroom,
A woman wants to sit down with a man with problems to discuss
Where a man just wants to always know; What is all the fuss!
After work a man wants to go home and disappear in his man cave
Where a woman is always locked away in the kitchen as its slave,
A woman wants to read or watch love stories just to make her cry
Where a man enjoys watching violent movies where people ultimately will die.
A woman wants to be taken away by love and then by romance
She wants to dress up and go out for a dinner, and then out to dance,
A man is always satisfied and happy just to stay home and watch a TV show
While relaxing in his boxers and chewing and spitting out his tobacco.
A woman enjoys going out shopping and buying herself brand new clothes
Where shopping and browsing for clothing, to it men always appose
When a man and woman wake up together their world seems so tense
A woman seems to never forget and a man's forgetfulness is so immense.
In this whole world of male and female they are the greatest opposites
They are more suitable with each other than being each other's hypocrites,
A man seems to always have more similarity with another man
And a woman usually seems as though she can only talk to another woman.
Is what really ties men and woman together is just lust and then sex
The nature of compatibility of genders to me seems so very complex,
But, in the end the genders put away their independencies and their druthers
They decide to live in a world as one, and they become our fathers and mothers.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Mending Your Ways

Unless you mend your evil ways
The law will send you to jail,
And until you ask GOD for his forgiveness
GOD, will send you to hell.
The road of GOD and man they differ
So, I say be studious until you understand the law,
Walk down the path of truth and morality
Never be judged or deemed sinful by a forgotten flaw.
Read and know the Biblical scriptures
Then read and be aware of the laws of the land,
Understand the laws and how the scriptures read;
Remember, it is best to go to jail, than to be damned.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Million Stars

There are a million stars up in the sky
But only one star in a million attracts my eye
Even though they all shimmer and they all shine
There is only one star that I want as mine
So when I wish upon the stars at night
I wish for only one to always to be in my sight
So upon that one and only star I make my wish
Sadly to other stars and people I must seem selfish
But I indeed am not a selfish or a thoughtless man
There is one star and wish for everyone that will and can
When I was a young boy I found my one and only star
It was shining down and upon me from afar
Of the million stars I then chose just that one
It became the star that I make my wishes upon
When at night I go out and up at the sky I do stare
I look for my star and hoping it is still hanging there
And that star will be mine until that day that I die
It is my one and only star shining for me up in the sky.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Mocked

Be not deceived, GOD cannot be mocked
A man will always reap what he sows
GOD is no fool, but man he will be shocked
For what man does, GOD already knows,
If you turn a deaf ear, unto any of GOD's laws
Your prayers will become an abomination
You will be known for your weakness and your flaws
Woe is you, as you turned to sin and temptation,
I will mock you at your calamity, and also your fear
When dread and disaster comes to overtake you
I will laugh at your misery, your prayer I will not hear
So said GOD with his words so true.
He who believes in GOD, he has eternal life
His soul is protected and his heart sings with a hymn
But he who does not obey the Son, shall know only strife
And the wrath of GOD, will always abide on him.

Randy McClave

Mona Lisa

Who was the Mona Lisa
What was her way and lifestyle,
Was she from Florence or from Pisa
Who was that woman behind that smile.
Was it for a portrait that she sat
When she gave the world that tiny smirk,
I think I know where she was at
When she helped create that famous artwork.
She had just committed a crime
By a lover or by the police she was caught,
She stole a heart or maybe just a dime;
That portrait was really her own mugshot.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Monetary Freedom

I saw you lying there on the ground
Were you waiting to just be found,
Many pedestrians I saw pass you by
But, this time, not I.
Now, I can buy.

Like a woman, you're a temptation and a tease
Just to see how quickly that you can please,
Finally for once I won't be a window shopper
I now can walk past any store, both proud and proper.

I quickly came and I scooped you up
As though placing a minnow into a plastic cup,
Into my pocket you then quickly went
Then I thought, were you heaven or hell sent?
Quickly I was elevated to a different standing
I now felt both mighty, and commanding,
Off to buy me a gift that I really don't need
Instead of using it for bills, or for food to feed.

I then thought how lucky that I truly am
Some people get bacon, but I got the lamb,
Like a butterfly to a higher social status I did emerge
I could finally purchase, and frivolously splurge.

I leisurely passed by a favorite store
Beside it was standing a person who was poor,
I know that his life and that his dreams are probably dim
So, my newly found gift, I tossed it to him.
His future now it is my prelim.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Moonlight

Moonlight and the stars are bright
Shinning down upon me
Look down and all around
And see what you can see,
Like the birds in the sky
Are the stars in the night
So please give me a smile
Before you must say goodbye,
So give me a twinkle
Or give me just a wink
Then please give me the answer
To the question that I think,
As the moon it is aglow
To a lover somewhere
Shining is the answer
And Love is fully aware.

Moonlight and the stars are bright
Softly as she comes
As though the angels are singing
To me, and everyone,
They look down upon man
Then they look down upon me
Giving me the answer
To set myself and soul free,
So take me by the hand
And please lead me away
No matter where that is
For with you, I will stay,
Like the birds in the sky
And with the moon now aglow
The stars are in the night
And with you, I will go.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

More Of A Man Than Me

She said that he was more of a man than me
Though he cheated and committed adultery
He does not work so he doesn't have a job
So all he knows to do is to lie and rob.
He told her that we was a very noble man
But he still knew that she was a married woman
He asked her to cheat on her husband true
And she didn't care as to that she wasn't new.
She would go visit him while I, her husband slept
And that secret to no-one did she kept
Her daughters and friends knew of the affair she was in
And they knew how once again she committed that sin.
She and him with her children now live in his house
They belong to no-one but a forgotten spouse
He's commits crimes of sin against his soul and GOD
To man and woman he is nothing but a fraud.
Now she lies and steals and puts the blame on me
For her weak soul and mind and her adultery
A woman I know now she truly never was
As she cheats and steals and lust as a whore does.
She went to school thinking that will erase her past
But that's a game she plays as her sin will always last
And the lies she tells others so her they will believe
But all any soul has to do is look at her and see.
So now I think of what to me that she had said and done
While the thought of being true and devout she did shun
I remember when she said he was more of a man than me
But neither of them knew of truth, honor love or honesty.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

More Syrians Lay Dead

More Syrians now lay dead
As the news had said,
Now the people of the United States are cheering
Those Syrians they will no longer be fearing,
No more hatred or the shaking of their fist
Now those Syrians are all on God's list,
God now extends his accepting hand
From heaven, they will not be banned,
They were hated when they came to the states
Protestors told them to go back to accept their fates,
The President and his supporters hated them all
He and them were glad that they did fall,
And when they were gassed, and then died
Tears from our President or his supporters were not cried,
Now they said it was terrible news to hear
But, in the past they gave them no compassion for their fear,
So, in sadness with shame and pity I do cry
To the many sad souls to which I will say goodbye,
While the rest of the world does contemplate and weep;
I hope that the President and his supporters can't sleep.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

More Than Life Itself

I love you more than life itself
Is that so much of a crime,
To say for you, I'd do all I could
Even if it meant for me to live or die.
If you'd ask me to climb a mountain
I would ask you only how high
And if you asked me to swim the ocean,
Into the sea I would surely dive.

I love you more than words can say,
Even more than the the words that I write
You'd have to enter my soul, to feel love flow
Then my words you would never deny.
I would give you my heart for yours to start
I would give you my eyes for you to cry
I would give you all I had for you to live,
And if you asked for it, All I would surely give.

I love you more than man could believe,
Even more than any man could wish,
And this mans wishes came true, when I met you
Then my life became yours, when we kissed.
I would do without all for you to smile
I would give up my freedom for you to dream
I would do anything for you to wish and laugh and have
As nothing is to much from what I have seen.

I love you more than any woman could hope
I love you that much, today, tomorrow and forever,
So what ever that I might do, I do it for you
And never, to you could I say never.
I dream alone so that you can dream more,
I walk alone so that you can run,
And when the Earth shall bury me away one day
Its greatest love, will finally be done.

Randy L. McClave

Mother Nature

Mother nature can you please tell me
Tell me why, you are as moody as my wife
Even though you have never yelled at me
You both still give me headaches and strife.

If I want to go out and play golf or go fishing
My wife then comes down with her migraine
Then I stay at home and begin wishing
And if I sneak out, of course it begins to rain.

When I stay up late at night you thunder
It awakens my wife so she comes running to me
My wife makes me feel like I made another blunder
As I am not in our bed being my wife's protectee.

Some days my wife she is not so mean and moody
The sun and my wife are out and I am not at all afraid
She doesn't yell or cry she isn't mean or broody
But strangely it's always on the days that we get paid.

When my wife wants to cuddle it begins to snow
When I want to go out for a drink it begins to hail
Seems like a secret my wife and you share and know
And when I get upset, you both begin to wail.

When we are fighting over bills or her ex-beau
I am angry and unforgiving and I am not at all afraid
But then I fear for her life as I hear the sound of a tornado
I then forget the bills and the past, mother nature well played.

You storm when I am out cutting the grass
Then my wife screams for me to come into the house
She then calls me a stupid jackass
Tell me why mother nature, why are you like a spouse.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Mourn

My wife she cheated so we divorced
Sadly infidelity she had endorsed
Her leaving our house I highly enforced
My pain and suffering was the final course

I had tried my best to turn the other cheek
But when I did, I became one of the meek
I was used and hurt while peace I did seek
In the end I became cold, bitter and bleak

A woman will screams that she is in pain
And no man like me can accept it or even explain
As I am a man and I should never complain
So the sympathy and care I need, it is all in vain

I have my misfortunes and also my grief
Suffering is so very long and life is so brief
Comfort and happiness for others have been my belief
I welcome all as a friend, but they leave as a thief

I had worked and worked my fingers to the bone
So I could take care of my family and give them a home
Now I feel so neglected and I feel so alone
GOD knows of my sadness and only he hears my moan

In my heart now there lies only a poison thorn
From that pain alone I have felt the sorrow and the scorn
I then wondered to myself why I was ever born
Unfortunately man, he indeed was made to suffer and mourn

Randy McClave

Mrs. Hitchcock

Hello Mrs. Hitchcock
I hope truly you are doing well
I hope life has been very good to you
But that as time, someday it will tell.
And how are your beautiful daughters
I hope too they are doing fine
I hope they became wonderful women
I hope too they are gentle and very kind.
I hope they are seeking their destiny
In this hard world which we know as life
A hard journey for either woman or man
Or maybe, they became a mother and a wife.
Tell me do they have the beauty of their mother
And also do they have the eyes of their dad,
Do they both like to joke and laugh and enjoy life
And do they cry, when they are very sad.
Do they help others when they are in trouble
The way that you also had taught them to do
And do they sing when they are very happy
And are they virtuous, and also so very true.
Tell me do they also believe in heaven and God
Knowing that he is the reason that they are here
And do they thank him for the mother he gave them
Maybe their life someday, will be someone's mirror.
So once again I hope you are doing very well
I truly hope you have found in life what you sought
Also I hope everyday for you, it is a beautiful day
So again I wish you well, Mrs. Hitchcock.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Muhammad Ali Had Died

If I had a flag I'd fly it at half mast
As I just heard I have lost part of my past,
The memories are all that I now have left
Unto our world of life, there was a terrible theft.
I still remember that one man who loved to fight
But, not always with fists, sometimes with poems to recite,
He was never humbled, but he did fate us
And he will always be remembered, as the greatest.
He was a boxer at which he was very skilled
His shoes they will never or could ever be filled,
My heart was excited and my soul would sing
Whenever I saw him dance into the ring.
Because of him I learned not to run, but to scuffle
When I walked down the street, sometimes I did a shuffle,
I will always see him standing there with honor and pride
Sadly, I just had heard, Muhammad Ali had died.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Murderers

Just because a person carries a badge or wears a uniform
Their soul and their beliefs should not transform,
To think it's acceptable to murder or to commit homicide
Let God and then their conscience, and not hatred be their guide.

No one has the right to end an innocent person's life
Either with a gun or with a rifle, or with their hands or with a knife,
And if they are a soldier or a policeman who is in arms
They are the protector of life and not the monster that harms.

No one should be known as a assassin or a terrorist
From that evil and crime they should always resist,
A soldier and policemen are sworn to defend and to protect
They are not to hurt or murder, or with sins to infect.

They say that it's an eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth
But, it is also a lie for a lie and truth for the truth,
A person might wear a badge for the glory and for the thrill
That doesn't give them the right to be judge and jury, and then kill.

A soldier protects our country from all foreign invaders
The police protects our homes from thieves and also raiders,
Not one of them has the right to ever commit manslaughter
We all are the children of God, and also someone's son or daughter.

A policeman or a soldier's brutality no one should ever endorse
They should not be praised by killing or by using extreme force,
They are the keeper of peace and the protector of the innocent
We should not be afraid of uniforms or badges as a guiltless citizen.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Muscle And Bone

GOD creates out of muscle and bone
Man creates out of steel and stone
Man builds his structures to grow and rise,
To sail the waves or touch the sky.

GOD gives life to the breeze
To move the clouds, or plant the seeds
To bring the rain upon the earth
And to quieten the pain when it comes to hurt.

Man creates with dexterity and complexity
To advance our race or to build our city,
Though man cannot create a leaf,
Though instead, he can destroy a seed.

Man can create out of steel and stone
But, only GOD can give life to muscle and bone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Must Be No!

No is no! that is what the answer must be
Before I destroy my soul and ruin my destiny
If I think an action might corrupt my virtue or my soul
Then the answer to that question, must always be no.
Never ever will I answer with a maybe or even a yes
When I know that someday that sin I must confess
Though I might not know alot but one thing I do know
When it conflicts my pride and honor, the answer is no.
My reputation and my values is what makes myself me
It is how that I am known from what others do see
So could I lie or cheat to cause others pain or woe
The answer to that question, will always be no.

No is no! and the question must end their
As I wont say yes to cause any sorrow or despair
I will not steal or rob from a friend or even a foe
And the answer to that question, is once again no.
Though I might meet with temptation or evil or corruption
It might enter my brain which will cause a disruption
But then one day I know my past it will unfold
And I will feel proud in those times, that I did say no.
A poor man has nothing a rich man has his wealth
But that will not send a soul to either heaven or hell
So will I lie or use to deceive either the young or the old
Once again to that answer, it will always be no.

Randy McClave

Must Die

Someday everything must die,
They just do, so don't ask why
One day they thrive, they are alive
Then they are dead, in the wink on an eye.
But this is the ways or GOD and nature,
Spoke Mother Earth to the creator.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Abyss

I shook her hand and then I said goodbye
I severed our relationship and she did cry
I walked one way and there she stood
That is how I let her know, she was no good.

I could have said farewell with just a kiss
But then my soul would had been in an abyss
Kisses are intimate and designed for the beloved
Not for the strangers, or the unloved.

I walked away with just a handshake
Quickest way to ease or forget a heartache
We met as friends now we leave as strangers
I said goodbye to her and also her dangers.

I shook her hand and then I had left
My honor and my pride was her only theft
Then when I was gone I felt a tear in my eye
It was the same tear that told me to leave, and why.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Baby Is Alive

My baby is alive
Although I have never heard it cry,
My baby is loved
Even though it I have never touched,
It is the flesh, from my flesh
From the one that gets no rest;
Now my baby is known
From the seeds that I have sown.
So, I will give a smile
To my unborn child,
And once again, I must say out loud;
That my baby is here,
And once again comes those tears.
Will it be a he, just like me
Or maybe though it will be a she;
My baby it is alive
As I feel it's presence, deep inside.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Bible Of Judgement

I read my Bible to tell others that they sin
And I shout it out with spite and also a grin,
I so, enjoy telling others that what they do is wrong
Them being weak and in tears, keep me strong.
So, into my Church those type of people are not allowed in.

I use my Bible to tell others why God doesn't like them
And how in damnation their soul God will condemn,
And if they are gay or had an abortion or a woman for hire
I so, enjoy telling them that God will burn them in everlasting fire.
Then I will sing to the sinners my favorite Church hymn.

I don't use my Bible for demons to expel
I use it for my beliefs and to judge and unto others to tell
And if they talk about their lifestyle or other sinful smut
Then my Bible, I will close it tightly shut.
I enjoy using my Bible to tell others that they are going to hell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Bonnie Lass

My Bonnie Lass From Scotland
Whom I love with all my heart
Across the sea, she came to me
From her, I shall never part.
As she is my everything
As I wander throughout my life
And like a prayer, she is always there
So, now my Lass, has become my wife.
As she is the beauty
That enters into my thoughts
So, now when I close my eyes, I realize
She was my victory in a battle hard fought.

My Bonnie Lass from Scotland
Whom I love with all my soul
And in my brain, she will always remain
As never will I let her go.
When I close my eyes and off to sleep
My mind though is still wide awake.
Sometimes I wonder, as though I ponder
How do I live, if from me, if she.... GOD did take.
For I love her more than the red, red rose
That blooms in the summertime
And I will love her till, my heart stands still
Till then, I know that she is mine.

My Bonnie Lass from Scotland
You are the reason that I do live
As in this world of take, and remake
To you and only you, I will always give.
And though in times that we might fight
But, in my heart I am holding your hand
I can take the pain, like the falling rain
As always I know, I am your man.
In years from now when its my time to leave
And our present will become your past
With tears in my eye, I will always cry
That I love you my Bonnie, Bonnie Lass.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Borrowing Son

When I had money to give or to send
I became my sons very best friend,
He called and he visited me all of the time
Which cost me every bill, quarter and dime,
When he'd come over we would always go out to eat
Which of course was always my treat,
He would always ask for money without guilt to permit
Then he would always say, that he's good for it.
He would borrow and borrow promising to pay me back
Substance and verity, his promises did lack,
When he needed new furniture and clothes, of course I paid
But, when I needed help and compassion, I prayed.
From decades at work I did finally and happily retire
I thought that I could do whatever I wished or did desire,
My son was grown and I thought no more worries or regret
I was finally financially secure, and not in debt.
Financially and spirituality I was always there for him
I would had gave him my organ or even a limb,
Now I look in my wallet and about me and I feel poor;
Now my son doesn't talk to me, or vist me anymore.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Brother

Here lies my brother,
The son of our mother.

He was no bother,
As he rests at the foot of our father.

He was a dad and a spouse,
In his shed and then in his house.

With much arguing and quibbling,
He still was our sibling.

After being mocked and ignored,
He is now with our Lord.

After many desires and quests,
Like a dormant seed he now rests.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Brother The Tankerman

My brother is a tankerman on a barge line
He works two to three weeks on, never does he whine,
He has been on the Mississippi and the Gulf Of Mexico
Wherever that he is needed, he is always prepared to go,
He sleeps for six hours, then the rest of the day he works
And while on the boat he labors, and also exercises as perks,
Before being a tankerman my brother was a deck-hand
We all must begin somewhere before reaching our promised land,
He works in the summertime and in the wintertime as well
He works in the sun, and also in the snow and the rain and hail,
Some people say that they couldn't work on the rivers or the sea
My brother tells them that he can and must, as he has bills and a family,
To work on the barges it takes a certain dynamic breed
Mother nature as a friend or foe, and only to God do you heed,
But, as the Bible says man must eat by the sweat of his brow
Even if he is on a boat, staring at heaven from its bow,
He transfers cargo to a refinery or a facility or to another barge
And sometimes he is its cook, or its janitor when he takes charge,
His responsibility it might differ while he is on the company clock
But, he is always ready and prepared on the water or on the dock,
Sometimes he is Jonah, after being swallowed by the giant fish
And too like Jonah, to be with his wife and family is his greatest wish,
While on the boat he works as hard as any crewman ever can
My brother works on the barges, and he is a tankerman.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Cremation

When they lay me out for viewing
The dreams of others will begin pursuing,
I know that many will be snooping about my house
As quick and as silent as a louse,
Someone might want this and another will ask for that
And someone might find the cash underneath my mat,
Then someone might check to see if my clothes will fit them
And they won't even feel any sadness or grim,
They don't come around or visit me while I am living
They all know that my property I will not be freely giving,
So, now they most likely will show up in my plight
And there most likely will be an argument and a fight.

When I am taken away by a hearse
I know that my last words will be, "family is indeed the worse"
They fume and they argue then they throw a fit
If a deceased family member's property they don't get,
At my passing I want a small celebration
Then I want my body to be set to fire in a cremation,
Then my ashes I want them sent to the wind
Now no more hearts will I break or will I seek to mend,
To my family and my friends I want no one to sin or forsake
Because of my possessions that they might want to take,
So, unto God I want all to give him their praise
Then with my body I want my house and my belongings set ablaze.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Death Is Coming Soon

My death it is coming soon
I can feel it in the air
And I know that I will not be missed
Even when I am lying there.
I have tried the best in this life
And I helped out all that I could
But when it came my time for help
I looked around, and no one stood.
I don't know who I am anymore
I know that I just don't belong
So when I leave this world I won't care
Because I believe my living was all wrong.

My death it is in my dreams
So in reality I am dying everyday
I have pleaded and begged to everyone
Even to GOD I fell to my knees to pray.
I wished that I would be missed before I was gone
I wished someone in myself, would just believe
But all I hear is that I didn't miss much in this life
But they never had to plead, what about me.
If I were someone else it would be a different story
Their life and memories wouldn't be at the end
Someone would be there for them each and everyday
And everywhere they look, they would see a friend.

My life is coming to an end
Everyday I feel the coldness that much more
Now overtime that I look, I am alone
As no one sides with me, no one has done before.
Why must one person in life be treated so bad
Why must his dreams and wishes be washed away
Is everyone else wishes more important that is
Should his dreams and wishes be all erased.
I am told to wish and dream what others expect
Even if its the dreams and wishes that others had
But then all theirs smiles have been from yesterday
And yesterday was the time that made me glad.

My life is almost at its end
I can feel the people walking on my grave
And one thing I do know, it is I will be replaced
And truly I wish everyone a happier and peaceful day.
So why must I be treated the way that I am
I truly do try my best to help people in this life
To see them smile and not to hurt anyone
What wrong could be worth that simple price.
So I wish my life was a better time
I wish and pray that all treated me like a friend
And I wish I wasn't used or took advantage of
And sadly, I wish that my life wasn't coming to its end.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Epitaph

Don't know if I will wave my hand
Don't know if I will nod my head
Don't know how I will say goodbye
Knowing that soon, I will lay dead.
Maybe I will just give a speech
When I know my time is coming near
But not one of sadness or even pity
As from my life, I don't want to bring a tear.
Beginning my life was such an easy start
As all I did was to scream and cry
But now there is so much complication
When it becomes, my time to die.

Don't know where I will be living
Don't know if I will be at home
Don't know what time that it might accrue
But I do know, that I will be alone.
Will I need to buy a brand new suit
Will I need to have my hair redone
Will I need to wear a brand new pair of shoes
While knowing never again, will I see the sun.
Don't know yet where I will be buried
Don't know if I will use a preacher or a priest
But then maybe I might just be cremated
And before I go; I will just say peace.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Equal

She says that she is my equal
I tell her that she is not!
When I have to piss I am standing
Whereas she has to always sit or squat.
We are not equal or identical or the same,
Just look at our faces and at each other's body frame.

She says that she is my equal
I tell her that's not true anymore,
When I have sex, women call me a stud
Whereas they will call her a slut or a whore.
They might even call me a gigolo or sleazy,
But, she will be called cheap and easy.

She says that she is my equal
As she waddles around the house pregnant,
She will carry a child nine months full term
While I carry a rod and rifle to fish and hunt.
And she will also give milk from her breast!
We are equal you say? Don't you jest.

She says that she is my equal
But, in any war has she ever entered or fought,
It will be me and not her that will be drafted
In wars women are never forced or sought.
They will sit at home and they will pray and cry,
Where we men will fight for them, and pray and die.

She says that she is my equal
As together down the street we will walk,
Wearing her push-up bra and a very short skirt
Every person looks at her with a gawk.
She spends hours preparing herself for just one date,
While I am ready in minutes at my slowest rate.

She says that she is my equal
Where inside her body she carries eggs and I have seeds,
And every month I will always stay the same
But, her mood changes and she also bleeds.

And every day with a woman, it is either fear or a laugh
I don't know if she is my friend, or is she a sociopath

She says that she is my equal
I say look at yourself, and that she is not true at all,
She is created to be a cheerleader
And not designed to play football.
She is seen as emotional, high maintenance and nice
Where I am the opposite, I can be bought at any price

She says that she is my equal
Before she screams from breaking her nail,
We are two different machines and strategies
We are even named different, she is a female and I am a male.
We will never be balanced or alike upon this earth,
That was already decided for us before our birth.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Feet

I walk and I walk on my two tired feet,
Please do not fail me, as people I need to meet.

Feet please take me wherever I need to go,
Let's walk never too fast, and let's never walk too slow.

In my youth my feet would help me run and also walk,
But, now my feet they drag, and trip and they sometimes balk.

I now comfort my feet with powder, and comfortable socks and shoes,
So, they won't hurt me as much, and hopefully they won't bruise.

At night I always give my tired old feet a hot salted bath,
To prepare them for the next day, and another trail or path.

I walk and I walk, and my feet they become tired and also sore,
How I wished they were young, as they were once before.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Forest

I planted a sapling then it became a tree,
Tall and majestic, mother nature would surly agree,
Then I planted other samplings, now I have woods
Soon, I will forget about those loud city neighborhoods.
Someday I do hope to have my own little forest
Maybe then I might plant flowers, and I can become a florist,
But, until then I hope to have a forest so I can just vanish
Then unto modern society, to it I can finally banish!
I want to wake up to the forest green leaves
And the forest raccoons will be the only known thieves
Then I would enjoy breathing my forest mist and its cold fog,
I am so sick of wakening up to concrete and the cities smog.
When I am in my forest I will happily become a recluse
Now when I wake up early in the morning I won't have an excuse,
The moon will be my nighttime and the sun will be my alarm
In peace I will live in my forest, it will become my shelter and my farm.
I will always welcome the birds to my forest as my guest
To the trees that I have planted the birds can build their nest,
In serenity and peace in my forest I will hope to disappear
And when a tree falls to the ground, that sound! only I will hear.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Garden

I tilled my garden until my back did hurt
Then I planted the seeds into the earth
I covered them with the sweet, sweet dirt
Excitedly I will wait for their summer birth.
I will watch and feed them every single day
Row upon row as they are laid
I will protect them by keeping predators away
And I will remove the weeds that has strayed.
I will visit my plant's every morning when I awake
And I will stay with them till the time is late
Not any of my plant's could I ever forsake
They are part of me and they are my fate.
I gave them my sweat and I gave them life
Daily I will check their growth and enjoy their sight
They relieve my tension and help with my strife
When my day is done, to them I will say goodnight.

Randy McClave

My Garden, My Soul

Hate; it will devastate
It corrupts the soul and mind
It will only anger and then frustrate
And it will cause a good man to go blind,
In my garden it will not be planted
Hate or its companions will never be sown
But if life to them is somehow granted
They will be destroyed, they will not be known.

Revenge; it is too avenge
To seek satisfaction from an evil deed
It will cause the mind and body to cringe
And in my garden it will be destroyed like a weed,
Those seeds in the wind they are scattered
And then by the wind they are blown
They will adhere to the soil and the soul that is battered
But in my garden, they will never be grown.

Forgiveness; it is to witness
In my garden it will pollinate
No man or woman am I seeking to impress
Never will I feed my plants venom to retaliate,
Love will bloom and then it will be harvested
And my plants will be free from hates infection
I had sowed feelings which were not infested
I have grown peace, and love and true affection.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Heritage

As I open up my book and turn the page
It reflects to me exactly who I am,
As I read more about my own family heritage
Now I know why I care, and why I give a damn,
I now know where I inherited my accent
And also much of my dignity and my pride,
My past has suddenly become my present
That comes from blood, and my forefathers that died,
My legacy came to me by reason of my birth
It became my soul's most important right,
I became the receptacle of my family's true worth
Which also includes sadness and death and delight.
True I was born a proud and free American
But, my heritage does not begin just there,
I am also a patriots great, great, great grandson
Whose surname I will always proudly wear,
Finally I know and understand where comes my rage
And my temper and my stubbornness and my honor,
In my blood and my soul I can feel the courage
That had left many of my family members a goner,
My blood it still flows strong in many countries
As I am part of a very noble and proud clan,
In the mighty forest we are the sheltering trees
That is where my heritage really began.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Home

Before you knock at my door or ring my bell
One thing you must know about where I dwell
This is my home and you are its guest
Come as a friend and a visitor, and not as a pest.

You are more than welcome to come to my house
But remember you are a friend, and not my spouse
Don't look about my home and wanting to see a mess
It would be the same to ridicule me, on the way that I dress.

You might not like my house or the way that I decorate
But please don't go about my home and investigate
Don't open my cabinets and don't go through my drawers
Remember this house is my home, and it is not yours.

You might find my pets on my couch and chairs
But remember this furniture is mine, and it is also theirs
So don't complain about their smell or even their fur
And don't push them off, remember they were there first.

And if you go to my kitchen to quench your thirst
Before you open my fridge, or grab a glass, please ask first
Please do not pick up a dish to see if it's dirty or clean
Do not be rude of my housekeeping, and do not intervene.

Don't be shocked if on the floor you see pants, socks or a shoe
As I too have a child and he lives here too
And the noise that you heard it is very common around here
As it is my child playing so please don't jump or shout in fear.

Before you come to my home, and enter my front door
Think before you snoop, or before my home you explore
This is my home and as a friend you I happily accept
Please show us respect, or from my house you I will reject.

Randy McClave

My Home Town

My home town
The place where I was born,
where I learned of love
And was taught of truth
And where my thoughts were formed
In my home town.

My home town
How highly you do you rate
Where united we stand
And divided we fall
When our nation calls,
In my home state
My great state.
My homeland
Majestically do you stand
With your mountains so near
And your people so dear
Ready to listen and hear
In our homeland
Our grand land.

My homeland
Kentucky at its grace
The land I have known
Where my thoughts have grown,
In my bluegrass home
My own sweet home
Our own Kentucky home.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My House

This is my house,
Treat it as such,
It is where I dwell.
It is my castle,
I am it's king,
It is where, I alone prevail.
I set the rules,
For which we live,
For my wife, child and I
If you cannot accept them,
If you only reject them,
Please, just step outside.

This is my house!
I support it with two hands,
Likened the one, my father once owned.
And when I got married,
And I took me a bride,
My house, became our home.
I'll fight for the rights,
For which it stands,
To shelter, my family and I,
To protect ourselves,
And to raise our family,
And for that, I would surely die.
Though it may not be a castle,
It may not be a mansion,
But of its four walls I am proud.
For many memories are here,
Many hopes and dreams lie there,
For this is my house, our home.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My House Of Mine

My house has several windows
Which I can look upon my yard,
In the daytime they are my escape
And at nighttime they are my guard.
To the outside world they are the eyelids,
They see what I want when the world forbids.

My house it has a metal roof
It protects me and my family from the storm,
Inside I need not to carry an umbrella or wear boots
Nature for me it must conform.
From danger and mother nature it keeps me aloof,
It protects me, and will always keep me waterproof.

My house it has several doors
Within many rooms of my home,
They take me to different moods and desires
When in a dream I close my eyes and I roam.
My doors will keep unwelcome guests and pests away,
And they provide the homeyness for friends to stay.

My house it is my sanctuary
It shelters me from the world outside,
It is truly my own Garden of Eden
It is where I can concentrate and also where I can hide.
Only I have permanent entrance to this paradise of mine,
Inside my home it is me, and I am it's shrine.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Inspiration

You are my inspiration,
You are the reasons that I write,
You are the reasons why I dream and wish
If I were a boxer, you'd be the reason that I'd fight,
Into my soul, you breathed into it life
You awoken what many people thought was dead
Of dreams and truth and needs, I write once again
I never look backwards, now I march straight ahead.
I feel the way that I feel because of you
Time and GOD had placed your path to meet mine
I have never felt the way that I feel now
You are my inspiration until the end of time,
I will see you when we both are old and gray
I will see you when the world is full of despair
Then you will give me the inspiration to write again,
You will be the answer to this poets prayer.
You are my greatest inspiration
No matter what the time or year might be
Because of you I dream and I desire and then I write
And it is only you that can set this poets soul free,
And when the years do come, and then they must go
When I must leave to meet the Lord in his own time,
He will know of my work for GOD knows all
Then he will say love was his inspiration, and you were mine.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Life

I would give you my life, if only that I could
But, I can't, so I will give you a plant,
You can then water it and then raise it good
Pretend that it's me, then you will have a tree.

You can nourish your tree so that it can grow tall
With its varied limbs, and your many whims,
And it will be there for you, when there is a cold fall
The changing of a leaf, has no grief.

Underneath the tree you can shelter yourself from the rain
With your disputes, you can dig at its roots,
Kick it or punch it, unlike me it doesn't feel the same pain
And in your yard you will know, where it does grow.

I could give your my life again, but I won't
I am not sturdy or strait, or magnificent or great,
I need more than wishes and complaints, so just don't
Plant yourself trees, and maybe they can please.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Lifetime

To live a lifetime without you
That would be the hardest life to live,
It would be a lifetime of pain and torture
It would be an eternity that I couldn't live or give;
So I mapped out that situation inside my mind
As I stared at the heavens above,
I think; to live a lifetime without you
It would become a life, without meaning or love.

To live a day without you
In my mind that deed cannot be done,
How can a man survive, and call it a life
When he doesn't have the moonlight or the sun;
Once my life was at its very end
I didn't have a reason to fight or survive,
I tried it all, I was prepared for my fall
And then you entered into my life.

To live a minute without you
That would be the hardest sixty seconds for me to do,
So I sit down and I will write, until you see the light
I am the only one who could ever truly need you;
An hour without you is like a day
And that day becomes a year that will never end,
A year without you would become a forever
That one moment, I don't ever want it to begin.

To know that I had to live without you,
That would be the saddest part of my life,
I would give up to write, and my reason to fight
Then I would present GOD with my life.
I stare at the heavens above me
I again thank GOD that he presented you to me,
And I always thank him again, as a man would his friend
Without you, I truly couldn't be.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Love

My love it cannot be measured
With any meter or measuring device
My love it is of honor and treasured
To own it, there is a vow and not a price,
My love it cannot be weighed
With any scales created or that is known
My love it cannot be used or played
But it can be possessed, and also owned,
My love it will last forever
No watch or calendar can measure it
My love it cannot or will not sever
To receive, you must only commit,
My love it will never die
Even when I am buried into the ground
My love then will be in the sky
And it will live in the breeze and on its sound.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Mistress

She puts on her little black dress,
And the lipstick that I like her to wear
I enjoy it when other men stare,
She is my mistress.

For me she primps and does her nails,
And wears her romantic lingerie
She is a temptation to me in every-way,
As she is to all the other virile males.

If I am ever worried or depress,
I don't need or want a drink or two
I don't need to smoke or a tissue,
I have a pleasing mistress.

I have no more loneliness or dread,
I am now excited for each day to begin
Sadly though it begins with a sin,
When I awake she's in my head.

To all men and woman I will confess,
That I am a single man who enjoys sex
I don't want another girlfriend or another ex,
That is why I have a mistress.

She wears her sexy high-heels,
And her garter-belt and nylon hose
And for me she will tease and pose,
Only to me her true desires she reveals.

I relieve all of her pain and stress,
Caused by her husband a hateful male
She of course is a married female,
She is my needing mistress.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Mother

My father taught me how to swear and when to curse
My mother was the one who taught me to read a Bible's verse,
She was the one who taught me how to forgive and to forget
Whereas my father taught me how to fight, and also how to hit.

My father told me in life many of man's fights he chooses
My mother cleaned and bandaged my cuts and also my bruises,
And when from father's advice I came home with a bloody nose
It was my mother who cleaned me up, and then patched up my clothes.

My father took me on our traditional hunting and fishing trip
As though to further our own child and parental relationship,
At night I would sleep underneath the stars with rocks underneath my head
And when I got home, my mother had already prepared my own soft bed.

My father taught me how to ride a bike and also how to swim
He pushed me down a hill, then in the water he just tossed me in,
My mom with her patience she taught me how to drive a car
Now I look at my past, I now understand how I made it this far.

My father taught me how to work on cars and how to cut grass
He also taught me to honor and respect the hard-working middle-class,
My father worked five days a week and eight hours a day in a steel-mill
But, it was mom who daily cleaned our house and prepared our every meal.

My father would always fall asleep watching television every night
Where I would be lying in my bed praying for forgiveness from a fight,
Downstairs cleaning the house and getting us ready for tomorrow was my
mother
It was her and not my father that kept us patched up, and kept our family
together.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Music

I wish that I could play music
But, I can't even sing a song;
And every time that I try to play a guitar,
Or sing, I always do it all wrong.
I so, love listening to music
It puts my soul and my mind at ease
It helps me to relax on those tense days,
As music enters my soul like a breeze.
I must say that I love music to no end
It must go with me wherever I might go,
In my thoughts or with myself humming
And it's always on my radio.
Always after listening to a favorite song
It's melody in my brain will remain
I will tap my feet or snap my fingers or even whistle,
Even though the song is finished, it still will entertain.
I cannot explain what is music
I don't know the difference between a note or a clef,
How I wish that I was a creator of songs;
But, I can't sing, and I believe that I am tone-deaf.
When a child is born it cries,
Then the mother's song of love is sung;
I believe that when I entered into this world,
My life and love of music had just begun.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Nephew

My nephew has moved in with me now
So, I had to go out and buy a cow,
Just because he drinks gallons of milk at one time
And I don't even get a penny, or nickel, or dime.

My dog will run and hide from him in fear
Whenever she hears his grumbling she knows that he's near,
For him she will not ever sit or heel
She's afraid that he will eat her very next meal.

My nephew eats in every room of my house
He his worse than any ravaging tiny mouse,
Crumbs I will always find either here, or way over there
And now the refrigerator is always bare.

Soon he might eat me out of my very own castle
But, he doesn't see the worry or problem or the hassle,
I know that this sounds odd and really bizarre
But, he truly thinks that my kitchen is his personal buffet bar.

He always asks me when I am going to the grocery store
I tell him that this week, no more,
Then the last piece of ham in my house he did carve
Then while walking away he states, that he is going to starve.

When there is cold food on the table and he see's it there
He eats it without warming it, or giving a thankful prayer,
I know that one day away from me he will happily roam
But, first he's going to eat me out of my house and home.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Nephew's Pill

My nephew wanted to give me a pill
Even though I am not ill,
He said this pill a vitamin would make me stronger
And if I keep taking them, I will live longer;
But, if I take too many, then they would kill.

He said he could always get me a refill
That is of course when I have taken my fill,
I thanked him for caring and worrying about my health
He said taking care of his family, is his greatest wealth;
Then he shook my hand, and he presented me a bill

On the ground his vitamins I accidentally did spill
My dog then got excited because of the thrill
She sniffed the vitamins, then all of them she ate
She sealed my destiny and sadly her own fate
I now am taking my nephew's name out of my will

Someday I will be buried on top of a hill
That is the fact and that is what is real
I might live a little longer and healthier because of a vitamin
But, when we die, no-one will really know why or when
So, down the toilet I flushed that little pill.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Older Brother

I once looked up to him when I was a little boy,
I wanted to be just like him, so he I did annoy,
I emulated his every move and even the way he walked,
I even began to spit and curse, I even mimicked the way he talked.
I wanted to be just like him, so he I would always try to impress,
I even wore his hand me downs, whenever I got dressed,
Wherever he went I followed, or I wanted to go,
But, then he would always laugh at me, telling others me he didn't know.
He never protected or defended me the way I thought he would,
He never wanted me at his side as my parents said he should,
I thought that he would protect and defend me; he never did,
I thought that he was there to help and advise me; he hid.
He was my older brother I admired him the most of all,
If he ever wanted or needed anything of mine, all he had to do was call,
I had a younger and older sister and a caring loving father and mother,
But, he was superior to them all, as he was my older brother.
Then he started drinking and smoking and also using drugs,
Then he began to lie and steal so he became one of the thugs,
When I grew older my adoration for my brother I did drown,
No longer do I look up upon him, I now look down.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Opinion

You might not agree with what I see
You might object to a reasoning or thought
But it is your right to speak and disagree
And to say that you can't; I will not.
As we all have the right to think and believe
As we all have the right to live and breathe.

You might not stand by a judgement
You might say you are right and they are wrong
But then you have a right for your own statement
As in life it is better to live and get along.
Living is so short as we all know and see it
And dying one day, we all try to forget it.

You might not hold onto my conviction
You might believe my sentiment is unjust and wrong
Though my words might bring you only friction
But that is debatable as the night is long.
Views are solid and are unshaken
While evidence is pure and awakened

You might not have faith in my belief
You might object how I enjoy to live my days
What brings joy to others might bring me grief
What bring me sorrow might give you praise.
But then we all sleep when the day is done
And these are not viewpoints, but my opinion.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Own Skin

I looked upon my own skin;
Then I turned my head and I looked at it again.

In my hand I examined the red rose petal,
But, for that red beauty and one color must I forever settle.

GOD created the rose in its many different colors,
To bring beauty and a wonder to the world as man discovers.

The roses and their fragrances are they not all the same,
So, only to one rose and its color must I only love as I exclaim.

If by a rose its thorn in pain my thumb is ever pricked,
Should its color always be thought of hate and held with prejudice?

GOD created the red, the yellow, the white, and even the rare black rose,
To which many had fallen in love with and had written of in a prose.

Once again I looked at my very own skin
And like the roses and their colors; men are just men.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Past Life

When you look down upon my face;
And you see the sadness and also the disgrace,
Please remember, they were not always there;
But think of me in your thoughts and your prayer.

As it was not really that long ago;
When happiness and joy in my face did show,
When love and peace had also occupied my heart;
But then from me, those emotions did part.

A smile and a laugh was the first to leave;
Then next were my dreams and the need to believe,
My feelings and words of compassion would disappear;
Then stronger grew my hate, and also my fear.

The world that I knew it was no longer my friend;
The hope that I had I would no longer send,
My life and my home it became a different place;
And it is all there when you look down, upon my face.

Randy McClave

My Race

If I cannot stand straight and tall
On my hands and knees I will crawl
I might not keep up with another man's pace
But this one thing I know, I will finish the race
I will not give excuses or will I ask for pity
I am not looking for hand-outs or charity
All I seek is the chance to either lose or win
As I wait for the race and my journey to begin.

Randy McClave

My Shoes

If you were to wear my shoes
Would you do the things that I have done,
Fight the battles that I must fight
Or would you turn around and run.
Would you walk the places where I have walked
And take the steps that I have took
As my road has been a hard walked road
Or could you even bare to turn around and look.
Would you confront all that came towards you
And swear to me and GOD that you will never run or hide
Can you stand for your beliefs as I do mine
Or will you hide from them, and keep them deep inside.
If your cheated on, would you confront the cheater
If your lied upon would you stand up and fight
Or would you accept what has been done to you
And try to keep it in your soul, and far out of sight.
My name is my word and my word is my honor
And when I die that's all that I will take
And I fight my battles by myself and all alone,
And no one, will I ever use or will I forsake.
If you tried on my shoes would they even fit
I think that and I know to myself probably not
My journey has been a long traveled road
As what I searched for you had never sought.
You look at my hands and you'll see my pride
In this world of Man I have paid my dues
And on your hands do you see anything at all
But then you have never, walked in my shoes.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Son

When I was weak
You made me feel strong,
When I was sad
You filled my soul with a song,
When I was depressed
To me you would confess
That I never did, any wrong.

When I was lost
You helped myself be found,
When I was confused
You placed my feet on the ground,
When I was alone
You would not let me moan
From my sadness, you were my rebound

When I was thinking
You gave me a happy thought,
When I wanted to be mad
You'd tell me forget the battles I had fought,
When I felt the need to hide
You were always at my side
You were the calm, that I had sought.

When I thought I had lost
You showed me that I won,
When I saw only clouds
You pointed out the sun,
When I saw negativity
You wished me creativity
You were my strength, you my son.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Son And Me

All that my son will ever think about
Will be the money for him that I have spent,
And for missing that luxury alone he will pout
He won't even pray or care if I am heaven sent.
He will remember the places that I have taken him
And all the presents and gifts for him which I have bought,
I was at his beckoning call for his every whim
But, for my presence alone, he truly had never sought.
The only time that he ever visited or called me
Is when he needed money, or a gift for him I needed to buy,
But, for gifts or money for me, from him it was never free
So, God please tell what have I don't wrong, and why.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Soul

Upon my own tortured soul
I still wonder who gave me that gift,
If it abandons me will I still be whole
Or would my demeanor and personality shift.

Was it given to me by my parents
Or was it crafted and then installed by GOD,
Will I be remembered as one of the virtuous tenants
Or will I be simply known, and then given a nod.

Sometimes I just don't feel so worthy
With the soul of mine that's connected to me,
I am told that we are one, but it is clean and I am dirty
I am the bark, and it is the tree.

I guess in the end it doesn't really matter
When the time comes GOD will then judge us both,
I am my soul's master, and not the latter
I gave it a home, and it gave me spirituality and growth.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Surname

She wanted to have my last name,
But, I wouldn't allow it because of her wickedness and shame,
She has worn men's last names many times before
And I didn't want her past coming to my front door;
Relationships to her are just a guiltless game.

She has been with so many different men
While always wearing her licentious grin,
To one man a commitment she could never make
And according to her, she never made a mistake;
How can you know the soul, if you don't know where it's been.
She was born to both lie and to cheat
To which she would always continue and repeat,
Was a trait that was passed down to her from her mom
To which she'll pass it to her daughters without a qualm;
So, now she is known up and down every avenue and street.

My last name she will never wear
As some women do with beautiful ribbons in their hair,
A surname to her is just a plan and an excuse
For another child's name, if she does reproduce;
To use my last name she never will, and that I swear.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Time Will Come Around

My time will come around
When all will put me down
Then I will not be found
And then there will be no sound.
That time will come so fast
When they will talk of my past
Then that horror again will last
Then at me they will no longer laugh.
They will then look into their mirrors
They will see their hope and their heroes
They will then come and they will go
They will have their pluses and their zeros.
I have seen the mistake that I have made
It haunts me every night and day
I don't know what to do or say
All I want is to secretly slip away.
I see my world as it falls apart
I feel the pounding of my heart
Of this world I am not a part
I wish mine would end and theirs to start.
I see myself all alone
No one needs me so I do roam
I have no place to call my home
I am nobody so I am not known.
I am a man without a place
I am a person without a race
I am a clown without a face
I am destiny without any haste.
Everyone knows the things I don't know
They get smarter and I get old
I am so lonely on the road
I stand alone in the rain and cold.
I should die or never been born
I feel ugly as my soul deformed
Everyone one else is loved and adorned
For myself I will never be mourned.
Someday I know that I will die
Everyone still will toss me aside
I was never needed so then not alive

At me its better to laugh and never to cry.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My Truck

You have borrowed her shoes and her dress
Everything that she owns you want to possess,
You have cried and cried until you can't cry anymore
Now you are wearing everything that she once wore.
You have ruined her dress and you've lost her shoes
Everything of hers, you either destroyed or did abuse,
You now need and want to borrow her truck
Now all that she can say is, "What the *F*uck"!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

My War

Our marriage it didn't last long
But, neither did World War 2,
There was only one victim in our matrimony
It was me, and it wasn't you know who.
I became a prisoner of a war
I was submitted to cruelty and starvation,
Not once did I get a care package from home
I was a mistreated husband, and not a nation.
I became a captured POW
But, I refused to be an escaping captive,
Mental games on me were constantly played
All that I wanted was peace, so I became adaptive.
The screaming in battles they were loud
It was always her armies against me,
I gave her everything that she had ever wanted
But, she kept refusing to sign a peace treaty.
I fought and I survived in the trenches
I ate food from cans and also bags,
My clothes they were unwashed and nasty
I still wonder, of her wartime brags.
I never had myself any allies
Everywhere that I looked I saw an adversary,
I didn't know who to believe or who to trust
I watched my back, because of the woman that I did marry.
When I slept, I slept upon the floor
And I always slept with my one eye spying,
I prayed to God for my soul and my salvation
And for our marriage, I never heard her crying.
A bullet or a cannon or missile was never fired
And as I swore I never retreated,
But, our war it came to its armistice end
When I became it only casualty, she cheated.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Myself

I am me.
Accept me.
For being the way I am.
To be myself, and on one else.
Myself, being a man.
Though I will make mistakes,
And I will ask for help,
But that will be me.
And it wont be anyone else.
Accept me please
Don't deny me
For being the way I will
To grow my hair,
For the clothes I wear
Or for calling, a mountain a hill.
Though I could be anyone,
But I can't be a pawn,
For the way I am
Is the way I chose
And that is the way I'll die.
You are you.
And I am me.
The way it was meant to be.
Your clouds are real.
My mountains are hills.
And I am me, myself.
Not no one else.....

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Naked And Blind

Into this world we are born both naked and blind
Being rich or poor isn't in our thoughts or on our mind,
We can't judge or be judged by what we see or by what we wear
And the clothing or by the skin of others we don't even care.
All children are equal when they enter onto this planet
Though that's not written into the dirt or upon any slab of granite,
Children are born innocent and vulnerable for all the world to see
Then from watching and listening they become someone like you or me.
For a very short time the child will start to watch and to listen
Then they all change when with their name they will be christen,
The child and mother's heartbeat will always beat the same
They beat in unison and for a moment they share the same thoughts and brain.
We are born naked and blind without prejudice and not being judgmental
Into this world when we arrive we enter it both fragile and gentle,
Then the child's independence from their mother is their first reward
When the doctor severs the child's umbilical cord.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Nature And Life

Green; the grass is alive,
Brown; the grass is useless and dead.
What color's the cow's breath?

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Nature Of Life

From the sea we all came
Into the Earth we will all go,
Life and death will be our claim
When our seeds nature did sow.
We will come upon the ground
Then in it we will be buried,
We all are either Heaven or Hell bound
When into the earth we are drugged or carried.
But, some will be set on fire
So, that they can return to the earth as dust,
They are placed in the breeze to the highest buyer
Then unto the wind they throw their final trust.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Nature's Trail

Sometimes to escape, noisy neighborhoods
I enjoy going for a walk into the woods,
When I am exhausted, or tired of listening to man's machinery
That is when I need to go to find a peaceful and serene scenery.
I will always take the trail that leads to nature's wonder
And when I arrive there, I will take my time as I must ponder,
I will stop and I will look at the beauty that God has created
Now! I don't feel so alone, or even isolated.
Mother Nature she then surrounds me, I feel her existence
So, of course I walk a bit further into the beckoning distance,
The trees they all are reaching, to touch the clouds in the sky
And the birds that are in the trees, they sing, and they fly.
To rebuild and to awaken my inner noticing skills
I enjoy nature walking, by taking a trail into the wooded hills
My ideal is simple, it is to get away to fresh air and a clear mind
The experience which many think as ordinary, to me it is hard to find.
A trail it has taken me into the ultimate quest
Where nature is busy and alive, and the city is finally at rest,
When from the city's ambiance I need to leave or to bail
I enjoy disappearing into nature, by taking a nature's trail.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Never Again

She called my name so we can be one again
I told her I could never live in that evil and sin
She then went away, till another year or day
But never again will I allow her evils and lies in.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Never Had Waited

I know that we are both a decade or so to late
Now I wonder, were you worth the wait,
You are not the same woman as you were way back then
Now you are chased by only me, and not by a company of men.

I remember the times before when you wore a short skirt
With your legs you enjoyed to tease and flirt,
But, now you wear pants or a very long dress
You seem not to care to attract, or even to impress.

I now finally have the nerve to ask you to be my lover
You tell me that you can't, because you are now a grandmother,
You then smile and give me a wink as though negotiating a deal
Now I wonder, do you still have that same old sexual appeal.

Like a fine cheese or wine you must wait for it to mature
To get that deserving taste, which is tastier and more pure,
But, unlike cheese and fine wine we do not get much better with years
We now have promises and commitments, and a tub full of fears.

You tell me that you are now fat and not really that pretty
Now it seems to me that you don't want my winks, but only my pity,
You now also enjoy to contradict and also to complain
Especially about your looks, and your every little ache and pain.

I still think about that woman in a very short skirt and high heels
And all of my past wishes and fantasies and ideals,
I no longer see a fine wine, I now see beer and a glass of water
Now, I wonder as I think, maybe I am not too old for your adult daughter.

You once fought like a tiger, now you just let your problems pass
Now you're forgiving, no longer do you have that vigor and sass,
Once upon a time to me you seemed to be exciting and x-rated
How I wish, that we never had waited.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Never Her Name

As I went to reflect and relax in the steam room
Thinking only about GOD, and you know whom
She being the woman who was once my mate
But now she is gone, along with her deceit and hate,
Never again will I want to speak her name
As it reminds me of her cheating, and also her shame
Nor do I want to hear her name spoken to me again
As it brings to my mind all of her lies and her sin,
I wonder if her name will be in the book of life
As she made a mockery of love and also being a wife
But I think her name will not be written down
So in the lake of fire she probably will drown,
She lives a life with her sins and evil deeds
Planting more sins, as a farmer plants his seeds
She blames others as though it's never her own fault
That is her excuse, which you take with a grain of salt,
She lives a life which is a sin and a lie
No one truly knows her, if they did she they would deny
She walks the same road in every town and or city
Living in regret and disappointment and always seeking pity,
Now as I think and relax while in the steam bath
There is no hate or anger or vengeance or even wrath
I finally found the peace given by GOD and the sauna
Now never do I want to hear or speak the name of _ _ _ _ _.

Randy McClave

Never Surrender

I will not throw up my arms
I will never call retreat
I will not turn and run away
From the truth and what I believe.
I will always stand my ground
I will protect what I know is mine
I will not leave any conflict unanswered
And from that position I will not resign.
No matter the size of any man
Or the powers of his rifles or cannons
Or the strength of his army or his wealth
No one will I ever abandon.
What I have is mine to own
And my property to no one will I yield
As I will not give up what I know is mine
And to no man will I ever kneel.
I will stand by my honor
Until that day that I die
And never will I give up on myself
As if anything I will always have my pride.
I will never cower to anyone
I will never forget the fight
No matter of my consequences
No matter of my strength or your might.
I will always stand by my honor
And in my blood and sweat they will remember
That I was here and I stood my ground
And too no-one would I surrender.

RANDY L. McCLAVE

Randy McClave

Never Too Old (To My Son)

You're never too old to ride a bike
You're never too old to fly a kite
You're never too old to read or write
And of course, you're never too old to be polite.

You're never too old to live in regret
You're never too old to lose or make a bet
You're never too old to smoke a cigarette
And obviously, you're never too old to be in debt.

You're never too old to give up on life
You're never too old for worries or strife
You're never too old to play the guitar or the fife
And certainly, you're never too old to take a wife.

You're never too old to join a gym
You're never too old to learn to swim
You're never too old to have a whim
And definitely, you're never too old to be fit and trim.

You're never too old to sit and cry
You're never too old to scream and question 'why'
You're never too old to be told a lie
And without a doubt, you're never too old, to die.

When I was a young man I had always been told
That only once in my lifetime, will I journey life's road
So, as I look upon my son whom I am his mold
I will assuredly tell him; that you're never too old.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Newest Angel

There is a sadness in my soul
But, the Lord, he will give me strength,
They say that Heaven is man's ultimate goal
So short is our life, but long is our memories length.
There is no words to say, but only a heartache
As we understand that life is just a simple test,
God gives, but then God must also take
When we finish life's journey God then lets us rest.
The Lord has brought forth his newest angel
A person that none of us wanted to let go,
But, God has created his children strong and able
And someday we too must journey that path solo.
Who knows of God's ultimate plan
Is it meant for some people to live in pain or suffer,
But, some survive who know why, not mortal man
What doesn't weaken us makes the spirit tougher.
Tears are in the eyes when we must say goodbye
But the souls of loved ones are never lost or forgotten,
We all are born with joy, and with sadness when we die
Tears that we shed now shows no one is ever born misbegotten.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

No Matter

No matter what your resume might say,
No matter your belief or to what GOD you pray.

No matter the languages that you might speak,
No matter what religion, or to what belief you believe or seek.

No matter your occupation or the work that you do,
No matter if you walked a mile, or just ten feet in your shoe.

No matter if you are slow or what you have learned,
No matter your schooling, or the degrees that you have earned.

No matter the potholes that's in your path,
No matter when you fall, if you take not a shower, but a bath.

No matter the places that you lived, or someday will live,
No matter the gifts, or the donations that you will give.

No matter what life lessons that you might teach,
No matter the words of inspiration that you will use or preach.

No matter the clothes that you might own and wear,
No matter the length, or the color of your hair.

No matter your social status whether you are rich or poor,
No matter if you speak quietly, or if you declare with a roar.

All that truly matters is your actions and just one deed,
As that will speak louder, and to that men will heed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

No More

Every generation has seen or has known of a war
Why not have one generation that will say; "No more! ",
No more countries to combat, or fight, or to hate with hostility
Peace and freedom, that would be the people's own responsibility.

And if any leader should ever demand or seek global power
That leader should step back and take a long look, and also a cold shower;
They then should go to the nurseries just to hear the babies cry
Then they should go to the hospitals, and watch people suffering and then die.

If any nation's commander should speak of hatred for any people or country
Let them be sent away, so not to ever threaten with weapons or a military
infantry,
And when any leader gives war speeches while screaming out their demands
Let's all give them the middle finger, instead of the clapping of our hands,

When politicians and governments get together to talk about what is right
Don't they understand that to live together we must not always need to fight,
To all politicians and leaders that stand upon their platforms and shriek for a war,

Let one generation stand up upon their rooftops, and shout out; "No more! ".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

No More Praise

Once they said you were so sweet
But now they say that you are a cheat
So maybe then someday you might learn
Your deeds speak louder than any word
As you think walking down your street.

Once they said your soul was loyal
But now they say its used and soiled
So I say this to you my dear, dear friend
If you did once before you will do it again
You once had nothing but now you are spoiled.

Once they said you were knowledgeable
Now they say that you are intolerable
As you think your better than everyone else
And no one is as smart as yourself
Now your ways and acts are unpardonable.

Once they said you were very honest
But then you became very dishonest
You hid your truth as you would hide a tear
Then you made your past and deeds disappear
As then you thought you were a goddess.

Once they said you were trustworthy
But then you became uncouth and earthy
You became a person that we never knew
As inside your soul and mind evil and hate grew
Now for your salvation you will never be worthy.

Once they said you were true to the core
But now your mind is empty and your soul is poor
You had let evil and sin enter into your life
Now honesty and love is out of your sight
Statements of praises, you wont hear anymore.

Randy McClave

No More!

I came home from a senseless war
All bandaged up tattered and tore,
A uniform and medals is all that I wore
Then I thought to myself, 'no more'.
What was the reason for my fighting,
People are still killing, and also inciting.

I then opened up my bedroom drawer
I took out my bible as I had before,
Then unto God, I then swore
As I also said to myself, 'no more'.
So, many lives I had ended and stolen,
My head and my pride for a short time was swollen.

I killed him because he was damned and sore
I killed her because she was an Islamic whore,
Then I killed the child, because it was poor
Then I said to myself, 'no more'.
I murdered because of hatred and prejudice,
My soul was then sent into the dark endless abyss.

I stomped upon my bedroom floor
Then I thought I heard the weapons roar,
My soul I needed again to restore
Again I said to myself, 'no more'.
I told God then that I was a killer and a vet,
And wasn't it time for me to head home yet.

The rain it came like tears and it began to pour
Then I heard God speak to me, he said, 'no more'!

Randy McClave

No Place Like Home

I have traveled by bus and plane around the globe,
I have been to the forests and the beaches sand,
I have been to Japan, Amsterdam and Scotland,
But, for me there is no place like being home.

I have eaten haggis and I have also had eel,
I have eaten grasshoppers and also other bugs,
I have even eaten oysters and snails and also slugs,
But, to me there is nothing like a home cooked meal.

When exhausted and tired I have slept in a shed,
I have also slept in a cabin and on a boat and in a tent,
I have slept in a castle where I didn't pay rent,
But, I miss and I enjoy sleeping in my very own bed.

I have traveled with friends and I have traveled alone,
I have traveled with Elisabeth, Donna and Andy,
I have walked by myself and also with Mandy,
But, even with friends abroad there is no place like home.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Not

Not every man will have a spouse
Not every man will own a house
A place to go and rest his feet
And to protect himself from the cold and heat
That type of dream not many will espouse.

Not every man will want a wife
Not every man will want to share a life
As what they have is theirs alone
And all they care about is what they've known
So their cord of relationship they cut with a knife.

Not every man will want to be a father
Not every man will want a son or a daughter
All they want is their freedom and the world
They don't want themselves, as a boy or a girl
And family and obligation is nothing but a bother.

Not every man will share their name
Not every man will share their pain
Many just care for their wants and needs
And the glory of manhood for which it feeds
But the glory of all, is that all man is not the same.

Randy McClave

Not A President Of Mine

I am not a bigot, or a racist, or a bully of any kind
I believe that we all are all equal, in the home of mankind,
Our newly elected president though is a person that I cannot stand
He is corrupt and he is evil, and I will not ever give him a hand.
If he ever orders me to kill one of our country's supposed foe
I will quickly throw down my weapon, and abjectly I will shout "NO!
",
Never will I support any laws or rules that this president did create
Upon my soul and my thoughts, he will not ever rule or dictate.
If he asks me to hate someone because of the color of their skin
For him I would not ever commit to that ugly, ungodly sin,
And if he ever asks me to mock someone because of their religion
Again I will not! He might as well toss me into a Russian prison.
If he ever tries to command me to fight for his monetary gain in a war
I will quickly turn myself around, then I will walk proudly out the front door,
He better not ever ask me to help him protect only the rich
I also care for the needy and the poor, against them I will not ever switch.
If I ever see a smile of greed or contempt upon his lying face
I will then spit upon him, I will also call him a filthy, cheating disgrace,
Unto my beliefs towards him, I will not ever backdown or resign
He is indeed our president, but he is no president of mine.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Not A Saint

Indeed, indeed, I am not a saint,
And of course I am not the devil,
If I were on the scales of good and bad;
I think I would probably be level.
Though I hope and I try my best to be good,
But sometimes what I do, it is in error,
I am at the crossroads of both sin and morality,
Badges and wounds of both sides I am the wearer.
From my acts and deeds I know I will be judged,
So, I really try my best to be both honest and good;
But sin and temptation is all around me,
And sometimes sinning seems to be my livelihood.
I have never cheated or have been unfaithful;
Those are the badges that I proudly do wear;
But I have been selfish and also ungrateful;
Those are the wounds on my soul that I bare.
I am not a saint and indeed I am not a bad sinner,
I am not good enough for heaven or bad enough for hell,
So after my death I wonder where my eternity will be spent;
Or maybe, I will go to neither, but will be sent to jail.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Not A Spoken Word

You speak over a thousand words
From many different worlds,
From a hundred separate lands
And, I still don't understand.
What I want to do is to comprehend
Thoughts are like the wind,
When there is no sound to be heard
I want to understand, without a word.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Not Going To Church

I don't ever go to church
But, I still talk to God,
I will not listen to a person from a perch
I just read my Bible alone with a nod,
I still worship my lord Jesus
And his steps and teachings I try to follow,
He is there for each and every one of us
I found a home, just like the swallow.

In a church I need not show my presence
Or proof of God in which I believe,
To anyone I will not look for offense
Are we not all the children of Adam and Eve,
I do not like gossip or finger pointing
Nor the talk of a strangers inequities or sin,
Shouldn't we all be anointing
Aren't we all just weak women and men.

I enjoy listening to a church's religious hymns
But, I enjoy more working for our Lord,
I practice it daily and not in whims
And never do I hate or use a sword,
When a collection plate is passed around
Of course, I am never there,
Somewhere else I and my soul are bound
So, secretly I donate my money and a prayer.

I give my tithes not to a church, but to the homeless
And never do I wear a suit and a tie,
No person do I need or want to impress
And I will stay that way until the day that I die.
Every day with me Jesus will walk
So, I will always help the needy and the poor
From the Lord's teachings I will never balk
So, I never need to enter any church's front door.

Randy L. McClave

Not I

The Earth is the mother, not I
Spoke the cloud with a sigh
I just feed the world when I am around
But birth of course it comes from the ground
I bring water when there is a thirst
So upon the Earth I release a cloudburst
But true without rain all would die
But Earth is the mother, not I

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Not Jesus

My name isn't Jesus, it is pronounced Hey-seus,
I am not the son of GOD, I worship Zeus,
I cannot turn water into wine, nor can I raise the dead
Nor can I feed my family, with a double loaf of bread.
I wasn't born in Bethlehem, I was born in Spain
Earth it is my home, and heaven is not my domain,
I do not turn the other cheek, and I will not accept any abuse
I will swear and I will fight; as I am not Jesus, but Hey-seus.

My name isn't Jesus, once again it is Hey-seus,
Men I will steal from, and women I enjoy to seduce,
My mother wasn't a virgin, the day when I was conceived
As there are six other siblings that were born before me.
The devil he is my buddy, so I truly enjoy to sin
What others won't say or do, I will! Again, and again,
These are the facts, they are the truth and not an excuse,
My name it is not Jesus; it is pronounced, Hey-seus.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Not Malice

I say this not with any hate or malice
But, I dislike anyone who lives in a mansion or a palace
I despise anyone with that type of sheltered life
Where they don't have to work, or live with hardship or strife,
And if there is never any dirt underneath a single fingernail
I wish and pray for them all to go straight to hell,
A person like that lives off of someone else's hard work and sweat
And I tell you that with the truth and also with sad regret,
In their homes of the wealthy they too have insects and rats
Which are probably fed better than my own dog and cats
Their daughters and sons can grow up to be a princess or a prince
But, they cannot be taught the use of their own common sense,
And if they ever look down upon me with their arrogant gall
I will push them, and then I will trip them, until they all fall
And if they ever think they are better than me because of their class;
I will show them my working boot, and then kick them in the ass.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Not Married

They asked me why I wasn't married,
I told them that the reasons were varied,
I do not like to argue and I do not like to fight,
But, I wanted to believe and trust with all of my might,
And if either of those beliefs of mine were again lost,
The straying of dreams and hopes would again be my cost,
Truly I do not like being lonely without a spouse,
But sometimes it is best to live alone in one's house,
I know that somewhere, suffering some men have enjoyed,
Especially when a marriage they have destroyed,
But that kind of a person I could never be,
As that is my constitution and also my guarantee,
But, alas sadly I say I have been married once before,
So being single and a bachelor; I am therefore,
Being not married, the answer to that question it is mixed,
Upon one crude answer I am forever transfixed,
Unfaithfulness, no person should have ever endorsed,
I wouldn't; so of course that is why I am divorced,
And that is why never again will I be married,
Those wants and desires are somewhere else deeply buried.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Not Today

I will forgive you someday,
But that day will not be today
It will not be this very moment
Or tonight when you might pray
And It will not be tomorrow
Or the next day after that
But I will forgive you someday
And that is the only fact.

I will speak with you someday,
But today is the day that I won't speak
Today is the day that I am deaf and dumb
And your voice I currently don't seek
It will not be anytime soon
When I want to hear your voice again
As now your voice just gets me ill
So speaking to you, I know not when.

I will look upon you someday,
But today I don't want to see your face
Today is the day I want to close my eyes shut
As your face now just brings disgrace
It won't be in the near future
That I will look upon you with my eye
As that is one promise I will keep to myself
And you are the one to know the reason why.

I will think no more of you today
And neither will I think of you tomorrow
I will not think of you the day after that
As it brings my soul sadness and sorrow
I will close my mind to the memories of you
Maybe someday again you will be my thought
But I know that it will not be anytime soon
As for now you are not what I had sought.

Randy L. McClave

Not Yellow

My flag's color is red, white and blue
Which stands for the brave and the true,
Where men and women have fought for our liberty
And for our freedom they died, for our great country.
But, now I see men and women who are so afraid
They hide behind every locked door and every window shade,
They are afraid and worried to venture by going outside
But, if they dare to go, they are always prepared to run and hide.
Everyone that they see or meet they perceive them as a threat
Not having enough guns, is there greatest fear and regret,
Danger they will always find around every street corner
Terrorists they will see in every refugee and every foreigner.
I am from the country of the proud and the brave
Where freedom is for everyone all you do is crave,
Where justice and opportunity stands in line and is in attendance
To support every person's fight for their freedom and independence.
Some people live their life of that of a shameless coward
From fear, their bravery and honor has been devoured,
Refugees I am not terrified of, and to other Americans I will bellow
My flag is red, white and blue, and not colored yellow.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Nothing Anymore

When I once looked into your eyes,
I saw honesty lying there.
When I once looked into your eyes,
I saw loyalty with love and care.
When I once looked into your eyes,
I saw life and love forever more.
When I now look into your eyes,
I see darkness, and nothing anymore.

When I once held onto your hand,
I felt compassion, kindness and love.
When I once held onto your hand,
I felt the warmth from GOD above.
When I once held onto your hand,
I felt a joy from the person I adored.
When I now hold onto your hand,
I feel coldness, and nothing anymore.

When I use to listen to your voice,
I once heard it with vigor and excitement.
When I use to listen to your voice,
I once heard it with warmth and fulfillment.
When I use to listened to your voice,
I once heard it with truth which I swore.
When I now listen to your voice,
I go dumb, as I hear nothing anymore.

When I once looked upon your face,
I would always look with pride and a smile.
When I once looked upon your face,
I would always thank GOD your with me now
When I once looked upon your face,
I would always be there to open your door.
When I now look upon your face,
I go blind, as I see nothing anymore.

When I once kissed your lips,
I tasted myself and also your flavor.
When I once kissed your lips,

I tasted life as you were my savior.
When I once kissed your lips,
I tasted excitement and your love in store.
When I now think of kissing your lips,
I now bite them shut, I taste nothing anymore.

Randy McClave

Nothing Lasts Forever

Nothing Lasts forever,
That's what my father use to say,
And nothing ever stays the same,
For someday it all will pass away.
I looked upon my father then
And I thought how could he ever change
A man so strong, and who never was wrong,
Wouldn't he always stay the same.
He held my hand when I started to walk.
All those many years ago,
Now I hold his hand, that of a man
How I prayed he would never grow old.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Nothing New

There will always be war and rumors of war
History and actions are proof to that
What is happening now has happened before
People will always die, and fight and will combat,
Man and woman are meant to suffer and cry
That is the truth and it becomes so transparent
Tears are with them from their birth until they die
But they are meant to love, and then become a parent,
The happiest day in any parent's life
It would be the day that their child is born
A miraculous gift that is given to a man and his wife
And it is given without sadness, shame or scorn,
Sadly the saddest day in any parent's life
Is when they must say goodbye and bury a child
They must live with the sadness and that strife
As from the loss of their child they are beguiled,
An heartbreaking moment in any child's day
Is when they must say goodbye and bury a parent
They weeps their tears their clouds are now gray
Their youth is over and now to them it is apparent,
In the times of peace a son buries his dad
In times of war a father must bury his son
Sadly these deaths occur and it will make one mad
But as they say, there is nothing new under the sun.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Now He Is Dead

Look at his house and all of the cars in his lot,
All that I have wanted, he's got.
I think about his possessions and all of his cash,
What I call expensive, he probably calls trash.
They say that he was likable and a leader of men,
Around the world, he had been.
Everything that I had dreamed for and wanted done,
He already accomplished it, for fun.
He had the very finest tailored and designer clothes,
Everything that I wanted, I suppose.
I heard many beautiful women he knew and also dated,
While on romance sites, I waited.
He probably ate at the finest restaurants as a breadwinner,
While alone I ate, a TV dinner.
Throughout his life he must have been very well read,
But, now he is dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Nowadays

Yesterday, it has come and gone
Arriving with the sun and leaving with the dawn
Remembrance of memories and wishes for that day
Now forever they will belong, to yesterday.
Tomorrow is tomorrow, so it will never be here
That's where we keep our future and even a tear
No one knows of that destiny nor the joy or the sorrow
But it is awaiting us all, when it becomes tomorrow.
Today is now, it is all that is guaranteed
It is the true hour when our soul is freed
Living for the moment before they become a dream
Then later in life, there won't be wishes to redeem.
Yesterday, is just a sad thought
Where wishes are kept and hopes are sought
Tomorrow we know might never arrive
So we have today, for which we can thrive.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Occupant

Occupant, occupant, occupant I always get their mail,
I wonder if I read it or trash it, will I be sent to jail,
When I get home from work, their mail is stuffed inside my mailbox,
It is mixed in with my own personal mail, it becomes my drawer of socks.
Who do they think they are, to send their mail to my home,
As I receive their catalogs and invitations, and even requests for a loan.

Occupant, occupant, occupant that is how the mail is addressed,
And after seeing their catalogs, I must say that I am highly impressed,
Furniture and clothing and plant brochures this person has great taste,
But sadly they don't want to see or receive their mail, seems like such a waste.
I have walked up and down my block, to see if I could find out who they are,
But I cannot ever find them, and others also get their mail... how bizarre.

Occupant, occupant, occupant that is the address on all these letters,
And the only mail that is addressed to me, are the ones from the debtors,
I stopped and asked my mail person about this person at my behalf,
And then when I complain about getting their mail; at me she did laugh.
So, now I keep all of their mail inside a big box inside my closet,
And almost every day to their collection, I make another mail deposit.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Off To War

Ann was in tears as she sent Jimmy off to war
She cried as she thought that she would not see him anymore,
Maybe he will be killed, or shot, or become a prisoner of war
Those feelings Ann had about Jimmy, them she could not ignore.
Jimmy told her not to worry, he would be back to her that he swore,
Ann then wondered, how many men spoke those same words before.

Jimmy got his papers, to go serve and fight for his country overseas
For freedom and democracy in a land terrorists did seize,
But, why not protect and fight here instead, and why maybe die overseas
Now Jimmy holds a gun and he fights, and never uses his true expertise.
If he came back Ann thought, would he come back sick or with a disease,
In her mind and also in her soul, Ann could not stay at ease.

Ann kissed and hugged Jimmy and then she told him goodbye
As he left her side, on her knees she fell down as she began to cry,
She asked him will he be gone forever, and will this be their last goodbye
Jimmy told Ann that he would be back, but she knew that was a lie.
Why is he leaving her, only GOD and nation will ever know why
Life is short with dreams and wishes, and they're made shorter when we die.

Randy McClave

Oh God!

Oh God, my God

Please tell me what I have done,
I grabbed a weapon instead of my rod
And now my repentance has already begun;
Instead of answering with peace as I've been taught
I unwrapped my hands then with a weapon I fought,
Instead of nourishing and wanting to heal
I ignored my teachings; I had violence and then I did kill.

Oh Lord, my Lord

Why didn't I turn the other cheek,
I answered violence with a sword
I thought I was strong, but now I know that I am weak;
A man now lies dead from what I have done
I wasn't thinking when I pulled the trigger of my gun,
If not for my anger this man would still be alive
Living, loving and wanting from a human, I did deprive.

Oh Father, my Father

Who is watching me from heaven above,
Why for my soul did you ever bother
I showed hate and evil when you taught me love;
A man wasn't even bothering me, but I didn't like his look
He wasn't carrying a weapon; he wasn't a murderer or a crook,
I was taught to be supportive, and to always support the peace
I became a hater and a murderer, I was a hypocrite I am the police.

Oh Creator, my Creator

Whose son died on earth by the hands of other men,
To whose way of life I have ignored and became a traitor
Someday the ones we hurt we will assuredly meet again;
Now in my eye there will hang a continuous tear
And in my heart there will reside both shame and fear,
In the heavens when a star dies and it goes quite into the night
The heavens then cry; as so do I, as I too extinguished a light.

Randy L. McClave

Ohio

Crickets are chirping
To the awakening mother Earth
Frogs are croaking again,
I am walking on the land
That I have walked long ago
As I am walking back, to Ohio.

Ohio I have missed you
My long gone friend
How good it is to be back home,
I am sorry that I left you
But now I am home again
Back to my home, of Ohio,

Ohio don't you leave me
Like I had left you
Trying to find myself a better home,
I have searched and I had prayed
But now I am home again
Back to my home of, Ohio.

Crickets are chirping
To the awakening mother Earth
Frogs are croaking once again,
Now I am walking with them
As I walk down the wooded path
Back to my home, of Ohio.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Old Oak Tree

Old Oak Tree,
Do you remember me
Tell me, do you remember me
After all those nights
And those many lives
Do you, still remember me,
For it wasn't that long
When I was here
Huddling, under your shade
You protected me,
I confided in you
Every April and May.

Old Oak Tree,
Old, old friend
Seems like you've always been here
You quieten my tears,
You hushed my fears,
When I, was all alone.
Do you remember that time
When I had my knife
And I carved my name right there
It never bothered you
But for me, it soothed
Knowing, for me you cared,
For you were my friend
That I never had
Which I needed, oh so bad
Just to confide unto
And then cry unto
And I did, for only you I had.

Old Oak Tree
Dear old friend
Now, I will say goodbye,
For now I must go
Before to you I show
How a Man, does really cry
For now only you are left

To the family that I had,
Now, I don't feel so sad
For when I am alone
And I need someone else
I will talk to you,
My old, old friend.

Old Oak Tree
Goodbye my friend
Now I'll blow with the wind
Always you will be here
With problems to hear
When the world, is so confused,
But you will answer them all
And then in fall
You'll show colors, that you are
So now I must go
But before I leave
I will say goodbye, my Old Oak Tree.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Old School

You might think it's harder or maybe that I am a fool
But, I enjoy doing things my way, so I do them old school,
It was how that I was raised, just to follow one strict rule
And that rule always worked for my father, so I always go old school;
The fashions that I wear today, many might think are old and uncool
Maybe to some they aren't today's fashion, but they are old school;
You live in today with its complications, while In yesterday I did rule
Things that I do or say now, they are called going old school.
My music might be too loud, and my car might use too much fuel
And when they do, it's only because, I enjoy going old school;
Give me a hammer or a screwdriver or duct tape as my tool
And I can fix anything, as I will be doing it old school;
You can laugh and call me names, and my ways you can ridicule
But, I get things accomplished and restored, when I go old school,
Years from now when you are sitting alone, maybe upon an old bar stool
You will reflect back to another time and how you did things, old school.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Oldest Professions

Through sex and needs and money and possession
Prostitution became the worlds oldest known profession,
Then also from money and needs and sex I reckoned
Politics, will always come in as a very close second.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Omran

For Omran, I had cried
As everyone around him had died,
He just sat disoriented in silence
As he thought alone in the ambulance;
After the bombs had fallen outside.

Did Omran's parents survive
Is anyone in the crumpled house left alive,
Did Omran wondered where are they
Did he clasped his little hands to pray;
He is only five.

Omran was covered with dust from head to toe
Unaware of enemies that he did not know,
He was unhinged with his wound
Was his tiny life, doomed;
He is only a child, and he has a foe.

I wonder what are Omran's thoughts
Was his dinner cooking in the pots,
Did he sit hungry and confused
Isn't he too young to stand accused;
Now he waits, for more bombs or gunshots.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

On My Deathbed

As I lie on my deathbed
Thoughts and memories start entering my head,
With all the hate and anger that I held
I wish now that they all could be expelled.
But, they can't;
As I lie on my deathbed.

I think of all the people that I have hated
Now, into my thoughts they all are now fated,
The prejudice and the evil that I have brought
Sadly, to others it I had taught
I wish that I could recant;
I think of all the people that I have hated.

Thoughts and mistakes become much clearer
Especially when death comes nearer,
Why towards hate was I ever driven
Could my soul ever be forgiven.
A hymn I wish to chant;
Thoughts and mistakes become much clearer.

I now look through the eyes of others
Of sons, daughters, fathers and mothers,
I see them persecuted and ridiculed and harassed for fun
And I see me there, as a rerun.
I grieve and I rant;
I look through the eyes of others.

Life it is so very short
Why did I become the devil's cohort,
I remember how biased and vicious that I once was
Now, I hope to go to the place that is love.
Poison I did plant;
Life it is so very short.

As I lie on my deathbed
The Bible again to me is read,
Is that an angel or a demon that I see
Did God or the devil accept my apology.

I begin to pant;
As I lie on my deathbed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

On The Motorcycle

In the air as I flew,
I wonder if my rider then knew,
That in a few moments we would both be dead
How I wish, that I had a helmet on my head.
Everyday before we went for a ride
He wouldn't wear a helmet because of his pride,
I asked him for a helmet and he always said "No";
Now, we both have died.
He had told me that a helmet I need never to wear
So, instead I always said a prayer
He also swore to me that we would never crash
Now in a few moments, my skull will be mash.
I wonder how much pain there is in death
As I take my final breath,
Pretty soon I will be crashing into the concrete
Then my blood and I will be smeared upon the street.
I now see his body sliding upon the road
As though he was a fired torpedo,
His teeth and his blood and his shoe are now on the ground
Oh Lord, he is making such a horrible sound.
I see pieces of the motorcycle passing me by
How I wish for my partner that I could cry,
Now I see his crushed head mixed with the wrecks;
I am now next.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Once

Once a cheater always a cheat
While living a life just to deceive
To practice fraud, which no-one will applaud
And the truth no one will ever believe.
To be unfaithful or to go astray
Being a crook each and every day
Trying to evade, and then to escape
The evil tricks that you have made.

Once a liar always a liar
Dishonesty will become your empire
Your words will become colder, when you become older
And your only warmth will be hells fire.
The truth it will become your enemy
The words you speak will be your seeds
Truthfulness will be your foe, as your history will unfold
Then your words will be hewed away like weeds.

Once a user always a user
Then later on to become an abuser
That will be yourself, unto you and everyone else
Then lastly you will become a loser.
You take from anyone all you can
Whether they be either woman or man
You think you deserve, what they have earned
And for no one do you ever give a damn.

Once a thief always a thief
Bringing nothing but worries and its grief
To take what is not yours, your dignity is the lure
As dishonesty is all that you do seek.
You take and steal what you do not own
While believing it is yours and yours alone
Though you have no regret, and your never upset
But someday for your thievery you will atone.

Once a whore always a whore
Could any man or I say anymore
Giving away your dignity, with no shame or pity

As you always move to another mans door.
Your soul and body it will become stale
As on the marketplace you put your soul up for sale
But you have no regret, from the men you have kept
Maybe someday they too will hear your conscience wail.

Once a woman you once were
At least that is what I once had heard
You had virtue and pride, and dignity deep inside
But to all now that seems so absurd.
They say it was so very long ago
With a different person inside of you did grow
When you were devout, and sins you did with out
But that was before the real you we did know.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Once Before

I loved you once before
But now I love you no more,
Those emotions were by your design
But the feelings were all mine,
Now my life I again will explore
While hoping someday my soul to restore,
One day soon love again it will shine
Then my soul, will be given a sign.

Randy McClave

Once Believed

I once believed in the Easter bunny and also Santa Claus
I didn't believe in hate or murder or corruption or the misuse of laws,
Santa would bring me presents, but only if I was very good
And the Easter Bunny brought me sweets, as I remember from my childhood,
I would say my prayers every night and GOD would always watch over me
And everyone that I knew and played with, they were happy and also free,
The tooth fairy would always come to my house when a tooth I had just lost
And under my pillow there was money, the price of my tooth was its cost,
I knew if my parents asked me a question, I would always tell them the truth
Whatever they showed or told me, I believed it! I didn't need any proof,
Once upon a time we all were born so sweet and true and innocent
I was born and raised trusting and believing and not bred with malcontent,
The truth in others was the truth that I knew from what I had perceived
I once truly believed with all my heart, but I know now that I was deceived.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Once One

We were once joined together
Forever I thought we would be one
Not two or three or four or five
Just one and to continue on,
And during that time we were happy
At least that is what I had thought
We smile and laughed, kissed and loved
Never did we argue or even fought,
You once said I was a great artist
In truth you said I was a great poet
You loved what my words did speak to you
And every word I wrote I had known it,
Then instead of two then there were three
The third I knew nothing about
To me it was an invisible number
A number which I could do without,
We were a one not any longer
You and I became the number two
Then I did my own subtraction
I lost one as you gained someone new.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Once Sticks And Stones

Once we had just sticks and stones
Now we have guided missiles and drones,
At one time we could only hurt each other
Now we can kill a strangers father and/ or mother,
If for some reason a foreign country hates me
They can now destroy me and my country,
At one time before we relied only on our own fist
But, now madmen with missiles and drones exist.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Once They Said

Once they said you were so sweet
But now they say that you are a cheat
So maybe then someday you might learn
Your deeds speak louder than any word
When you are walking down your street.

Once they said your soul was loyal
But now they say its used and soiled
So I say this to you my dear, dear friend
If you did once before you will do it again
You once had nothing but now you are spoiled.

Once they said you were knowledgeable
Now they say that you are intolerable
As you think your better than everyone else
And know one is as smart as yourself
Now your ways and acts are unpardonable.

Once they said you were very honest
But then you became very dishonest
You hid your truth as you would hide a tear
Then you made your past and deeds disappear
As then you thought you were a goddess.

Once they said you were trustworthy
But then you became uncouth and earthy
You became a person that we never knew
As inside your soul and mind evil and hate grew
Now for your salvation you will never be worthy.

Once they said you were true to the core
But now your mind is empty and your soul is poor
You had let evil and sin enter into your life
Now honest and love is out of your sight
Statements of praises, you wont hear anymore.

Randy L. McClave

Once, You Loved Me

You said that you loved me
Was that nothing but a lie
As you stole something from me
Now I wonder will I survive.
I wanted to love you forever
And give you all plus much more
But you didn't want us together
Not for today, or even the day before.
I thought that we would be always
For better or worse until the end
It was love and life and not a phase
As to each other our love we'd send.
I gave you my soul then my heart
And also everything that I did own
And from it all I happily did part
Because as one, we would be known.
I gave you my life so we could live
You became my soul and my destiny
And all that I had, to you I did give
Because you once said; you loved me.

RANDY L. McCLAVE

Randy McClave

One

We are one
Though We hear not
With the same ears,
Or cry not
With the same tears.
And when We look
Even though We be side by side
We see not with the same eyes
Even though We see the same things.
But still, We are one.

We touch.
Though it is not
With the same hands,
We feel each other pleasures
And each others pain,
For today, tomorrow, and everyday.
And we both know
Though it is not with the same mind.
And we know the truth
So We tell not any lies.
We are joined together
With that same special bond
As a Child is joined
To its Mother,
And We are friends, partners and lovers.

We share
The very same joy and pain,
Brought forward
By the sunshine or the rain.
That GOD and Man brings forth everyday.
We are one
And when one does leave
And the other must stay,
Be it on foot, one day or a year
We both shall know it and feel it.
We are one joined together
Not by Man, or law or Parents

But by you and I and GOD.

And when our time on Earth is over
The dream we had is through
We shall both happily leave together
Hand in hand, over the oceans and clouds of blue.
But; if We must walk that path alone
We shall happily walk that road,
For We shall have but one thing in mind
That We are one, till the end of time.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

One Day

I dont know when the time might come,
I dont even know where I might be
But this I do say, until that one day
That then; I will be free.
I think of that day with every step I take,
As I wish for it, with every breath I breathe
As I hope my day will come, before my life is done,
Then finally I'll know, you will belong to me.

Though I might be standing alone one day
Or I might be writing, with pen and pad in hand,
But my time will be here, maybe a day or even a year
And then I will know, that indeed for us I am a man.
I think of that day with every step that I take
And I wish with every breath that I breathe,
Am I being judged, or against me is there a grudge,
Doesn't anyone want me and my soul to be free.

I don't know where that I might be standing,
And I don't know exactly where I might be,
I don't know if it will be far or near, a day or a year,
But I do hope, that my time is coming for me.
I look and speak to my family and friends
I tell them too, that one day it will be my day,
But they push me aside, as their time has arrived,
And I don't need the same time for which they had prayed.
I look at my world, there is no one else like me,
I stand alone I don't even know who I am,
They say I should be proud, like a new born child,
But in what they say, there belief they never took their stand.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

One Hour

Some says it happens in just one hour
The hatching of an egg and the blooming of a flower,
That moment is savored, and always flavored,
But, many will not ever find that one hour.

Many will find love in just one hour
Even though being married a lifetime has turned sour,
They will remember the waste, and the taste,
By always remembering, that one hour.

Life can occur in just one hour
Two people can meet or the arrival at a baby shower,
They will always remember that page, with their age,
Then they will celebrate, that one hour.

Adventures are created in just one hour
While the bells chime goodbye in the church's tower,
Tears are shed, for the adventures not done or read,
Life ends, in just one hour.

Randy ve

Randy McClave

One Last Cigarette

Though he knew that he was very sick
That smoking habit he could not kick
So in the hospital he went and stayed
And we at home just sat and prayed.

He smoked when we went to visit him
Then he lost a tooth and became very slim
He still joked and laughed as he did before
While inside his body there was a war.

In the garden where he went for his walk
There to me and others he would talk
His only worry was for his wife the dancer
He then told us that he was dying from cancer.

Then we all walked back to his room
There I could feel the sadness and the gloom
But he worried not for himself or even his life
All that he worried about was his wife.

He would eat what little he could eat
But smoking his cigarette was still a treat
He would laugh and joke and sport his smile
Never once was he angry or even hostile.

Every night before my brother went to bed
He would say his prayers then lay down his head
Then one morning I awoke and I did weep
My brother had died last night while he was asleep.

On his nightstand was the last cigarette he did smoke
He then fell asleep and he never awoke
One last cigarette is what he wanted to enjoy
Now one less person for cancer to destroy.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

One Last Wish

If I had but one last wish
I wonder what would that wish be,
Would I wish to be with you
Or would you already be with me.
Would I wish for final peace
To be felt all over our world
Or would I be happy just want to see,
The awakening of a tree.

What would I wish for my very last wish
I don't know, I'd have to think awhile
Would I need your last kiss,
Or would I want to see one last child.
Or would I want to hear a song,
A song that I will never hear again
Or would I want to see the moon aglow
While listening and feeling the wind.

If I had but one last wish
What would that wish be
Would I just want to be missed,
By you, and by the lonely sea.
Or would I want to see the sun awake
To the Earth upon her dawn
Or would I want to see a calm lake
And then feel the dew upon my face,

If it was my very last wish
What would that wish be,
Would again would I want to see the birth,
Of my child, who became just like me.
Or would it be one last hug,
Or a smile that's given in love.
And If I had but one last wish,
I would wish, for you to have my wish.

Randy L. McClave

One More Round

When I hear the bell,
I will go one more round
When my eye begins to swell,
I will go one more round
When I am not feeling well,
I will go one more round
When my blood I begin to smell,
I will go one more round.

I am a fighter not a quitter
And I will always finish my fight,
I am a boxer and a hitter
I will always give all my might,
When I am tired and I am hurt
I will listen for that bell's sound,
My soul and my power I will assert
And I will finish that round.

When I hear that bell,
I will go another round
When my hands feel like gel,
I will go another round
When my corner curses and yell,
I will go another round
And when I feel like death and hell,
I will go that last round.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

One Vote

He was elected by just one vote
Democracy they say had truly spoke,
Now he is attacking the middle class and the unhealthy
While helping and protecting, the greedy and the wealthy,
He is making a mockery of our once great nation
We are now becoming a diverse and bigoted population,
All that he cares about is making himself richer
Now churches can speak for him, said a preacher,
But, if you talk about him you are stupid and just a liar
If you want to preach, do it to the choir,
But, remember it was that one vote that got him elected
Now in Hell for him there is a statue erected,
He has leaked our secrets to our enemies and our foe
Now all that our patriots knew and died for, they now know,
A hundred years from now in history classes students will be devoted
In shame will they think, "For him did my ancestors actually voted?"

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

One Vow

If God would just only allow,
I would take this oath and make this one vow,
To die before my love would be my only request
My heart I would wish to stop beating in my chest.
I would pray and hope to die before her
While she would always remember who we once were,
Without her, a lonely life I would be forced to live
And in time I know that prayer of mine, she would surely forgive.
Unto God I will make just this one plead
I do it not out of hate or jealousy or even greed,
I just wish to die before my one and only beloved
With my tears I cannot stand knowing, not to be loved.
A parent must never outlive their child
If so, their own heritage has been beguiled,
And my love, I would hope that she would outlive me
Without her in my life, I am lost and a nobody.
To God I will daily make this one appeal
And to this one plea of mine I will never conceal,
I hope that I am the one chosen when it is time to die
So, I won't be the one broken hearted, who will reminisce and cry.
I envision how can a man live without his better half
Without her how can a man love, rejoice or even laugh,
Thinking of a life without her I cannot even conceive
Us not living as one and then dying together, I must believe.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Only Here In Kentucky

Blacks are not allowed in, I read it on the sign
But, if you are white, you can come in and dine,
Just sit down anywhere and order your food to eat
But, if you are interracial, please don't look for a seat.
Only here in Kentucky.

You can marry in the Commonwealth and it's not that complex
Unless though you and your partner are the very same sex,
You then cannot marry even being an American and proud
But, if you are a rapist, adulterer, pedophile you are allowed.
Only here in Kentucky.

You are allowed to worship freely that is what they say
And to God you are allowed to glorify and also to pray,
But, if you are an atheist or a non-christian in this state
You should stay away because of bigotry, prejudices, and hate.
Only here in Kentucky.

United we stand and divided we shall fall
That is our State's motto that was fought for one and all,
Now there is a hatred for races, beliefs and religion
We now allow discrimination, narrow mindlessness and treason.
Only here in Kentucky.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Only You

Though you may not be next to me
Though you might be far away and not near,
Though you might not even be speaking to me
But, your voice I still do hear.

Though we might not be in the same room together
Though we might even be many miles apart,
Though you might not even be thinking of me
But, thinking of you is always in my heart.

Though I might not be a man to you
Though I might be a child with an outreach hand,
Though I might be a wish just hoping for a dream
But, for you wishing and hoping I will make my stand.

Though I might be asleep or awakening
Still your voice it will always come in clear,
Though I might be dead or even dying
But, because of you, my heart will always hear.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Open Your Eyes

I am so tired of the treachery and all the lies
Please brother! Open up your own two eyes,
No woman should be so arrogant and so bold
For once be the man of your own household.
I am so sick and tired of you being lied to and used
She should be the one being judged and accused,
Don't believe in her stories because she is your wife
Remember, any person can read a Bible or carry a knife.
Think not with your heart, but instead with your brain
One will give you control while the other will drive you insane,
It is always good to forgive and to turn the other cheek
But, not if they always expect it only to make you gullible and weak.
I just wish to enlighten you about certain realities
Don't you ever see the oddness and the abnormalities,
But, then it's up to only you to realize or discover that something
And please don't keep your faith because of a child or a wedding ring.
I too once was lied to and cheated on by a spouse
That is when I found out that I wasn't the king of my very own house,
Love had closed my eyes to the truth, and the facts I would not believe
Then I realized that lies, sins, and deception anyone could weave.
You are my brother! Never do I want to see you used or hurt
Sometimes under the fingernails there is more there than just dirt,
Now think back, but not as a man, but as a boy in his youth
Then maybe someday your eyes will be finally opened up unto the truth.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Other Night

The other night I went to heaven
How I got there I will never know
But I realized that I was in heaven
When my feet touched the road of gold.
And as I passed through those pearly gates
A warmth and happiness entered my soul
A peace was in me, that set me free
Because at last, I knew I was home.
And when I was in heaven
Everyone, they knew my name,
I saw relatives and friends, long past gone
But in my eyes, none of them had changed.
And everyone there was happy to see me
Even the souls that I never knew before,
And some how I knew them all
We were equal, we all had the same Lord.

The other night while I was in heaven
I remember beauty and it was known everywhere
I heard angels singing I saw masterpieces painted
Everyone loved, and everyone shared.
Happy and contentment it entered my heart
As freely I roamed about my new home,
All pain was gone, everyones gift shined on
Now I knew, I would neve be, or feel alone.
And while I was in heaven
I remember sitting to write beside a beautiful tree
Inspiration was there at my finger tips,
Beauty, love and friendship was inside of me.
And I remember as I began to write
A beautiful warm light around me then beamed
I never had a chance to stay or say goodbye
I was then in my bed, though awakening from a dream.

The other night while I was in Heaven
The thought and memory still enters my brain,
Was I really there, as an answer to my prayer
To ease all my current suffering and my pain.
So as I wandered about my house

Like a soul lost awaiting to be found,
Every night I do pray, along with everyday
Knowing Heaven someday, I am bound.
The other night while I was in Heaven
Those thoughts and memories I cant forsake
Was GOD telling me something, as I think
Not to sin, but to love and not to hate.
So every night that I go to bed
Unto God through Jesus I say a prayer
As I hope my dream to others they will have
So up in Heaven with me they will be there.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Our Child

You're no longer a part of my life
But, please still be a part of our Childs,
Though we are no longer husband and wife
Let's not act like animals in the wilds.
Neither one of us should scream or roar
Whenever the other ones name is mentioned,
Nor should we talk about each other as a sore
Our child needs not their feelings tensioned.
A child should never need to pick a side
On which parent that they care for best,
They need not to be on that emotional ride
As life for them should be an amazing quest.
I divorced you for the ways that you treated me
So, we cannot ever be reconciled,
We are no longer married, you are now free
But, please don't ever divorce our Child.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Our Choice

We are born either to love or hate
That is our choosing and not that of fate
The roads that we walk that is our own choosing
We know what is sad and also what is amusing
We all will decide how we want to live our life
Either to be single, or to become a husband or a wife
We meticulously decide who will be our friend
And we will also decide what beliefs to defend
But one chapter of life none of us can control
When we die, and what was our life's goal

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Our Duet

Do I want to be a swinger
No I would rather be a singer,
I would rather be on the stage singing
And not on my bed swinging,
I want the same member in my band
As it had already been ordained and planned,
I want that one person to be always true
And not a replacement singer out of the blue,
I want our career to last a lifetime
With trust and fidelity and no sins or crime,
To swing, I will think not
By my manager (God) I do not want to be caught,
I want a lifelong contract with that one member
The one that I will always want and will remember,
On the stage together we will sing
In harmony and with each other we will swing,
I do not want anyone else on the stage
Except for that one to sing and to engage,
Our banding together is each others debt
So, with her alone I want that forever duet.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Our Elected President

What can I do or what can I say
After I heard and then read the news,
For my country I cried and then I did pray
Because of the President that my fellow Americans did choose.
From the beginning of its creation
We have or had a great and diverse nation,
But, now the home of the proud and the brave and the free
Has now become the home of racism and bigotry.

I now see and think of riots and depression
It's on every block and around every street corner
I now expect hate and evil and its aggression
I pity the poor, and the middle class, and the foreigner.
Many people that I see they are now smiling
So, I wonder if now bombs and weapons are they stockpiling,
There is also chanting for deportation and for hate
Is hell and damnation my countries ultimate fate.

What will be next, will it be another war
Or maybe just shootings and fist fights in the street,
Who will be the culprit the rich, the middle-class, or the poor
I wish that we could all just turn around and retreat.
Their wealthy fascist candidate was just elected President
I can see and hear of our great countries sad decent,
So, many people want him and his term to fail
But, as for me, I want my country to survive and to prevail.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Our Forefathers

When our forefathers came to this great country
They never asked for permission or even applied for entry,
They just showed up and arrived and called America their new home
Then they took the land they wanted, they said it was free, I said stolen.

When they met the Native Americans they came to them as terrorists
With diseases and guns and lies and also closed minds and closed fists,
Now this land is no longer theirs, now it is ours to buy and sale
To the red man we said goodbye, and to the white man they must say hail.

My forefathers came to this land with their pasty white skin
Peacefully the native Americans allowed them and other immigrants in,
Our ancestors came from Europe and other countries and there about
Now we Americans have built up fences to keep other immigrants out!
To this belief and way of life I stand up against it, I am a dissenter
Do we have the right to tell any person into this country who can or cannot
enter,
If Native Americans came to our doors and told us all that we had to leave?
Would we stand there in shock and ridicule not wanting to believe.

When our forefathers first arrived unto this country upon their wooden ship
They quickly called the Native Americans "Indians" and then told
them who to worship,
This country that we call America, some want to keep all immigrants away
I wonder if the indians still cry in regret, remembering the immigrant's first
arrival day.

America, the beautiful where land is polluted and so is America's soul
To the starving immigrants, many wish to give them an exit ticket and an empty
bowl,
Was America just calling for the freedom of our forefathers? Many have
supposed!
The Native Americans now wish! They had kept the gates to America closed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Our Government

If our government cared and worried about the poor
I would happily say no one would be poor any more,
Every man, woman and child's belly would always be full
Not one person would be hungry and begging for a handful.
But, then if some weren't starving and they were not rich
Who would they curse, and who would scratch their itch.

If my government cared and worked for the taxpayers and me
Why must I still pay for everything, and nothing is free,
Why do politicians have a better life and pay than myself and others
And why do they always hire their nephews and uncles and brothers?
Since they work for me shouldn't their salary be less than mine
I wonder if on their property, if they have a 'KEEP OUT! ' sign.

If our government really cared and so did all of our politicians
Shouldn't the caring and helping of all citizens be their missions,
Instead of political parties fighting like children on the playground
Shouldn't they all work together for a solution to be found.
I heard that before we had a government, we were all ruled by one king
Now as I look at our politicians, I wonder if a monarchy is not a bad thing.

If my government really cared about the middle class and the poor
How come we are taxed and taxed and then sent off to war,
Why do we fight for the beliefs of the rich and money for the elite
All we want is a fairness, and not people starving or living on the street.
Laws were created by man so all people are equal and treated the same
I see our government and politicians, I hear the lies and I see the shame.

I say this as a voter and also as an observant
Since I am a taxpayer, isn't my government also my servant,
Don't they supposedly work and serve us the citizens as our paid employee
If so why am I taxed and harassed, by a Government that works for me.
Since my government has lied and stole since the day they all were hired
Shouldn't we line up all our politicians, and tell them that they all are fired.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Our Land Of Religion

This country wasn't created just for Peter or Paul
This country was created for us one and all,
No matter of our race or our creed or our sexual gender
This country is for everyone, that! We all must remember;
We all together are the people of this mighty land
No matter of our beliefs, or for what convictions that we stand.

This country of ours is not a restricted country club
Where other lives or lifestyles we have a right to ridicule or snub,
No matter of anyone's religion or even their sexual lifestyle
This country stands for their happiness, to them we must not be hostile;
Everyone has the right for their very own happiness and joy
And towards them, no one has the right to hinder it or destroy.

This country was created for more than one religion
So, if we want we can worship the eagle, the dove or even a pigeon,
No person has the right to tell us to whom that we must pray
And no one has the right to judge anyone because they are gay;
Here we stand together as Americans and as a people
Whether we are in synagogues, or mosques or underneath a steeple.

This land was not created just for Peter and Paul,
This land was created for everyone, as I think back and recall.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Our Mural

We all will leave our footprints
Upon our planets dirt
As we daily live our lives
Upon our home upon this earth,
From the places that we've been
Or from where we had came
From the happiness that we felt
And even the sadness and it's pain,
The people we have known
That became part of our life
And the laughs that we shared
With the tears that we cried,
As these are part of our footprints
That we placed upon this world
And every soul will leave them
As that will become our mural.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Our Praying

Is God tired of our praying
When empty words is all that we are saying,
We get down on our knees and then we pray
And we don't do anything, we just say.

I know that I am tired of saying prayers
They are just empty words without cares,
We just say them and nothing else will we do
I imagine that God is tired of them too.

We see a hungry man, so we get a hunch
We say a prayer, but we don't buy him a lunch,
We say we are sorry that he is starving and grim
Then we tell others that we had prayed for him.

We see a friend who's fighting depression
To say a prayer to him is our answer to his question,
We tell others how we are a great Christian
To him we said a prayer, but we did not listen.

We say prayers for the murdered black men
We also pray for the people that committed the sin,
But, we should scream and protest and create criticism
That we stand against bigotry and all racism.

We pray for the victims of sexual assault
We point no finger of guilt or give any fault,
And we refuse to deal with the misogyny of sexism
We show and commit to no centrism.

We pray for our LGBTQ communities when they are terrorized
But, we don't accept their beliefs, them we have not recognized,
So, we leave it all up to God as we say in a prayer
For them, we do not like and we don't even care.

We pray for our American Muslims who endure violence
But, from our preachers and politicians we hear silence,
We should be calling out the ignorant bigotry and hatred
But, we don't care, we again leave it to God to dictate.

We pray for all of the victims of mass shootings
But, we get more offended with robbery's and lootings,
But, to our politicians and not to God we should discuss
How and why it shouldn't be so simple for a weapon to purchase.

We should stop tossing hollow words into a mound
While we are standing upon the bloody ground,
While we drink latte from a recycled cup
Waiting for our prayers to God, to give us backup.

Praying for God to move and sitting still isn't redemptive
It is nothing more than being pre-emptive,
We just sit on the power line watching like a pigeon
We have created faith in an empty religion.

Do not think any sin or bad deed is out of our control
God, gave us all a brain and a will and a soul,
We must stop feeling so good about ourselves, for feeling bad
We as Christians, should all be mad.

We just want to always pass the buck unto God
We make him invisible or seen as a fraud,
He has given us here and now to reflect the character of Christ
Saying only a prayer, is cheaply priced.

We must do as what God has always commanded
To us with desire and need he has equipped and handed,
If our prayers won't change from self-righteousness and fear
We won't be delivered into heaven, but into a mirror.

The boldest prayers that we can utter in these days
Is the calling upon our faith, and not only giving praise,
We must love and serve and give and sacrifice and mourn
Then unto God we then are truly reborn.

Many of us want to be seen only in church
As though we are studying God or doing research,
Then we say our prayer and put money in the collection plate
Have we followed Jesus's teaching, or stopped hate.

Many hungry, hurting, brutalized people are full of terror and woe,

Just because God has not yet moved, that we all know,
No one should be invisible, disregarded, and seen as needy or poor
We all should just pray less, and then help more.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Our Prison

The bird that lives in the decorated cage,
Lives in rage;
The fish that swims in a fluorescent fishbowl,
Has no goal;
The man who sits in an office wearing a suit and a tie,
Wants to die!
The people or animals that live in a cell,
Live in hell.

When tomorrow arrives and the sun has risen,
We all enter or choose our own little prison.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Pain

Pain; it is my friend
It shows me that I do live
It is my support when I do mend
My aches are the tribute, I must give,
I scream out when it does arrive
Sometimes tears come to my eyes
But it proves that I am still alive
Even when I breath in short sighs,
I will not ignore my pain with a pill
As though to make it disappear
As it and I, both are real
Even though it brings agony and a tear,
But someday my pain it will be gone
And on that day, I too will not exist
Then broken forever will be our bond
As then from me pain will forever desist,
It arrived the day that I was born
And it will be with me till the day I die
Till then I will give it my hateful scorn
Then on my last day, I will say goodbye.

RANDY L. MCCLAVE

Randy McClave

Pandora's Box

Ever since Pandora opened her box
Man has been protecting himself with locks,
He knows that in every woman there is a sealed envelope
In which the contents are evil, but there is also hope.
A lock is used to keep temptation locked in,
But, it is also used to keep others protected from sin

A woman got man to eat of the forbidden fruit
Since that day man had to go to work in some form of suit,
Man then forced woman to wear a chastity belt
To protect himself from the sins that other men felt.
Now a woman washes his clothes and buys his socks,
If only Adam had known about security and locks.

When a woman asked to cut a man's hair
He happily agreed with his sensualist glare,
Then he was blinded and his strength was taken away
If only he had a lock on his door on that sad and fateful day.
When a woman takes a sharp object from any drawer,
Make sure first that you have a lock upon your front door.

I was married once before,
Then after the divorce I changed the lock on my front door,
I am now safe and secure and protected inside my home
Sin and evil is kept outside my personal dome.
Unlike Epimetheus, Adam and Samson I installed a lock,
So, to get into my house someone first has to knock.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Panhandlers In Ashland

I saw a panhandler begging for a dime
He was arrested as though he had committed a crime,
What he did was now against the law
But, to help the needy and the poor was once spoken by Paul.

They told him that he had to go straight to jail
Because he wasn't collecting money in a donation pail,
They then told him that he couldn't beg or ask for money anymore
So, it is now a sin and a crime to be destitute or poor.

Now the needy aren't allowed to beg for cash
If they do they are treated as criminals or as trash,
But, churches and organizations have all been omitted
To beg for money, they are all applauded and permitted.

The Bible says that there are angels among us
So, at the panhandlers I always smile and I won't hate or cuss,
If a beggar ever asks me for money I give without a care
Because once I was like Lazarus, and God was there.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Paradise Gone

Adam and Eve were evicted from paradise
Because they wouldn't obey God's law and advice
What GOD has condemned no man should defend
If it displeases GOD, to man it should also offend,
A lost soul and salvation is the ultimate sacrifice
Especially when you ignore the law you pay the price
If man had only obeyed, and for guidance he had prayed
Man's home and his life could still be in paradise.

Randy McClave

Parent's Footsteps

A parent doesn't like someone because they say that they sin
But, the child knows the truth, it is because the color of their skin,
Then they curse someone else, excuse is, they are hurting our nation
But, is it that or is it because of their belief and or denomination.
Our country unfaithfully has been hurt many times before
Just look and read in our history books about slavery, greed and war,
They will also criticize and judge people because they are nothing like them
Is it because of that, or maybe because it's a her and not a him.
The parent will start making up stories just to give someone a black eye
You then know that in their heart there is a hatred and all they say is a lie,
But, they are your parents and sadly their footsteps you must always follow
Your beliefs and your convictions like a bad pill you must then swallow.
You become a racist and a bigot from what your parents own teachings
They were instrumental in your growth from their hating and their preachings,
When the child becomes an adult they will look upon the world with new eyes
Everyone that they will meet now, they will quickly and easily characterize.
They will judge others by their race, their creed and even their gender
The hatred taught to them by their parents they accepted and did surrender,
One day they too will be parents with their very own children to raise
Will their children be taught hate and lies or will they learn equality and praise.
Children should not be raised with vengeance or nurtured with guilt or shame
Children should be taught that problems are not someone else's to blame,
I see children raising their closed fists for both prejudice and hate
I see their parents in the shadows, so proud of the children that they did create.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Pass This Way

We shall not pass this way again
Spoke the old man to his friend,
For many lives, we have known
And many children, we've seen grown.
As you walk a path, but one time
And though it seems the same,
Every road has a different meaning
And every teardrop, a different pain.
We have sinned and saw sin
We have hated and we had friends,
But, now we shall all be judged,
For when we hated, should we have loved.
Should we have fought, when we fled
Should we have watched when we sinned
Should we have cried when we bled,
I don't know, for we shall not come again.
When we go through life, this one time,
We should do the best that we could
Live a life, and be its pride,
And be ready for judgment, when we die.
You pass this way, but one time
You live a life, but one time,
You can help a soul, but one time,
And just one time, is all that is asked.
So, when you pass this way again
Never be in a hurry when you walk by
Be you a woman or be you a man,
It never ever hurts, to only, but try.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Passing Me

In a hurry I ran down the street
People were blurs that I did meet
But as quick as I was and twice as fast
I could not outrun my sins or even my past.
I thought I had left them so many years ago
When I was younger and didn't think about growing old
Doing the things which I should never had done
Not knowing that one day they would be a rerun.
But now they keep passing me again and again
Which were my lies and evils which are a sin
Though as fast as I was or that I could ever be
They always catch up, and then they pass me.
How I wish that I was faster than they were
But that is a stupid wish, that I once had observed
Now I am hoping and praying that they never existed
But then one day I know that they all will be listed.
Now wherever that I run my past is already there
With no remorse or humility, sadness or even care
So I guess that I must run for the rest of my life
Or maybe hide away somewhere, where there is no strife.
I now look over my shoulder whenever that I can
As I try to prepare myself wherever that I am
Hopefully my strength and endurance will forever last
But sadly the faster that I run, I still can't outrun my past.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Paying Respect

Always pay your respect to the people that you meet
But, also pay respect to the people underneath your feet
Though you cannot shake their hand or see their face
Remember them though, when you are standing upon their resting place.
Be always courteous and polite when no one is around
A freed soul's body is now buried deep underground
So, show them that courtesy wherever they might rest or sleep
Remember, where you are standing, family members or friends once did weep.
There could rest the mother the father the child the sibling or the fallen brave
What some see as a forgotten plot, many know as a loved ones grave
Underneath the sun and the clouds and beneath the trees full breast
Wherever you might stand, always show and give the dead their respect.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Paying Taxes

We scamper around like timid little mice
If we can't pay our taxes we will lose our land or our houses,
We hide and we fret when it is time to pay those taxes
A working man must always worry, and a rich man he just relaxes.

We work and we slave to buy and pay off our homes
But, we are not free from those taxes, even in the catacombs,
In the end of our life we own nothing not even our own soul
We then become chips and dice in our makers payroll.

Our souls they will belong either to the Devil or to GOD
Paying our taxes and our freedom we discover was just a facade,
We can own homes and land and gold and a beautiful diamond ring
But, if we don't pay their taxes, we cannot own or keep anything.

For us to live and prosper, unto our government we must pay a tribute
And if we don't, then our own government against us they will prosecute,
I just need and want to grind my teeth with anger along with my axes
I hate just to live to work to pay the Government my money; their taxes.

Whether I eat, or buy clothes, or go to the doctor, or pay my mortgage or rent
I must always give the government my money by paying them their percent,
And when I die, I know that I will not have to pay those taxes any more
But, then who will pay for our government, and who will pay for the poor.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Peace

If I were to choose just one word,
To depict the meaning of life and my being,
If I had to decide upon just one word,
Without an explanation, or even a meaning.
The one word that I would readily choose,
That would convey my feelings and my belief,
Without any explanation the word that I would use,
Of course that word it would be, "piece".

Long ago, I had a piece of a dream,
Then I once had a piece of a pie,
At one time I was a piece of a team,
Then I once had a piece of a sigh;
There was once a puzzle piece that I found,
Then once before I shared a piece of a goal,
My father is buried in a piece of the ground,
And I once shared a piece of my soul.

"Piece", that one word it reflects my own belief,
From what I had and also from what I wanted,
In times it has given me both strength and relief,
And it's power, I have used and I have flaunted;
And then and if my world changes once again,
Hopefully the pain and the turmoil in my soul will cease,
Then a homonym of my chosen word I will use again,
The word with the new meaning still would be, "Peace".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Peacefully He Died

I had no choice to where to be born
But if I could choose where to die
I would choose where the Lilacs grow
And where the river runs wide.
I would go where no War has been
And from hate, no one has died
I would go where the Birds fly high
And where the tree tops touch the sky.
I would go where the water is blue
And where the land is painted green
I would go where nature plays her song
And it is nothing more than serene.
For a Man lives such a mournful life
And I think it is just fitting and right
For him to find His own place to go
When it becomes His time to die.
For I would like to go where the word is peace
When it becomes my time to go
Where sadness and pain is never felt
And their aftermath is never known.
I would like to go where hunger is fed
And misery is a forgotten word
I would like to go where love is sewn
And where, " I don't care" is never heard.
So when it becomes my time to leave
I won't go with Mans sorrows or fears
I hope to be buried in a peaceful place
And I hope not, to cause much tears.
For where to be born I had no choice
But where to choose to finally lie
I would like to go where on my tombstone they'd write,
"Hate and Sorrow Knew His Name, But Peacefully Here He Died".....

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Peacefully, He Died

I had no choice where to be born
But if I could choose where to die
I'd choose where the lilacs grow,
And where the river runs wide.
I'd go where no war has been
And from hate, no one has died
I'd go where the birds fly high,
And the tree tops touch the sky.
I'd go where the water is blue
And the plains are painted green
I'd go where nature sings her song,
And the song is nothing more than serene.

A man lives such a mournful life
And I think it is fitting and right
For Him to find His own place to go,
When it becomes His time to die.
I like to go where the word is peace
When it becomes my time to go
Where sadness and pain is never felt,
And their aftermaths is never known.
I'd like to go where hunger is fed
And misery is a forgotten word
I like to go where love is sewn,
And where 'I Don't Care', is never heard.

When it becomes my time to leave
I wont go with mans sorrows or fears
I hope to be buried in a peaceful place,
And I hope not, to cause much tears.
Where to be born, I had no choice
But where to choose for me to finally lie,
I like to go where on my tomb they would write,
'Hate and Sorrow Knew His Name, But Peacefully Here He Died'..

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Peter And Paul

As I think about Peter and Paul,
How I wish good fortune for one and all,
From their beliefs to all they would cry,
They were both better persons, than I.

They both lived and spoke of their belief,
Believing in forgiving and turning the other cheek,
They taught not to hate and to begrudged nobody,
They both were simply a better person than me.

If only that I could walk in their footsteps,
Going to the places where others had wept,
Living as poor men with no belongings or wealth,
They were both better persons, than myself.

They were judged and beat for their own truth,
Called rough and uncivil and also uncouth,
They were hated and loathed and then condemned,
Sometimes I wish, that I was more like them.

Randy McClave

Pics Of Her

Anymore her face doesn't appear
In any of my wallet pics,
Some say that is just sadistic
I say that it's only politics.
I enjoy the look of a woman
But, sometimes the face just gets in the way,
And if another woman asks me who the pic is of
'She is someone that you don't know', is all that I would say,
In all of her pics her face has been erased
Her body is all that is there to see,
I don't want to see the face that spoke all those lies
But, to look at her body, that is a different story, entirely.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Planted A Flower

I planted me a flower
Though my friends say a weed
In my garden from a forgotten seed.
So I planted it deep
And around it I hoed
So someday my flower would grow.
But my flower never came
From the sunshine or the rain
That GOD placed above its head.
And so my friends would just laugh
Every time that they would pass
My garden, my plant and I.
Gardeners were them all
As though they have been called
To bring beauty upon our sight.
And a gardener wasn't I
Just a poet in disguise
And for that reason I sat and cried.
More care to my plant I gave
And more affection to it I showed.
While praying one day my flower would grow.
And my friends would just laugh at me
When they saw me on my knees
And to my flower when they heard me speak.
To ignorance they did blame
Its a weed they would exclaim
Then they would walk away.
For a madman I must be
Trying to create a flower out of a weed
Then I would bow my head to weep.
And every night that I went to bed
I dreamt of a rainbow in my head
Which was my flower I planted with my own hands.
And every morning when I awoke
I ran to my garden, but I was torn
For my flower was still unborn.
And I could hear my friends laugh at me
Hidden behind an old oak tree
And I could see them shake their heads and walk away.

But then came one magic morning
When in my head my dreams were forming
While in my garden, my dream, had awoke.
I awoke, to gasps and jeers
I arose, to shouts and cheers
Then in my garden, I walked in bitterness and fear.
Then I saw a rainbow with a halo
I saw my friends with a child's glow
And then I heard the wind, as she softly spoke to me.
You had faith in a weed,
A weed, had faith in you.
And nature, had faith in you two.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Playing.... Then And Now

Children should be outside playing!
Inside the house they should not be staying,
They should be outdoors breathing the fresh air
At a television screen they should not constantly stare;
Their imaginations should be released inside a park
They should be counting stars or catching fireflies at dark,
From inside a house to the outside world they shouldn't look
And their noses shouldn't constantly be stuck inside a book;
"Running and or playing", the spirit of a child will always proclaim
But, it must be outside in the yard and not on a video game,
Doesn't anyone recall the jubilation and the reward
When a game was played on the grass or upon a wooden board;
When I was younger we ran and we climbed trees and I flew a kite
We didn't know or cared what was data storage or a megabyte,
Now the outside for children has been replaced by technology
To the youth of today; I give them my sincere sadness and apology.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Please God

Please God, please bless my family
Because forgiving them sometimes, I just can't,
With a judgmental brother and a nosey sister
And of course, that know-it-all Aunt.
I try not to hate or to judge anyone
But, they do it unthinkingly all of the time,
Then they say that they are following in the steps of you!
But, isn't that a sin, and a lie, and also a blasphemous crime.
High up in the clouds the world seems so small
I noticed that from my small seat in the plane,
Maybe that is the perfect vision for us all to see
That only you God, can truly bless us and reign.
I pray that for my family that you would forgive them all
And then your love and charity they would finally know,
But, they seem to care and think only about themselves
So, peace upon them I beg that you would also bestow.
High up in the clouds in the plane we did sail
Closer to you and heaven we did fly,
I felt the warmth of the sun and so much nearer to you
I then pleaded that for my family, that them you would sanctify.
To bless anyone I have not the power or the gift
As my sins unto you in a prayer I will continuously confess,
All that I can do is to ask you for your compassion
And for my family, I pray for them for you to bless.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Please, Teach Me

Teach me well the child did say
As to its parent they did speak
As I want to grow up to be the best I can,
So please to me, wont you teach.
I want to learn and I want to be taught
To be the best that I really can,
And when I get older and I am on my own
I will thank you, for creating who I am.
I don't want to lie and I don't want to cheat
And I want everyone to me proud of me
An honest and loyal person I wanna be known
And I want to be as smart as I can be.
I want to be truthful and I want to be trusted
To all my family and my friends
I want devotion to be my middle name
And I want to know nothing of evil and or sin.
You are the one that will affect my life
The child said to its parent as they spoke
Whatever I become, it will be because of you
Whether I swear, or drink, or even smoke.
And when I get older will I be like you
And will I ever have a family of my own
Will I be the roll model for my children then
Or will I leave them when they are all alone.
And when you get older and your hair is gray
The child said to its parent that it loved
Will I turn out the way I wish I didn't
And will you pray for help from GOD above.
The child said its prayer as it went to bed
And then closed its eyes as it went to sleep
Please be the model from which I will learn, they said
And please for me, wont you teach.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Poisoned Country

The sky is blue and the grass is green
It is such a beautiful and majestic picture and scene
As I look out from my own back porch
I then think of the beautiful lady and her flaming torch.
Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses
We all are equal and not separated by wealth or classes
But that was a dream and belief from long ago
Now in the ground of freedom a new seed they did sew.
They don't want to help the needy or even the poor
But they want to spend money for hate and even for war
The eyes that I see are full of tears and an ache
Children are starving because of people's hate.
Religion of brotherly love is no longer preached
But instead I hear "let him be impeached"
"You don't work"! they shout "why don't you just die"
"Our country don't want you, why don't you say goodbye".
Because of some I see the hate and I see the bias
Their words and their values to me it is just pious
Sadly many won't say or do what is morally right
In them I see that cancer and I also see the blight.
I look about them and then and I see that germ
They rub those wounds as their soul does burn
Lawmakers are the destruction to our great land
They happily wield destruction and power in their hand.
We all are were protected and guaranteed by a law
But now they say it's not for one and all, as it is a flaw
Once I lived in the land of the brave and the free
But now shamefully I live in a poisoned country.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Poking

It begins with a jab and then followed with a poke
I scream "please quit", it hurts and that is not a joke,

They stab me in my side with their stubby finger
It sends a pain up my side which still does linger,

I ask them to please quit all of that stupid poking
Of course they don't take me seriously, they think I am only joking,

They like to see me jump when I am poked in the side
I so much hate that feeling, as it also takes away some of my pride,

I am so tired and sick of all of the poking and jabbing
Some think it is humorous, but to me it feels like a stabbing,

They jab and they poke me either to say, "hello" or "goodbye"
They are my friends, and my nervousness to them it will satisfy,

Sometimes I turn and walk away if I see them on the street
When I say, "hello" or "hi" to them their finger in my side is how they greet,

Someday I believe that fear of their poking will cause me a cardiac
I wish instead of poking me, they would just give me a slap on the back.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Poor And Homeless

He begged me for a dollar
But, instead I gave him a dime,
I thought myself as a scholar
So, I asked him about his lifetime,
He told me about the death of his father
And how he was raised by his mother,
And for him no one would care or bother
When I looked at him, I saw my son and brother.
He said that he never slept in a real bed
Nor could he afford to go to school,
Sometimes all that he ate was bread
And people at him would laugh and call him a fool,
Sometimes he just thought of suicide
But, that he said is an unforgivable sin,
Many times alone he sat down and cried
As he didn't feel equal to other men,
Some people laughed at him and called him a bum
While others would say he wasn't people,
He hated to what and who he had become
Now he is ashamed to visit God under his steeple.

A homeless man is all that I saw
As I walked alone down the street,
At first I thought about calling the law
Him, I was frightened to meet.
He asked me if I had a dollar to spare
I did, but instead I gave him a dime in change,
For him I wouldn't even say a prayer
To me he was nothing more than lazy and strange;
Then I listened to his story
Then I thought about my own brother and my son,
I was ignoring God's own creation and his glory
Like the man who would kill a dog with a gun.
They say they are angles that walk amongst us
Who are wearing their own disguise,
He didn't deserve for me to belittle or cuss
Sympathy and not a sty should had been in my eyes,
I could never walk this man's trail
These words to man and to God I will now confess,

Now I understand clearly by removing the veil
Not one person wants to be poor and homeless.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Poor Little Drea

Poor little Drea
Walking down the street
Confused about the world outside
And all the persons she will meet.
Does not know what to do or say
Such a confused little girl
Always did what her mother said
Maybe that's why her mind is in a twirl.
She was never told not to smoke
Or not even to never drink or curse
No one cared what she read or did
Or the persons she might use or hurt.
She sees the examples her mother left
Knowing someday they might be her own
So sadly she walks and talks to herself
How she wished that she was all alone.
Someday she wants to become a woman
And maybe she'll be like her mom
Maybe that's why she is so very confused
As of her mothers way she is not that fond.
As she knows there is a GOD
And he does not want us to commit any sin
But sadly that has been in her daily life
Since day one when her life did begin.
One day she might want to get married
And have a husband not two or even three
And she might want to trust in man and GOD
And hope that freedom will set her free.
As she doesn't ever want to cheat or steal
Or doesn't ever want to use or lie
She has seen that so much in her own little life
I could understand why she will sit and cry.
So as those thoughts enter her brain
I wander what answers that she might seek
Does she wish that her mother wasn't hers
As sad little Drea is walking down the street

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Poor Man And The Rich Man

A poor man will eat the very same scraps
That a rich man will feed to his dogs,
A poor man will use newspapers as his wraps
The same wraps a rich man will burn as his logs

A poor man has just a few pair of shoes
That he will wear throughout his life,
A rich man has a closet of clothes from which to choose
As he enters his day and also into his nightlife.

A poor man will beg strangers for their change
From any person as they pass him by,
A rich man will see that as peculiar and very strange
As he wants his money with him when he does die.

A poor man he will pray unto GOD
And he will thank the Lord for his life and his health,
A rich man will pray at his banks facade
As he thanks the poor man for all of his wealth.

A poor man when he dies he will die all alone
And no one will cry or weep about his death,
When a rich man dies many people will cry and moan
And many will rejoice as they had waited for his last breath.

A rich man in remorse will think of all that he owned and had
As now it's all gone as he finally enters into deaths door,
A poor man will remember what made him sad
And also knowing like him, Jesus as well was poor

A rich man and poor man will enter the very same gate
And they both will be judged by the very same GOD,
Their life and actions on Earth will destine their fate
Then the rich man and the poor man won't be that odd.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Poor; Poor, Chris

Poor; poor, Chris
Let's pity him as his life is amiss,
He was looking for love and desire
But, once again he gets burnt by its fire;
He yells and then he screams
He has nightmares and not ever dreams,
A young man he is in fact
But, pretty soon he will have a heart attack;
He cries that he is treated like trash
And all that he is wanted for is his cash,
Now I will speak to him on his own behalf
Behind his back everyone does laugh;
He says by his love he is rejected
And he shouts that he is always neglected,
With his constant rambling he is told to halt
But he allowed it, so it is really his own fault;
So, I say to him be a man and pull up your pants
Stop your whining and complaining and your rants,
We all are tired of hearing how he's been mistreated and used
And I am sorry that his pride and his dignity has been bruised;
He was looking for love, companionship and thrills
But, all that he received were heartbreak and bills,
I say either leave her, or suck it up and stay
But, if it were me; I would just walk away.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Praise To God, Hallelujah

The church bells all rang,
And the choirs they sang,
Singing to one and all; 'Glory Hallelujah'.

The people all heard,
Every verse and every word,
As they all sang; 'Glory Hallelujah'.

The people they all sung,
And their hands they all wrung,
As they sung their praises to God.
'Hallelujah', they sung, 'Hallelujah',
Without their sins or helluva,
Then the Angels they applaud.

The people all held hands,
Across all countries and all lands,
As they sang and shouted, 'Hallelujah'

The voices all were heard,
Then came the singing of the birds,
As all in unison they sung, 'Hallelujah';
To GOD we all give him praise,
For our lives and for our days,
'Hallelujah', 'Hallelujah', 'Hallelujah'.

The church bells kept ringing,
And the choirs and the people kept singing,
With smiles and hope inside me and you.

Then when the last bell was rung,
And the last verse was sung,
It was, 'Praise to GOD; Hallelujah! "

Randy McClave

Probably Not

It may not be tomorrow,
And it might not be at your life's end,
But one thing that I know for certain,
We certainly; will meet again.
It might be when your down and troubled
And you are searching for a friend
But then you cannot find anyone there,
And then definitely, we will meet again.
Will I help you as I have done before
When you were my love that I sought
I will then look at my hands and fingers
Then say to myself; probably not.
I will think about our past
As though looking at a mirror on the wall
I will remember the times I helped you up
And then the times that you let me fall.
I will remember all the lies you said
While you were holding onto my hand
I was your Husband you were my wife
But you called someone else, your man.
So time will come and time will go
Along with your family and friends,
But then as your life is falling apart
We most assuredly, will meet again.
You will look at me, and remember the lies
That you said and spoke when we were young
You will ask me then to forgive you please
And I will tell you, that cannot ever be done.
All the dreams that we once had
They have all been washed away
Caused by you, and your lies and your sin
And all that is waiting you now, is judgment day.
You will then realize the souls you affected
As you put yourself always first
But that's all you really truly cared about
You never wanted to quench someone else's thirst.
And when your down and without your soul
And in this life your in trouble and lost
You look all your friends and men have ran away,

And will I help you; probably not!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Project Man

To help me learn and to understand,
God gave me two hands,
One to help my brothers, and one for all others,
As I follow all of GOD's basic commands.

And through his word and all that appears,
God then gave me two ears,
Now I perceive, from the stories people weave,
So I can help others with their sadness and fears.

Then for me to see the truth and also see lies,
God gave me two eyes,
So now I am not blind, then he gave me a mind,
Now I see the truth and not a lie in disguise.

To help me carry my burdens and never to be led,
God gave me two arms and two legs,
Now I can walk down the road, or help another with their load
In this world we should live where no one begs.

To live on this world and help the best that I can,
God joined all gifts given as was his plan,
Now I can run every race, and complete every job with grace
God was then finished and he called this project man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Proposing Men

I proposed so I married once,
I was proposed to, so I married again,
It was easy for me to take two wives;
But, I wonder where are the other proposing men.
Am I the only man that is looking for a wife;
Am I the only man wanting to take the wedding vow;
I ask the women where are their proposing men,
And could they please tell me, where are they now.
Some men they say are not ready to settle down,
While others are just wanting to play the field,
As they are the ones not happy with only one woman,
So, they search only for their own needs and wants and yield.
Some men of course they will never marry,
They get their milk free so why should they buy the cow,
All they care about is their one night stands,
So, of course they will never be proposing now.
If a man can steal it, of course he will take it,
Whether it be your money, jewelry, integrity or pride;
They don't care for feelings all they care about is the conquest,
So clever they are, with their deceptions that they hide.
Men are born bachelors and some will never change,
While other men spend their life standing behind a plough,
They both live alone and that is how they will die,
They are the ones that will never be proposing now.
Few men like me are ready to take themselves a wife,
To find that one woman to spend their life with,
So many men would rather have many other women instead,
But, them being happy without marriage, it is just a myth.
Though I have been married two times before,
And I have been divorced as many times as I have been wed,
I am indeed one of those proposing men,
Being alone without a wife, is what I truly dread.
Some men still want to be loved and they want to be married,
Some men search for their lifetime partnership to begin,
These are the men that women are still searching for,
And they all end up being, the proposing men.

Randy L. McClave

Pulled A Trigger

Owning a weapon isn't for joy or fun
it is to destroy, or to end a life,
Whether it's a rifle or a gun
The thought of it brings worries and strife.
With a gun, death and destruction is fed.

Whether it's an animal or a human being
Or an object placed on a fence post,
For a moment something is charging or fleeing
Next, that they see is either dinner or a ghost.
After a bullet to the heart, or to the head.

You pull a trigger and something is destroyed,
You pull a trigger and a life ends,
A trigger is pulled, and mayhem is deployed
You pull a trigger and a war begins.
Whenever a gun is held, death and destruction is lead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Put Away

My jackets and pants were placed in a box
Along with my shirts and all of my socks
Then they were delivered to a goodwill store
Never will I be remembered or thought of anymore.

They then took the pillow which upon I had slept
Upon which I had dreamt and where I had wept
It was then placed inside a garbage can
I guess they want to forget this one man.

My letters my bills and the paper I did require
They burnt them all in one giant fire
As though they don't want to remember me
Erasing me from their thoughts and memory.

Upon the mantel in a picture frame was my face
Then that picture and others were placed in a suitcase
That suitcase was then shoved underneath a bed
I must now be forgotten, as now I am dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Put My Foot Down

I will stomp my foot with a thunderous sound
As I will shout to all, I will stand my ground
I will stand by my convictions and by my belief
And this time I will not turn the other cheek.

You can harass me confront me call me any name
But my feelings towards my actions they will stay the same
You will see me passive and I wont make a sound
But when you cross that line I then will put my foot down.

I will not walk away I will stay where I am
From here I will not move I will make my stand
I will fight for my rights as any man would
And I will say that once again as I stamp down my foot.

Before any man comes to challenge my ways
To GOD in heaven I hope he will pray
As he alone my vengeance will be bound
And it will all begin, when I put my foot down.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Quench My Thirst

If you will bring me a glass of water
Just to quench my thirst
I promise you I will be forever grateful
And of your kindness, I will always think of first,
I will not forget this one kind feat
That you have done for me
As you did it not for money or for glory
So I thank you, for answering my plea,
As I am now a very thirsty person
My throat it seems to be on fire¹
And all I need is a very cold drink
To cool my body, and quench my desire,
If you would bring be a glass of water
Your kind deed I will never forget
And I will repay your kindness with kindness
And of your thoughtfulness, I will give my respect,
So I will ask you as I will not beg
As a man would, going to his death or to a slaughter
Will you be kind and help me quench my thirst
By bringing me a cold glass of water.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Questions

I don't remember my first question asked
Might have been to my mother while in my crib I basked
Or maybe it was to my father when he kissed me goodnight
Then he said a prayer for me and then he turned off the light.
Many questions I have asked since the day I was born
Many questions I have answered and many I did mourn
Some of them were the truth, but them I had masked
I don't remember why, but I remember they were asked.
Questions are needed to understand our life
Answers are needed so we too might avoid strife
Life is full of questions and are as many as drops of rain
And like rain drops not two questions are really the same.
Questions will be a part of us until that day we die
We will come across them daily with who, what, where or why
I dread not the future, but I do dread the past
I also dread the day, not knowing which question of mine will be last.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Quiteness

I walked into the forest
Which laid as quite as the night
With many mighty trees standing
Which blocked out the sunlight.
Quietness was all around
Serene was the only sound
Nature was fast asleep
Until I notice a falling leaf.
Were the hills there wide awake
As she has always been
And no one, not even I knew it
Except for God, and the wind.
But then I stepped upon a twig
And it cried beneath my feet,
Then I awoke the poems in the hills
Which had laid, so very, very still.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Race

I would rather be fast
Than to be slow and last
If it came to a race or such;
I would like to be a winner
With a medal that would shimmer
If that is not asking too much,
Just to come in first place
To win myself a race
With that victory I'd throw out my chest,
I would be the happiest soul alive
If only a race I could survive
Indeed I would enjoy winning that contest,
To win myself a marathon
That would be a phenomenon
Happy and proud I would be,
Being the first to cross the finish line
My heart and soul would be divine
My effort and win would be that of a trophy,
I know this all is just a dream
In my eye it is just a gleam
Winning a race by being the fastest,
If my endurance would only last
Then others I could easily past
So I exercise as I practice,
Until then I will still run
Not for admiration, but for fun
With the wind and perspiration in my face,
I will head for the goal
As I jog or sprint or even stroll
While still dreaming about winning a race.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Raised

In the rain and the snow she is all by herself
To her left and her right there is no one else
All that she knows is that once again she has offended
Her life that she knows is what she has pretended
She attacks and gossips to whomever she meets
She has no friends as to them all she lies and cheats
But then we must remember how she was raised
Believing lying and cheating was the greatest praise
Her feelings and emotions have all been diluted
Her actions and beliefs they have been polluted
All that she wanted in life was to be like no other
Sadly she became, just like her mother.

She was taught how to use and also how to lie
She was shown how to cheat and when to cry
Sadly she knows not what is fake or what is real
Now she lives a life without a soul and a will
Never will she keep a pledge or a commitment
In life all she sees is pain and hate and resentment
Now she will walk through her life all alone
She will always judge first and will cast the first stone
Other girls enjoy to laugh and also to joke
She instead curses and enjoys to tease and provoke
She trusts no man whether it be a father or a brother
Sadly she became, just like her mother.

Randy McClave

Raised Prejudice

The child pouts and bullies, and then uses profanity
And then has a tantrum and is admired, that's not sanity,
When the child does wrongs to others, the child expects to be praised
The sincere question is why, and how was that child taught and raised.

If the minor sees a black person that minor might call them a nigger
To know why the minor said that, no one has to really figure,
Like lessons in school the minor has already been taught
And to see and to hear is to do, of course the minor has not forgot.

The juvenile will mock a person and call them white trash
Because they are poor and needy, and maybe they had asked for cash,
The juvenile was raised around people wearing nice dresses and suits
And, they have never walked in a poor person's old tattered boots.

The youth hates all homosexuals as that youth proudly brags
That is why the youth insults them, by calling them queers and also fags
And to mock or to ridicule anyone because of a sexual preference
No one needs to ever wonder, who to look at for the youth's reference.

The preteen will ridicule others because of their old worn out clothes
Or because of their social circles, they will always stick up their nose,
Or maybe they just don't like someone because where they had come from
Most likely why the preteen ridicules them, is because of an income.

The teen doesn't go to church, or maybe that they do
But, to read the bible and to understand the scriptures, they have not a clue,
And when they make fun of someone, just because of their religious belief
I would say that the teen is worse, than a filthy common thief.

If an adolescent says or believes that they are better than you or me
I would say by actions and deeds alone, we should all just wait and see,
But, the real reasons that the adolescent is sinful, prejudice and bad
The adolescent had learned their prejudice from their parents; mom and dad.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Raped & Abortion

Does God condone rape
Or does that deed from God's eyes escape,
Or is the devil the master of that deed
Isn't he the Lord of those who will succeed.

God is omnipotent and he knows all
He knows before we trip and after we fall,
So, when a female is savagely raped
Is it God, or the devil's world that is reshaped.

A Christian will scream against abortion
They say that in God's plan it is a distortion,
Even if a female's rape is the devil's ultimate plan
And then a stranger, or the devil is now that woman's man.

Is rape condoned by Christians and God
Or does the devil alone get that nod,
Does God allow a female to be forcibly and unwantedly impregnated
Then she and her child will be shunned and mocked and hated.

When a raped female does give birth
The child is shamed by everyone on earth,
And if the taxpayers must feed the child, so it will not cry
Those same Christians will say then, let that child starve and die.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Ready For Vacation

I am ready to buy my ticket and pack my bag
While also preparing myself for the jet lag,
I am wanting to be there tomorrow, wished I had left yesterday
I so dreadfully need relaxation and fun for my holiday.
Over the mountains and an ocean I will fly
I am so excited to wave to everyone, Bye-bye,
Then in a couple of hours or more at my destination I will arrive
Then at my temporary home I won't be bored, but alive.
I will eat only at the finest restaurants that I can find
Fast-foods and microwaving I am leaving it all behind
It will be nice dressing up and making reservations to eat
I am so tired of ordering my food from my driver's seat,
Then after dinner I might head back to my room
Or maybe first I will do some shopping, I assume,
Strangers I will see and I will meet them everywhere
It will be great not to hear of someones problems while I am there.
While I am vacationing no one will know me or my name
With their problems or their financial woes, I won't be to blame,
Historic monuments and museums I am so excited to tour
My excitement and my joy I can most certainly assure.
I will walk here or there or happily take the public transportation
It will be great me knowing that I won't be driving on my vacation,
Open your eyes and your mind there is beautiful world for all to see
A bored adventurer and explorer is now me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Rebecca's Decree

My mind was once opened to all
Into love I just wanted to hopelessly fall,
But, then I was used and also hurt
My feelings were then put on emotional alert.
A vacate decree my conscience then signed
Then it was ratified by my soul and mind,
If a person is not worthy of my heart;
Let the vanquishing start.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Redemption

Some men will hide their money from their church
and the government,
Some men will hide their money from their children
and their wife.

I don't hide my money from GOD or anyone;
As I am poor and bankrupted,
I have been divorced twice.

Time for all it will vary
which seems to make the government upset,
All that I own is what I can carry
which makes my ex wives very cheerful and glad.
No one yet has broken my spirit
nor put a strain upon my back,
And strangely enough I am content,
I am not angry or depressed and not even sad.

I now breathe the air, which is free,
(I pay no taxes) ,
I have no job so I go where I want to go.
(no more taxes) ,
If I get hungry or cold I go to a church,
(where others like me relaxes) ,
If I need to sleep I find a bench or a meadow.
(I attend no more praxis) .

When we leave this marketplace that we called our world
we take nothing with us for that final trip;
So, I am always prepared for that last journey
at any hour or day or really at any time, without a quip.
I sometimes wonder if my exes bags are packed
and the governments with their paperwork and luggage;
Maybe they will all just sit and wait?
Not knowing in the next world they have no coverage.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Religion And Politics

Here is a simple thought
For all the wars coming and to be fought,
Let the radicals fighting for their religions be taught
What teachings and belief has God truly sought.
Then let the politicians father their own battle
Let them be on the front line instead of the voters like cattle,
See if they will run and hide and on each other will they tattle
Or will they only fight when they hear the change purse rattle.
If we all believe in the same God, why is there killing and war
If politicians care for their constituency why is there the poor,
Why not pray and help the faithless and the sore,
Let us all think about religion and politics once more.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Relive My Life

If I could only relive my life
Just to undo the mistakes and relinquish my strife
To remove the errors that I once had done
And maybe forget something, or even someone
If only I could walk that path once again
But this time not as a boy in the company of men
Now knowing what risks I should have taken
While remembering all my errors that I had mistaken
Never again would I look back with regret at my past
Then finally for my future I would be an enthusiast
I would be happy and joyful with every decision made
Then I would be surefooted, not nervous or scared or afraid.

If I could erase all of my mistakes
They would be redone and then known as my remakes
No one would have been hurt and I would have caused no pain or sorrow
As then I would know what was held in my yesterday and tomorrow
If only that I was given that one and only chance
Into my past I would finally know of true love and finance
Going back to the time when my past had begun
I would so happily be ready to relive and re-meet everyone
Then happy and joyful I would be walking down the street
My life and my past would be liken a grocery receipt
I would know what I had done and what I had said
Then I would know the total that was waiting up ahead.

If I could relive this life once again
Starting from my beginning and stretching to its end
With all the information that I am in possession of now
Then to all of my probabilities, I could walk away or accept with a bow
Only then would I know the mistakes I have taken
Along with all the errors I have made and opportunities I forsaken
Just to walk the road that I had walked once before
Knowing which paths or steps I should take, and which ones I should ignore
If only I knew which path I should either deny or accept
Either becoming stronger or weak with pain and regret
On a cold chair I sit and not in the tropics under the sun being basked
So I conclude "If" is not a question, or a prayer that ever should be asked.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Remembered

I do not want to be remembered
As the man who gave up and surrendered,
I would rather be recognized instead
As the courageous man buried with the noble dead.
Never dastardly will I carry a white flag
If I did my soul would desert and my body would gag,
I will fight! I swear until I am that last man
Then another patriot can continue what I began.
Never will I be called or thought of as a coward
In pride and honor I have bathed and showered,
Today! I will be remembered as a writer;
But, tomorrow I will be recalled as a soldier and a fighter.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Remove Your Bra

I know two lovely sisters and their enticing mother
Neither ones though, do I want to be my lover,
But, one thing unto them, that I still want and wish to insist
Please, ladies just show me your tits.
Don't use the excuse that you're humble or shy
Hearing that spoke from any female is just a lie,
Especially from a woman who has a child
And all women occasionally want and need to go wild.
Women go to their doctors as clockwork for their exams
And at least every two years they have their mammograms,
So, please don't say 'no' and not send me your pic
Prove to me individually that each of you are a hot chick.
All women have their tantalizing and exquisite breasts
Me seeing them is one of my many pleads and requests,
So, please don't tell me that you are proper or reserved
Your boobs already have been memorized and observed.
Satisfaction and pleasure helps a man to relieve his stress
Especially whenever he sees a woman who is topless,
And don't say or believe that they are too big or too small
Ladies remove your tops I want to see them stand or fall.
Please don't think or believe that I or any man is a pervert
Because the unknowing eyes wants to see want's under the shirt,
I am not asking to look at your feminine pubes
All that I am wanting is to see your enticing boobs.
So, before you say why you won't or cannot
Remember this is the dream and fantasy that I have sought,
Haven't you three Louisiana women been to Mardi Gras
So, please don't argue with me, just remove your bra.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Renee'

So, I say this Renee'
In Church will they even let you pray,
Are you ever allowed to be a Sunday school host
Are you then questioned about the holy ghost.
So sad it is that when we pray
That the Church congregation always looks the other way,
They judge us by our clothes or by our hair
But, you know what, God is also there.

I go to Church just to worship the son
We all want love and fellowship for everyone,
I don't ever go to Church as a jest
I go to Church to feel and to be blessed.
When in Church, and I see those wondering eyes
I then see bigots and hypocrites and wolves in disguise,
And when I see or feel that look I just give a smile
As I know that one day God, will put them all on trial.

If they ever say that the spirit is not inside of me
I will tell them that they are blind, but I can see,
Renee' I know how you feel I truly do
Once long before I had also worn your shoe.
The advice that I give you is free and spiritual to give
Always be happy, not judgemental, and help others and live,
And when they pass to you the collection plate to pay;
I would say this to you, just walk away Renee'.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Retired (So Said Fred)

'I won't be able to retire until I am dead'
'The government taxed me to death, " so said Fred
So now he watches the clock, so he won't get docked
I will always remember those words that he had said

Now I live my days with both hope and desire
That one day soon that I can retire
My investments made, my bills will be paid
Then the sun and sleep is all that I will require

The bosses I remembered they would curse and chew
But never could they swallow either me or you
They would rant and rave, as though I was a slave
But I did my job and happily to them I will bid adieu

When that day arrives I will have not been fired
I will be living off my pension and happily retired
A happy man will be me, as I will be a retiree
And I will reflect back to the days when I was hired

One day soon all of our names will all be read
Hopefully not in the obituaries, but as the Retirees instead
We will be our own boss, we'll carry our own cross
'Now let's see this company survive, " as so said Fred

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Returning From Vacation

When I return home from my vacation overseas
Only souvenirs I will bring back, I swear will be trinkets and a shirt,
I will not be bringing back any expensive articles or souvenirs
Especially a scheming foreign woman wearing a kilt or a skirt;
Unworried and cheerfully I will expediently go through customs
And I will dance through there happily and also duty free,
As I will not be bringing back any heartaches for me or anyone
And especially no worries for my friends or my country;
I will not ever bring back another woman home with me again
When I return from this, or any other overseas vacation trip,
That situation my family and friends remind me of constantly
All I want are happy memories, and not another dismal courtship;
When I am at customs and I am asked if I have anything to declare
I will nod my head up and down, and reply with a certainty, 'yes', 'I do',
I will say that I am happy and excited to be back home once again
And the only woman I want to see is in New York, and she's a statue.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Reunion

My wife tells me it is time for me to get dressed
My shirt is ironed and my slacks are pressed,
She is all ready to leave wearing her brand new dress
But, still after months of preparation she still is stressed.

She begins to interrogate with her voice that is almost hoarse
As she asks me who was that woman that just had her third divorce,
And that corrupt candidate that she always endorsed
Her husband I think, was suspended from the police force.

She then asked me about that blond, who married two gay men
And that quite lonely guy that was sent away to pen,
And that chubby bald man who could never keep a wife or a girlfriend
Then there's that couple down the street, who went bankrupt once again.

Then she queries about that red-headed kid that was a used car dealer
He became a liar and a cheat and always drove a four-wheeler,
In school he bummed for money and cheated on every deal
Then there's that chic that became a two bit actress and a scene-stealer.

Remember that girl my wife asked that was really thin and flat chested
And that heavy dude that stayed drunk and always got arrested,
They were in that misguided group that cheated on every test
And then there is that brunette, who is now big breasted.

Our notes are all memorized we are now prepared and done
We have our insults and gossip ready for our night of fun,
My wife and I are prepared for our get-together with everyone
As we both head out the door for another decade class reunion.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Ring For Freedom

Let the bells ring for freedom
Let the bells ring out loud
And hope the people again will hear them
While answering back with a shout.
Let the bells begin their ringing
A ringing that will never end
And hope the people will hear our singing
Then from peace we will send.
Hope the bells will start their ringing
By ringing loud and singing long
Pray the people will sing and shout
And to that sound, a peaceful song.
Let the bells ring for freedom
Hope that ringing will never cease
I hope the people will hear them ringing
And all together in its peace.
Hand in hand and arm in arm
With smiles and laughs that stand together
Trouble nowhere and nowhere is there harm
Hope they will keep it from and and forever.
Let the bells all ring in rhyme
Now and forever to the end of time
A time to hold and a time to smile
To dream once again just like a child.
Let the bells ring for freedom
Now and forever for peace to send
Let the people hear them ringing
Hope that music will never end.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Ring I Wear

The ring on my finger is a vow and a bond
That I and my soul belongs to someone else
So when I walk in this world or the great beyond
A proof to one and all there will be no one else,
I will never lie or cheat or forsake that pledge
That I made with faith in front of GOD and man
Between my spouse and me there will be no wedge
Created by the devil or any woman or man,
To you my spouse I will make that sacred oath
My eyes or my heart will not pass away from you
From now until the end there will be us both
When I look for love I will see and only find you,
I will give you my promise and I will give you my word
Never could I forsake you for anyone or any other
To deceive or to cheat to be unfaithful will not be heard
As I love and I want you and never will I want no other,
This ring that I wear to you it is my pact
That you and I will always be one together
I will keep that vow as love and that is my contract
We will cling as one and we will always be together,
On top of my lungs to all man and woman I will proclaim
I will be true and honest to my love and my spouse
Then unto GOD in heaven I assuredly will exclaim
As I thank him for letting me love my spouse,
This as I say as a fact and my own guarantee
So forever on my finger I will wear this single ring
My love and my faith and honesty is to you I decree
So on my finger in honesty and truth is shown in this ring.

Randy McClave

Ringing Of The Bell

The bell rung out loud
The world was going to end
Everyone gathered into a crowd
Everyone then began looking for a friend.
The atheists they began to pray
The religious began to preach
Tomorrow they knew was their last day
So, they all started to beseech.
The politicians they ran and hid
The wealthy they just began to cry
Temptations and greed they threw away, or hid
No longer could anyone sell, or tempt, or buy.
The poor and the needy were prepared
When tomorrow would finally arrive
They were all nervous, but not scared
With God, they already knew how to survive.
People then began to help each other
Without being told to, or given a nudge
They were kind to strangers and to one and another
Tomorrow they knew, that God would judge.
Many wrung their hands as they prayed
While many fearfully wished that God did not exist
Of his just verdict many were afraid
Knowing that they were on hells waiting list.
All wars and conflicts in the world ended
Prejudice and bigotry ceased as well
No one anymore or anywhere was offended
As they all heard the ringing of the bell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Robert Burns

Here I stand at your tomb
Better yet, outside Scotland's womb,
Protecting your body until the end of time
And as I remember well, to "Auld Lang Syne",
The soul is forever we know where to look
Yours is still found inside any romance book,
It was not spirited away inside any cemetery
It found it's dwelling, in a romantics library,
Still cherishing you for centuries after your birth
And not swallowed up deep into the earth,
To lie in a shrine and to never be forgot
And never to sleep as others have thought,
So, instead of kneeling by a grave
At your tomb instead, I will recite and wave.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Root To Evil

They say that money is the root to all evil
(To that saying and belief I highly disagree) ,
Money is not the bedrock to hate, jealousy or upheaval;
If you'd ask Adam, he would say that evil began with a she.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Rose For A Rose

A rose for a rose
That is all that I can say,
As I present, the flower to you.
You can look upon its beauty
As I have looked upon yours,
Now you know the turmoil I go through.
As the beauty of the rose,
I thought it second to none,
Until that day that we met.
Now to me the rose is just a flower,
And its aroma is but a scent,
And raindrops, are tears I have wept.

A rose for a rose,
A masterpiece for the painter,
That is what, I am giving you.
You may gaze upon this flower
You can close your eyes and wish
And now the rose is wishing upon you.
Your skin is that of silk
Your beauty is that of mine eyes,
And your soul is that of the free wind.
So now I present you the rose,
As a man presents GOD his soul,
And know you'll know where I have been.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Run Away

Where are you going to run
When you have no place to run
Especially, when the wind gets cold and wet,
When you will had looked all around,
And once again your happiness cant be found
And as I wonder, have you thought that far yet.
What reason will you then give to leave
Of course one, that people might believe
To again leave a house, that once was your home
Will you put the blame on someone else
On the way you live your life and never yourself
So once again you can cry and complain and moan.
I now think about you and your past
And I end the thought with a grin and a laugh
As the reasons why that you threw them all away
You have blame your mother, and even your men
You had blamed your environment and even your friends
And always someone else's fault, why you had strayed.
So when the weather outside gets bad
And inside your soul you feel woe and are sad
As inside your mind you say, "what now have I done'
But then again you will get your belongings and your girls
While promising them, and yourself a new world
And all I need to know, where now are you going to run.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sadness And Despair

Should my heart be full of bitterness and despair
Because about one person I do not truly care,
If they were to get ill, I wouldn't give them an antidote or a pill
And if they should die, I wouldn't even bother GOD with a prayer.
I wouldn't say, "Gesundheit! " If they had sneezed
As I wish they would stay sick and then become diseased.

I will always worry about others if they become sick
But, about this one person I won't worry about, and that I will not contradict
I wouldn't care at all, if they had trip down and fall
And remember this! I am neither a pharisee nor am I a hypocrite.
Upon them though, I would never wish pain or suffering or death
I just wouldn't care if they were in agony or breathing their last breath.

Should I feel a sorrow or even a sadness from my feeling
I don't! Because of one person I see an evil which to me is unappealing,
If they were to disappear, I would smile and I would not cling to a tear
Then I would know that my soul might begin it's own spiritual healing.
Throughout my life I will know of one thought that I will never yearn
And it would be about this one person to which I would not give any concern.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sadness In Connecticut

Sadness is gripping me and our land
We shake our heads as we still don't understand,
How any person could violently take children's lives
Now dead are the dreamers, and mentors and wives,
We shake our fists and we all shed a tear
From all the sadness and horror from the man made fear,
As innocent lives were violently and deliberately torn away
Not one had a chance to say goodbye, or even to pray,
Gone forever are the children's smiling faces
Along with birthdays, and weddings, and tying shoe laces,
Now we will never forget, we must always remember
That sad and pathetic day in early December,
When evil came to take the life of a child
And the teachers that were protecting them from the wild,
Now they all are in GOD'S protective embrace
Showered with his love and his blessings, and his grace,
We will always remember that sad December morning
When evil and hate showed up, without cause or warning,
Then the lives of the innocent were taken away from them
Through evil and horror, and screams and mayhem,
Now there is pain and suffering and the ultimate regret
As we must all someday forgive, but we will never forget,
When evil and sin showed up and GOD'S gifts were betrayed
We must always remember that sad December day.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Same Story

Man will dream
Woman will scheme
Both with the same objective in mind;
Man, his future he will map
Woman, she will trap
While neither one wants left behind.

Man will build
Woman will willed
While both destinies become one reality;
Man, he will sweat
Woman, she holds a regret
As both are controlled by their morality.

Man will die
Woman will cry
As their journey together has been completed;
Man, his dream will be accomplished
Woman, her scheme will be vanquished
And their story again will be repeated.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Save A Wonder

A child's hand That I held
To show the world anew,
From the wonders that I've seen
To the beauties that I knew.
We walked a country path,
With wonders all around
And the child's grip grew much tighter,
With every sight and sound.
We saw the birds in the trees
We felt an April breeze,
As she came through the leaves
As though to greet, the child and me.
We then saw the April showers
Which cleansed the April flowers
And trees and grass we did see,
As they became our friends.
Then out came a rainbow
And out came a child's glow,
And then the questions, began to flow,
With the answers I'll never know.
With ' how come this',
Or ' why did that',
Kept ringing from ear to ear.
But then the more he asked
The less I laughed,
Happy was I, the child was here.
More wanders had we saw
The further that we walked
Down a wooded path,
Upon the virgin grass.
We saw creeks with her fishes,
And clovers, with their wishes
And then more questions to me were asked.
Then I looked upon youthful eyes
And I heard a worried sigh,
And then the child, he answered please,
Save, a wonder for me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Say No To Love

I say no to love,
For myself it is not meant to be
These days are not thereof
They make love a mockery,
Love is not being apart
Or words which are easily spoke
Love is the binding of the soul and heart
Which allows sensations to evoke.

I say no to love,
Keep your arrows away from me
I want to die alone in a cave or cove
My love, it will be with nobody,
I am not looking for sex or lust
Or for an angel from above
I'm not looking for a person to bring disgust
So again; I say no to love.

I said no to love and also to her,
She was not what I was looking for
With love she was an amateur
And I was searching for much more,
I was wanting to share my life
And I wanted someone I could think about
Then I wanted a partner and a wife
Not someone to take care of, and then doubt.

I said no to love,
But I said yes to everything else
To temptations and wants I gave a shove
As that is not me, but someone else,
I want to keep the memories of my past
As I was in love once, I do confess
It was a short memory that will last
That is the only love, to which I said yes.

Randy L. McClave

Saying Goodbye

The truth in why I had to say goodbye
I couldn't stay and let you watch me die
I am so very sick and I still want to live
Only feeling I have left, is for you to please forgive
You arrived in my life after so many years
All is left now, is for me to wipe away my tears
Now I dream of us forever in our life
I saw of us in the future as man and wife
But my pain and suffering I must accept it alone
My feelings and my love I must postpone
Because of you, I can't wait until tomorrow
But sadly I know now, it will be filled with sorrow.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Saying Grace

Lord, I want to thank you
For the food that we are about to eat,
Also thank you for our health and well-being
And thank you for our bread and meat.
We all are gathered here together
Before and after dinner with your embrace,
So, I thank you Lord for all of your gifts given
As you give us your blessings, we give grace.
Lord, I thank you for all that I have
And with a sadness I will end this dinner prayer,
As I wished there were more food upon my table
So, with others your bounty I could share.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

School Uniform

Children are playing in their school uniforms
Running, jumping, swinging a child's norms,
Sympathetically you can't tell the poor child from the rich
Because, they are equal, no one knows which is which.
They all wear the same styled pants and the same colored skirts
The same designed blouses and the same printed shirts,
Unto the passerby the children are all alike
From social standards alone, they don't judge or strike.
They don't mock each other for the clothes that's worn
Because they all wear the same outfit, even if it is tattered and torn,
We see them in their uniforms as God sees our own souls
We are all equal, except for different dreams and goals.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Scorn To Mourn

Man must always fight in war
Children, Woman must always bore,
Without either they'd be no more.

Man must always work and sweat
Woman must always support and regret,
Children is their debt.

Man was conceived only to die
Woman was designed to cry,
And both were made to deny.

Man was created to mourn
Woman was forged to scorn,
Why else are we born.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Scotland

As I walked the streets of Scotland
I was the tourist from a different land
Where the skirts are worn by the man
And their ways of life I try to understand.
Where golf was invented and so was Peter Pan
Also was the birth of whiskey and the Scottish clan
Where Jekyll and Hyde had first began
And where Robert the Bruce once did stand.

As I strolled the streets of Dalkeith
I smiled at the Scots that I did meet
Their ways of life I found strange, but unique
Where the mind is strong and the souls not weak.
At the churches I heard the pastors preach
Then in the pubs at night more souls they'd teach
Religion and salvation is out of no ones reach
So they passed another verse and a pint to me.

As I roamed the streets of Edinburgh
Seeing the castle upon its perch
The Poets and authors which I did search
While listening to the music and the word.
Where the Bard Robert Burns once did work
Also the killing fields of Hare and Burke
Where the Greyfrairs Bobby once did lurk
And also the home of the Presbyterian Kirk.

As I walked the streets of Dalkeith
I Remembered the lassies that I did meet
Then upon the streets of Edinburgh
Where my knowledge of poetry was given birth
I had walked the streets alone in Scotland
Where history and beauty I held its hand
Now I am back home in the United States
I realize Scotland, she was my destiny and my fate.

Randy McClave

Scottish Eyes

I see hate, and I see lies
As I look through those Scottish eyes
With so much deception and so much untruth
They seem to fall about me, like old rotten fruit.
The emerald eyes that I once loved and adored
Now through my soul, they have ripped and tore
With deeds they expected and things they've seen
Now they stay in my mind, like an un-welcomed dream.
So I feel sadness, and I feel woe
As from my soul and heart the pain will not go
As no man knows the suffering that I have felt
And no man could accept the hand that I was dealt.
I think of all the looks and all the sadden glances
As in my mind they stay as the evil dances
I then ponder in my thoughts then I finally realize
I feel sorry for any soul who looks through those Scottish eyes.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Scottish Thistle

Lovely Scottish thistle
Painted with shades of purple
You are so tempting and also showy
When I see you I want to whistle,
But I can't touch you because of your thorn,
My eyes would be elated, but my fingers would mourn.
If ever so gently I could hold your head
Then I could pluck you for my vase
Then I could paint you and romance you
But, when I held you my fingers they bled,
In pain I am while you are in my clutch,
Is beauty meant to be seen and never touched?
Now on the ground the thistle lies
For its beauty I took its life
The red of my blood covers the purplish thistle
It is gone and a part of me also dies,
Nature created a beauty for us all to see,
But, I wanted beauty to be owned by only me.

Randy ve

Randy McClave

Searching For A Bride

A man wants to bring home a bride like his mother
Not like his teacher or preacher or any other,
He wants the same type of woman that his father caught
Excited he is to meet her, and then to tie the knot,
I thought I brought home a wife just like my father did
One which I knew that he would accept and not forbid,
But, she proved something which was surprising and worse
I never knew that my mom smoked, drank, and curse.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Searching On The Road

I went looking for love which was honest and true
Then I was told for that quest I did not have a clue
I walked down every street and also every avenue,
Then I was lost,
What I found there was no one for either me or you
Emptiness was the cost,
That, I never knew.

Those streets I was told I would now walk alone
Another's hand or heart I would never hold or own
My sadness someday to all it would be known,
Now I just sit and cry,
Because true love for me it will never be shown
Lonely someday I will die,
After I moan.

Someday on this road I hope to find myself a friend
A person who is real and honest who I will not offend
My actions and my beliefs I will always strongly defend,
I don't enjoy being a never,
I won't search for the imaginary or even the pretend
All I want is a together,
That is my "The End."

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Secrets

I once held myself a secret
But then it was told,
How could anyone be so impetuous
And also so very bold,
To tell of a secret
That they had sworn to keep,
Now it was not a secret of ours anymore
My honor they did reap.

When my secret once was told
It became a secret no more.
Now everyone had the knowledge
Of what had made one suffer or even sore,
It was best to be kept unknown
And that secret told to nobody,
But then someone trusted me with their secret
So now there were us three,
Then the three became four
Then the four became ten,
More people began to know
Of one person's mistake and or sin,
A secret is best to be kept a secret
Not to be told to anyone else,
Lock it away if you must forever
Don't tell it to anyone just keep it to yourself.

There once was a secret
It was supposed to be hidden and concealed,
And no one else knew of it
But then unto others it was revealed,
Some people cannot keep a secret
Whether in the mind or in a dresser drawer,
Best thing to know is we all like to talk
So please don't tell me a secret any more.

Randy L. McClave

Seduced To Marriage

I get undressed, to rest
She gets undressed to impress,
I show my chest, she shows her breast
Now comes the worries and my stress.
I try to go to sleep, but I cannot
My body is now wide awake,
Is there a plot, must I tie the knot
Or, must I always be teased with an ache.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

See Babies Crying

I see babies crying
For their older brothers
And no one will ever know
If they'll be home again.
But babies don't you cry
Dry those frosted eyes
Look up in the heavens and say
We need you GOD today.

I now hear babies talk
As they learn to walk
Unto two, as from four
Then they're sent to war
But babies don't you cry
Dry those frosted eyes
Look up to GOD and say
We need you Lord, today.
So babies don't you fear
No need - for a couple of years
So let's see a baby's smile
Until they turn to tears.

I hear babies cry
As they learn to die
No one will give a listen
No one will ask them why
For they are sent to school
Then they're learned to talk
Then they are given guns
Then they're told to walk.

I now see babies walking
As they carry guns
I don't see babies talking
For they're not having fun.
But babies don't you cry
Lets see a cherry face
Come on babies, smile
Filled with GOD's grace.

So babies don't you fear
No need for a couple of years
Let's see a precious smile
Then we'll see your tears.
For i know why babies die
I know why babies cry
I now know the answer is
No one asks them why.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Seed To Grow (Tree)

What if we had no seeds to sow
Which meant we had no trees to grow
Then leaves the wind could never blow
The tree then, we would never know,
We would have no paper for us to write
Nothing would be seen in the black and white
Which would mean we would have no insight
So, we would not know who was wrong or right,
And if we had no trees for us to use
Then we could never scan the news
Nor build any houses or even any pews
Then where would we live, and what belief to choose,
There would be no books for us to read
GOD'S words then, we could never heed
Then our soul could not be freed
If we did not first, sowed a seed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Self-Righteous Men

A man proudly takes his finger to scratch inside his nose
He doesn't really care where he is, and if it's for a picture he will pose,
But, if a woman needs to scratch inside her nose she really shouldn't
And if she really wanted to, she really wouldn't.

A man unconsciously will stick his hand down his pants to scratch his butt
He also wears a short shirt so that he can show off his well fed, beer gut,
He will always wear a silly ball cap upon his judgmental head
Whereas a woman is taught differently, compared to him, she is well bred.

A man in honor and pride proudly loves to fart
Especially around strangers and friends, he says that it is a manly art,
But, a woman says and screams that it is nasty and disgusting
Never is she allowed or is accepted to do that sort of gusting.

A woman is prim and proper, wearing her makeup and taking care of her hair
She worries about her appearance, but most men really don't notice or care,
But, compared to most men a woman is dignified, prim and proud
Though to step into man's normality the woman does not want to be allowed.

A woman is frowned upon if she ever breastfeeds her child
The male community around her, objects and screams and goes wild,
But, the very same men are excited when they see a woman's breasts,
In a nude magazine, or in a bikini or on the internet without riots or protests.

A woman says it is a man's world and of course that is how she was raised
Everywhere that she looks it belongs to a man as if the world is being appraised
Of course, man fights the wars and the battles, always again and again
This world of ours it truly belongs to the self-righteous men

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Separated Or Married

On the one hand she says she is separated,
But, then on the other hand she says she is married,
On the one hand she is wearing a wedding ring,
And on the other hand her beliefs they are varied.

On the one hand she is neither married nor single,
That of course is her belief and not the law of this land,
She always uses her hand which serves her own needs,
But, she must keep the ring upon that one hand.

On the one hand she says she is a good woman,
But, then she is looking in the mirror at her own reflection,
Her hands they are wrinkled and scarred and blemished,
So, she doesn't see the lies the poison or the infection.

On the one hand she says that she is and was a good wife,
Then on the other hand she is not a wife to any man,
But, then she just looks only at her own two hands,
On either hand she thinks all others she is better than.

On the one hand she thinks she is a good person,
But, that other hand she keeps it covered up and hid,
On, the other hand she sees an un-grasping hand,
Those hands are never used for prayer or help, may GOD forbid.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

September Morn

I watch the World around me
As again I hear nature call
For it is the end of summertime
And the awakening of a beautiful fall.
The leaves have changed their colors
The skies became icy white
My heart becomes exceedingly joyful
At Septembers, beautiful sight.
The rustling wind has turned to cold
The leaves have changed to brown
This moment, I pray to hold
As the leaves fall onto the ground.
The squirrels scurry from their trees
The birds have all flown away
It is another September morning
I feel it with each step that I take.
With a cold wind against my back
I journey to a great tree
To pick up the jewels that she left there
An acorn, and a lonely leaf.
I shiver as I walk
With a leaf and acorn in hand
I watch fall as it arrives around me,
So happy is this man.
I then walk up unto my wife
I present her with the leaf and acorn
So happy I am with this fall,
That I give Her my September morn.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Set Free

I remember once when your soul was clean
And also the time when that apple was green
The apple it grew from the tree upon its limb
And we matured from children, and grew into women and men
What happened to us then, was truly unforeseen.

I remember that apple, and it I would not pick
Though it was not deliberate or had it been a trick
So it grew all alone and then on the limb it rotted
From age and negligence it was also spotted
Now that apple disagreed with my body's politic.

I read and then I heard stories all about you
Sadly none were lies as they all were on the venue
We had been used and cheated as your soul had waited
Seems that was the purpose, that you were created
Never would I want to act or to become like you.

I read in the news that you had died
My reaction to that news I could not hide
As I remembered that rotten apple falling from the tree
Then it hit the ground, its essence was set free
So for you or the apple, I had not cried.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Settling Down

If you my friend are tired of the single life,
And you want to settle down with a wife,
A piece of advice to you that I must give,
Think before you marry, and live.

Eat the foods that you want to eat
The cheeses the breads the sweets and the meat
Then drink the liquors and beers that you want to drink
And make sure to all the women, you give them a wink.

Go to bed any hour of your day
Wake up when you want, or sleep longer in the hay
Spend your money the way that you want it spent
Buy everything you want, and spend your very last cent.

Wear the clothes that you want to wear
Grow your beard or mustache, as it is your hair
Go hunting or fishing or just go out with a friend
Laugh and joke loudly as those days are coming to an end

So please take a heed to this sound advice
Don't think once about it, think about it twice
As I too was once a single man
Then I got married, and my new life had just began

Now if you still feel like you need to settle down
You now must be organized with your feet firmly on the ground
Your adventures and excitement are now out of your life
Now it is time for you my friend; settle down to a wife.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sex

Sex was once my master,
It once controlled my soul and my thoughts,
My mind and feelings became a disaster,
From women I only wanted their cheers and applauds.

Every woman that I saw she was a conquest,
She was a desire and a need to be used,
With a smile and a flirt is all that I would invest,
Being a sex addict, I was always being accused.

I cared for no woman's feelings,
All I cared about was my own wants and pleasures,
I was prepared for all situations and dealings,
All I cared about was my reputation and a woman's treasures.

I was once indeed a womanizer,
Also a playboy, flirt and a seducer,
But, because of sex I have become no wiser,
I believed without the conquest of a woman I was a loser.

When I saw a woman all that I saw was sex,
A woman was created for a man just to please,
My belief was simple and not that complex,
And all that I care about, were the birds and the bees.

A woman in my opinion is for a man's need,
Into my eyes all that she would see were my requests,
Without a man a woman feels incomplete as she wants to love and breed,
When I saw a woman all I thought about were my wants and her breasts.

Sex was the only reason that I married,
It was the greatest gift that I ever won,
But, sadly my sexual feelings and desires for women had varied,
When my wife gave birth to our son.

Unto sex I was once its slave,
A woman wasn't a person she was an object to use,
But, now as I am closer and closer to my own grave,
I had the wrong master, but that never was an excuse.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sex Or Food

The life for a young man isn't that complex
When they are young all they think about is having sex,
Every attractive woman becomes their distraction
And the women know it, so they become their main attraction;
I once was that young man and I went through that stage
When my hormones changed and I was full of lust and rage,
The female became my want and my need and my only desire
So, I bought myself cologne and other toiletries and a hair dryer,
I then bought myself a car and I improved the way that I dressed
That is what all young men do, so the women are impressed;
I then went to the gym in the hope to catch a woman's eye
Sometimes to get a woman's attention I would grunt when I'd exercise.
I was always courteous when I took a woman out on a date
We would only talk about her, but never about her age or weight,
I did this, so with hopes with me that she would spend the night
Of course that is every young man's dream; fantasy and delight,
If it weren't for sex, most of us men would never marry at all
When we need and want sex, we hate to plead and beg and crawl,
For a guaranteed sex life that is why most of us men decide to wed
Now every night we are excited, because we have a woman in our bed;
Some married men will look back in sadness after years of frustration and denial,

Maybe they will wonder why they ever walked down that long wedding isle,
I have been married for many years, no longer do I have that young man's itch;
Now instead of begging my wife for sex; I now beg her for a sandwich.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Shall I Go Back To Sleep

Can I please go back to sleep
Will you please stop your complaining,
You have been told by what you sow you shall reap
And one day unto God your story, you will be explaining.
You and I have been through all of this once before
So, you don't have to sit up and justify your deeds in our bed,
I am just too tired and frustrated to listen to you anymore
Remember, where you are, it is from where your actions have led.
You have explained to me before what you have done
So, please, don't poke me again and tell me to listen,
Revenge or ridicule should never be thought of as sacrament or fun
Now between us there now lies a greater division.
You must always be happy with who you are
As if though you are wearing your soul inside an amulet,
And though this might sound quite bizarre
Maybe you should had follow the ways of the Bible, and not Hamlet.
Words of wisdom my Grandmother use to say
In her own time of thought and persecution and conflict,
It is usually the guilty man that will complain and pray
So, please go back to sleep and don't elbow me or kick.
Since you can't sleep, and apparently neither can I
And since you're making your transgressions my own business,
Why not, just not argue or ruminate and not seek out an ally
Just sleep, and then tomorrow seek out forgiveness.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Shannon

Love lasts forever, isn't that true
Shannon asked that once of me,
And with a smile on her face
I then spoke with no haste,
I said yes, and too her I did agree.
She was a child, but knew not of truth
And she wanted that story to be so true,
As sadly her own mother has been
With yet so many, many men,
So about love, Shannon had not one clue.
Though she read it in books, and heard it in stories
Maybe that's why Shannon was so confused,
As she always saw her mother
With yet again, a different lover,
So poor little Shanny the truth she never knew.

Love lasts forever, to me she cried
As she showed me a picture of another man,
Though the picture wasn't of me or her father
So she wept for the pain a little longer,
As she wished, her mother could just understand.
The church said marriage is forever, Shannon spoke
Not only for a second, or a minute, or just a day,
To her statements I nodded and I agreed
And I told her, to her words always do heed,
And then in my soul, for her I did pray.
As the day will come, when she will be a woman
And I hope not like her mother that she loves,
As all Shannon wants is too be loved forever
By one man and not one man after another,
As one love for her, will always be enough.

Love lasts forever, that's what the bible has said
As Shannon ran to me with a smile upon her face,
God, he will join two souls as one
And they will be forever from dusk until dawn.
And never, will they ever fall from Gods great grace.
I want just one man, to come into my life
That I will love with all my heart and soul,

The man who will always be at my side
Even though we might argue and fight,
But one, and I swear I will never let him go.
I will never use my man, Shannon then did swear
And never will I put anyone above him,
I also promise I will not be like my mother
As my man I will love only him and no other,
And all I ask from him, is his love to me send.

Love lasts forever, I do believe that now
As Shannon spoke with happiness in her mind,
She then slowly closed her eyes
Then I could see the tears as she cried,
As she wished, and prayed for that day in time.
She spoke with wisdom of age, when she spoke
About a forever together with your love,
She told me one day she would enjoy it all
And never will she let her love fall,
And never from her one love will she have enough.
Poor little Shannon, the sadness that she has seen
Not even allowed to know her real last name,
She was never given a father to love
Only different men, to know and then hug
Poor little Shannon I pray, that you'll know his name.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Shanny

Shanny didn't want to become a mother
Robert didn't want to become a dad,
They just wanted to have fun and live together
Then without thought or caring a child together they had.

Shanny blamed the pregnancy upon Robert
And of course Robert gave Shanny all of the fault,
Pregnancy prevention the woman is always the expert
And Shanny could have always told Robert, "no"; or to
"halt";.

Shanny was pregnant and she was also scared
As this was the same way that she entered into this world,
Being a mother and taking that responsibility she was despaired
As her life and youth in her child will be unfurled.

Shanny didn't believe in marriage or its institution
She has loved and has been in love with many men, many times before,
Now she wished she was married or knew of total absolution
But, she didn't and now she is afraid of being known as a whore.

Shannys life was taught to her by her watching
She did what she saw and was never told what not to do,
The same life and troubles will also be shown to her offspring
Being chaste or independent or responsible she found not to be true.

Jim and Frank and Lester they too didn't want to be a father
And of course Shanny didn't want to be a mother once again,
Raising a child to them all was just trouble and a bother
And no man wanted to be a step-father or an uncle or their kin.

Shannys stomach again went from a bump to a lump to a hump
And once again she is no mans responsibility or their spouse,
She walks with her children shaking her rump
While she looks for another man to share her children and his house.

A wife gives fellowship, companionship, and mutual help and comfort
She has her one man, a father and a husband always at her side,
Shanny knows only of lies and loneliness one night stands and distort

And like her mother she will never have a husband at her side.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sharing My Birthday With The Lord

To my mother and to all accord
It is awful to share a birthday with the Lord,
Though the month is the same and not on the 25th
Only on Christmas day, do I ever get my birthday and Christmas gift;
I always share my birthday with someone else
When I talk about my own party, mom talks about Santa and his elf,
To have a birthday party for me, my mother would never permit
I guess in her eyes that would destroy her own holiday spirit,
Or maybe my birthday to her is just another inconvenience
Which causes her discomfort and anxiety and never is a convenience,
Or maybe my mother is just saving money and also trying to save time
Maybe that's why I never get a cake, but instead a ham or turkey seasoned with
thyme;
All I wanted for Christmas was my own birthday party, which is cheerful and jolly
But, what I always get instead is a tree covered with garland and holly,
During the holiday seasons I am always saddened, and I will mope
For my own separate birthday party, I have also given up on hope;
To me "Happy Birthday" my mother will never sing
But, "Noel" she will chant, and to that tune Christmas bells she will
ring,
My own birthday party? I guess it I will never see,
And my birthday gift.... I guess it will always lie underneath our Christmas tree.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

She

She gets drunk and then she hits me,
But, I can never strike her back,
Because if I do I would be arrested
And I would receive all of the hateful flak.
She curses and then she slanders me
My name and my reputation she then smears,
But, when I talk back to her, she cries
Then out comes her true weapons, her tears.
She tells me that she will always trust me
But, of course that isn't the truth,
She checks my wallet and sniffs my clothes
As though she is suspicious, and a sleuth.
She asks me if I think that she is fat
I tell her that she isn't, she calls me a liar,
She then asks me if her friends are pretty
I won't answer her, I will not jump into that fire.
She asks me will I always forgive her
I tell her that I would hope to do so,
Then she asks of her sins would I forget, I would
But, she reminds me of my mistakes from years ago.
She tells me that she is going out shopping
So, she heads out the door in a dash,
But, when I spend a dollar without asking
She complains that I am spending all of our cash.
She asks me if I would like to talk
I tell her that I have nothing to say,
Then I am accused of keeping secrets
Sometimes, I feel like her prey.
She occasionally asks me if I am happy
I always tell her that I really am,
Though she acts like that she doesn't believe me
When she gives my answers, a cross-exam.
She makes me nervous when she is around
Especially when she's an attacker, a judge or a referee,
How I wish that I could understand a woman
Then sometimes, I just wonder who is she.

Randy L. McClave

She Finally Rests

She is a full time mother and grandmother
And also a full time wife who holds on to another job,
She cleans her house and takes care of the pets like no other
Sadly though, she never has the time to sleep, or even to sob.
She is the one that pays the bills and cooks the dinner
And upon her feet all day, she gets quite tired and dizzy,
Literally of course she is not known as the breadwinner
So, she never has time for herself, for others she always stays busy.
She goes to her grandchildren recitals and games at the park
And she tends to her husband and their daughters wants and needs,
She then goes to her job, which she works at until after dark
Then when she is home, her husband has her pulling the garden weeds.
She deservingly yearns for a restful and peaceful sleep in her bed
But, she can't because of others needs, and wants, and protests,
Soon though she will be lying in her grave relaxed and dead
And on her gravestone it will read, "SHE NOW FINALLY RESTS".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

She Had Lied (Again)

I took her as my loving bride
Swearing to me, she should would always be at my side,
I then sued her for a divorce and so she cried
She then said that I beat her, again she had lied.

She took my sanity after she had taken my name
Her divorces were always the man's to blame,
Marriage and a relationship to her was just a cheating game
And her abusement, it was just a fraudulent narcissists claim.

She was the one that had lied and abused and cheated
History for her had once again been repeated,
She was the one that got angry and then got over heated
And I was the one, not her that was abused and mistreated.

Like her mother she could not keep herself a man
Adultery, lying and abusing was rapid in her own clan,
If I had known that she was a disturbed I would had made another plan
I would had begged the plane to turn around, and then I would had ran.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

She Just Ran

She just ran, as though in a race
As though to come in first place,
Wind on her wings and through her hair
She has no worries or a care;
So, she picks up the pace.

I saw her at first as sweet and of lace
With gentle qualities upon her face,
Then I saw and watched her prepare,
She just ran.

If her run I could follow and trace
I would find and see her dignity and grace,
She sees the world and confusion everywhere
She is well absorbed both here and there
Never did she uncaringly walked, or chase;
She just ran.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

She Took A Life

She took a life by taking a pill
He bought a gun and a stranger he did kill,
They said that they both did murder with no reasoning why
But, only one reflected back and then fell down to cry,
One life was taken by guilt, and the other by a thrill.

One will go to jail for the blood that they did spill
While, the other one will live in an unforgiving chill,
The reasons why, they both will deny,
She took a life.

One victim will be buried after a ceremony on top of the hill
Then one person will be given a pharmacy's bill,
One might have had a chance to say their goodbye
One culprit never saw the tears in their victim's eye,
He had a gun, and she wasn't ill
She took a life.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

She Took He Life

Why did you end your life
Were you full of sorrow and strife,
Was it really that wretched and bad
Or were you harassed, or maybe sad.
Did you release a mournful sigh
When you uttered your last goodbye,
I wondered the last thought in your brain
Did you curse, on what caused your pain.
I truly wished, that you had stayed
That unto God I have sincerely prayed,
I and others would had helped your fight
We would had defended you, with all our might.
But, you and your situation I never knew
I am just someone out of the blue,
Now there are many people shedding tears
For your pain, and your sadness, and fears.
If someone had done you wrong
Death, for them had rang its gong,
Because the ones that does the forgiving
Are the ones that are living.
I hope that you have finally found your peace
I hope that your sadness did cease,
And I wish that your tragedy could be undone
And I now wonder, why you had no-one.
I remember hearing the terrible news
When life, you did not want to choose,
The grass then became your bed
When upon it, you fell dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

She Was Ugly

I looked upon her face and I saw a work of art
As I stared at her every curve and line I could not part,
Beautiful hair which even out shined the golden sun
Every beauty contest that she entered, she had won.
Her smile alone could give anyone a perfect day
"Gorgeous", "stunning" is what all onlookers did say,
And whenever she would cast one of her unforgettable smiles
It could change man's thoughts, or women's lifestyles.
One day with her I needed to speak
I wanted to sculpt her soul as if she were Greek,
She opened her mouth and I waited for poetry
But, all that I heard from her, was nasty toiletry.
She told me how she was better than almost everyone
She was a queen and she said everyone else was a pawn,
And the wealthy was always better than the poor
That is why she will always have everything, and want more.
She was a racist and bigot and a very bad person
She did not care if anyone else was suffering or hurting,
I had looked deep into her soul, and ugliness I did learn
In Hell one day, that beautiful woman will assuredly burn.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sheep

'Sheep! why don't you follow me? '
Shouted the Shepherd to his flock of three
Where I lead you, you are supposed to follow
In the desert, through the forest, or in a hollow,
I will never, ever deliberately steered you wrong
If only you will listen to me and follow me along
Your safety and happiness is my main concern
So the path we take is from the one I did learn,
With my staff in hand I will lead the way
And I hope from me that you will never stray
As there is so much danger in this world of ours
So for your safety and from my leadership, I am in charge,
'I am your shepherd and you are my flock! '
Screamed the Shepherd as he then got lost
I have taken a different road than what I've taken before
Even though against this road I had cursed and swore,
But I thought the road was safer and easier to take
You must believe my thinking, I made no mistake
This time though I had listen to the advice of others
But now I see the mistake, if only I had my druthers,
Trust in me again, and we will find the correct path
And please forgive my directions and my earlier wrath
Lets just finish our journey and do not lose faith in me
Spoke the Shepherd, to his sheep of three.

Randy McClave

Sheeple

They follow each other like sheep
Maybe because of coloring, or with their own they keep
Not knowing where they are going so they just follow
One after another, up the road or in a hollow,
They all are weak and meek and so easily led
Sadly like sheep they know not of the dangers up ahead,
So they follow and follow as that is their norm
To follow in the mainstream and to their own they conform
They are led by their shepherd wherever that he might go
And they believe what he believes, but they know not what he does know.
They do their following without thought or thinking
They are acquiesce, without remorse or blinking
Thinking themselves not as individuals, but only as a group
All they seek is one to follow, someone to lead their troop
Following because of others or because they are adherent or devout
To the belief of someone else and even the lies from their mouth
They are told what to see and what they know and what to do
Sadly in their life and other matters they do not have a clue
These followers are unimaginative, submissive people
They are brothers to the sheep, known only as sheeple.

Randy McClave

Sherri

Scrawny, skinny little Sherri,
So badly she needs and wants to marry;
To any man she would make a wonderful wife,
To which together they could share their life.
But, to that marriage thought I must disagree,
As a marrying man, is no longer me.

She could create a home from a house,
Any man would be lucky to have her as his spouse;
She would give any man that happily ever after,
Full of love and happiness, and endless laughter.
But, for her I could never be that one man,
As marriage to her is not in my plan.

She would do her best to bring a husband delight,
To the man she'd call husband, he'd be her mister right;
She so does not deserve to grow old all alone,
Sadly for a man's love, is all that she doesn't own.
A husband to her I will never become,
Never will I be held in the hand or underneath the thumb.

Poor skinny Sherri she wants to be a bride,
And until she is, with her life she will not be satisfied;
She hopes and waits for a man to take her by the hand,
And then to be whisked away, to marriage land.
I hope and pray for her to find her mate,
But, as for me, we are not in either one's fate.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Should Of Been Me

An old couple walked down the street
And that is where we did meet,
Happy and joyful at each others side
Their love and companionship they could not hide,
They complimented each other with every step they took
As though they fallen from a romance book,
She held his hand and he held onto her arm
They protected each other from sadness and harm,
They talked to me about their life together
And how they were one, and they belonged to each other,
Then when I looked into their eyes I was happy what I saw
Faith and devotion, and the obeying of GOD'S law,
They had journeyed a great distance in life which is true
Through both good and bad times and hardships as two,
And now their journey together in life is almost finished
But their love for each other will never be diminished,
They walked very slowly as they walked away
So I said good bye to them, at least for that day,
Together they had loved, honored and obeyed
And never to the other, had they lied or betrayed,
I smiled as I was joyful that them I did see
But then sadly I thought, that should of been me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Shunned

Some-days, I wished that I was shunned
With goodwill to my family and friends I would not fund,
I choose to be happy and peaceful and left all alone
Sometimes I wish that I am not noticed or even known.
It would be great not to hear the frequent knock upon my door
No one asking me for help or talking to me about the poor,
I would love to have a day that my phone would not ever ring
Especially with the worries and gossip that it always does bring.
Some people hate it to be rejected and ignored
But, for myself I have wished for it, and to others I have implored,
How I hope most of the time that no one would talk to me
I would be happy to be by myself, and avoided by society.
To be forsaken and forgotten it is my greatest thought
Solitude and peace is what that I have desperately sought,
With companionship, friendship, listening and talking I am done
Now all that I need for myself, is for others to shun.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Silhouettes

Silhouettes of a woman that I can see from afar
The moon is your backdrop I wonder who you are,
You dance and then you pose, then you remove all your clothes
Then when I think that you are looking, I look up at a star.
I feel odd and quite strange, so I turn around and I walk away,
Maybe I might come back again and see you another day.

I go home and I think about you, the rest of the night
Are you black or Asian or maybe like me you are white?
Are you old and aged, or are you mature or teenaged
How I wished that you had turned on your bedroom light.
Then I had a thought that made me worry and go pale,
I hope that in indeed you were a female.

My experience reminded me of the allegory of a cave
Where I am the poor prisoner chained up like a slave,
In my mind I try to recreate her, from a shape and a blur
I should have tossed a pebble at her window, but I am not brave.
If only with that silhouette there was also a voice,
Then my soul wouldn't be in turmoil instead it would rejoice.

Throughout the night I tossed and I turned I could not sleep
When I tried all that I saw were silhouettes of counted sheep,
So, I sat up in my bed, I noticed that they were wolves instead
What is false, which is real and which one should I keep?
Maybe tomorrow in the light I will look for a familiar form or shape,
Then my thoughts wouldn't run rampant, and my imagination wouldn't escape.

Will destiny decide that I should never go past her house again
Truth and reality can turn into temptation, revenge and then sin,
Maybe a dream or a thought, is the wish and desire that I had sought
Or maybe when one fantasy dies another one must begin.
On my nightstand in my bedroom I will now keep a small statuette,
Now when passing lights hit upon it, I can fantasize about its silhouette.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Six Boys

Six little boys who forgot to go to school
They decided to go swimming at the old abandoned pool,
One climbed the ladder to go swimming and he took a dive,
But, the pool was now empty ... So, now there are only five.
Five little boys who then decided to play war
They took their fathers gun's and fired, now there are only four,
Four little boys now playing alone while waiting for the dark
So, they all decided to chase some squirrels in the city's park,
One boy got excited as he chased a squirrel up a tree
He then saw a bird's nest and jumped, now there are only three.
Three little boys darting back and forth across the street
Each one of them thinking that they are a star athlete,
Then up comes up a truck and one boy was too slow to move
The boy tied the truck in the race, now there are only two.
Two little boys stand alone all of their friends are now gone
One boy got scared and ran away now there is only one,
One little boy left all alone running and playing in the cold
The boy began to freeze as the weather turned to snow.
Sad little boy shivering, while his face begins to turn blue
All of his friends are now gone, as truancy they all wanted to pursue
There were six little boys who were too smart to go to class
Now the boys are all gone, no more will they show their smart ass.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sixty Seconds

In sixty seconds I could take a breath of air
Or I could get down on my knees and say a prayer,
I could crack my knuckles, or I could pop my toes
And if I were really quick, I could change my clothes
Or into a mirror, I could just look and stare.

Conceivably, I could take my time to brush my hair
Or possibly I would just want a moment of despair,
Within that short while, I could smell a rose,
In sixty seconds.

A broken heart I might be able to repair
Or perhaps in that short time I could end an affair,
I could get down on my knees and finally propose!
Or I could seek out revenge and give a bloody nose,
In that short bit, I could even get angry and swear.
In sixty seconds.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Skateboarding In Russell

I can beg for money upon the sidewalk or on the street
I can walk upon it with my bare callused feet,
Bikes and roller-skates are welcomed there as well
Cigarette butts have also been thrown there and fell
But, it is not that or drugs which will toss me into jail.

If you don't follow the ordinance you can be cited or fined
A criminal you will be then known and profiled and then defined,
This law was created which I hope never to break
I guess it will cause addiction and or perversion and all will forsake
They won't touch my gun, but my skateboard they can take.

Everyone is forbidden to skateboard on the streets or sidewalks
I wonder if the children will be arrested for drawing with their chinks,
They say that children should be outside more to play
But, now they say if you must skateboard, inside you must stay
As all the criminal laws of Russell, we must always obey.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Skeletons In The Closet

I live in a kept house, which is a lot like me,
With cleanliness and godliness for all to see,
Inside my home, you will never see any clutter or dirt,
It is cleaned and pressed just like my Sunday shirt,
The foundation is strong for me and my home,
It is sturdy and clean like the teeth of my own comb,
The rooms are immaculate and the beds are always made,
A happy and christian man to one and all I am portrayed.
Upon my pictures and portraits you will never find any dust,
Living in pride and cleanness to me it is always a must,
Visitors and guest I am always happy and proud to meet,
Anyone is welcomed into my house, but first wipe your feet,
A crucifix hangs on my wall and a Bible sits on my table,
There also rests the local paper to show that I am stable,
All the floors are mopped and the carpets are vacuumed,
My house and me, are both very well groomed.

My grass isn't cut to short, nor neither is my hair,
So don't you complain or laugh, and please don't stare,
Coasters are set on my table not to be admired, but used,
And if I ask you to use them, do so! and be not confused,
My nails they are all trimmed like the hedges in my yard,
And if I see litter anywhere it I will pickup and discard,
My roof doesn't leak and I do not have a leaking faucet,
But; don't you ever dare go, or look inside my closet.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sleep

I close my eyes and I try to sleep
But I cannot, so I begin to weep
As I am so tired and so very weak
Rest and solitude is all that I seek,
I wish to close my eyes and find that peace
That moment of time when worries will cease
But when I close my eyes I am still awake
Sleep for me, it did forsake,
I need so dearly to enter into a dream
But I cannot, so at the walls I do scream
I am so weary and so very tired
My sleep and rest are both desired,
Tossing and turning still upon my bed
As fatigue and worries still enters my head
Upon my bed I wish I was peacefully lying
Instead of tossing and turning and sadly crying,
Again and again I try my best to find that sleep
I take pills and I even try to count sheep
But every time I dose off my quest it fails
Another bit of madness and more pills then entails,
My thoughts now no longer speak to my brain
I have no energy I feel the slow drain
I remember the words that my friends have said
That I will find that sleep, when I am dead.

Randy McClave

Sleeping With My Gun

I sit alone edgy and scared in my room
With my gun loaded and resting on my lap,
I am prepared for the upcoming and foretold doom
So, I again refuse to take a nap.
Without my weapon I am panic-stricken
I don't know how else to protect myself, or to make a stand,
Without it, some have called me a coward and a chicken
That is why, that I must always have a gun in my hand.
I will constantly patrol up and down my living room floor
While occasionally peering through the window's blind,
I will check and I will recheck the locks on my door
And every bush and tree, I have already looked behind.
I will go to bed with my gun always at my side
Who knows someone might want to harm me, I think nervously,
In my home someone might break in and then try to hide
But, regardless of that, I have never felt so free.
During the night, I always have my nightmares
And in those dreams someone is wanting to do me harm,
Everything that I own, they want to make it theirs
By killing me, because in my dreams I don't have a firearm.
I wake up in the morning after my worrisome rest
Now for me another day of fear is ready to begin,
So, I grab my gun, as though I am in the old wild west
I have been told that outside my door there is nothing but sin.
How did our forefathers survived in their day
Did they sleep with pitchforks or stones or with sticks,
Maybe because of God and their faith all they did was pray
Or maybe in their socks, they had placed heavy bricks.
Now I wonder about the people that I pass by
What type of guns on their body do they have concealed,
Or maybe they are carrying a bomb wanting me to die
So, I now look to my left and my right trying find a shield.
I will always look and search for that probable assassin
I have worried so much that I have perspired,
The holster on my belt I make sure again to fasten
Now I just wait, for someone's gun to be fired.

Randy L. McClave

Smile

It will slowly creep upon your face
When you are sitting or thinking for a while
Frowns and smirks it will quickly replace
After a topic, or a moment, is not causing any bile,
You are joyous for that one brief minute
As though you have changed your current lifestyle
And of your happiness you want everyone to know it
So with an expression, you alter your attitude and profile,
It is known when you are elated and forgiving
Especially when you want to forget and reconcile
It shows that cheerfulness is part of your living
And showing love and delight is worthwhile,
It can and will convey a range of emotions
That can stretch from here to over a mile
Its appearance might occur by different notions
But it is never to be known as evil or hostile,
Some people will wear them everyday
While others will wear them once in a while
Some people sport them when they have nothing to say
While there are others who send them away to exile,
Some men will wear them when they receive a kiss
All women will wear them when they walk down the aisle
And some people wear them just because of that or this
And some people wear them because it is their style,
It is first given by a child the day they were born
To show the world that they are compassionate and gentle
And throughout their life hopefully again it will be worn
As all is the magic and wonders, of the simple smile.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Smoke, Smoke, Smoke

Smoke, smoke, smoke
Smoke until you choke,
That truly is the smokers creed
As other smokers they hope to breed,
Smoking one cigarette after another
Filling their lungs with smoke until they smother,
Or until everyone liken them cannot breathe
Then they will get cancer along with yellow teeth.

Smoke, smoke, smoke
Smoke until you go broke,
A nasty habit that you will not want to quit
Even as you cough and hack and you spit,
In the hospital bed in disbelief you will ask for an answer
Why did you get sick, and then why did you get cancer,
Then that answer from the doctors and nurses you will evoke
You had smoked! Until you had a stroke.

Smoke, smoke, smoke
Smoke as you laugh and you joke,
Slowly smoking your life away
With every ash in your ashtray,
You smoked with a pleasure and a sigh
And you will smoke until the day that you die,
Then up in heaven upon the entrance cloud
There will be a sign saying, "smoking not allowed".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Smoking

One more cigarette I will smoke
One more puff I will invoke
One more taste, I will take in haste
Then I will hack and cough, and shake and choke.

One more cigarette for me to enjoy
One more lung for me to be destroy
One more breath, and I can taste death
Then another puff, so others I can annoy.

One more pack of cigarettes for me to buy
One more brand and flavor for me to try
One more pleasure, and one last leisure
Then from cancer, I know I will die.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Smoking Until The End

She was such a beautiful female
From what I have seen and from what others had said,
And the many times that I have looked at her, without fail
I could see the halo above her head.
It followed her wherever that she went
Very seldom would her halo fade or disappear,
But, whenever that I got close to her, it was the scent
That would irritate my eyes and bring forth a tear.
I still remember her wondrous smile
But, one day soon it would turn into a frown,
As her halo above her head begins to become vile
I know that soon her teeth would soon turn brown.
Her halo, it wasn't neither holy or angelic
What it was, was her own produced cigarette smoke,
Combined with its tar and its nicotine, almost demonic
Senses of cancer in me it would provoke.
Her smile they would outshine all others
But, sadly her smile and teeth someday would be all gone,
She'd smoke a pack or more of cigarettes a day, she smothers
From nerves and tensions, she'd smoke on.
There too was that musty fog scent that was always about her
As the smoke came out of her mouth and her nose,
It stained her clothes and it burnt her eyes, to a blur
I smelled tobacco and not the sweet fragrance of the rose.
Someday soon she will wear a real halo of her own
When cancer takes her life from the constant cigarette smoke,
But, before she enters her grave, she will cry and suffer and moan
As she dies slowly, or suffer, or to be crippled by a stroke.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Snoring

When he sleeps the rest of the house can't
Even if the wife closes every window and door,
It is as though she is living in a manufacturing plant
Whenever her husband begins to snore.
Is he the only one that is entitled to sleep
Must his wife alone suffer through his affliction,
At night she counts pigs, and not sheep
From their bed she always hopes for an eviction.
The husband goes to bed early every night
So, his wife must go to bed early every morning,
And that sleepiness and tiredness she must fight
With tears and prayers and also a exhausted warning.
Though she cannot find her solitude and peace
Because of the snorting and grunting and roaring,
Maybe though one day from silence she will call the police
For the murder of her husband, from his snoring.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Snow Days

The children will not be out today
Because of the weather it is too cold
So, we will not hear them shout or play
Said Mom, and all people that are old.

Keep them in their houses nice and warm
We would hate to see the children freeze
And be careful in case of a winter storm
And of the snow and a freezing breeze.

It is just too cold to be out there playing
Let the children stay in their homes
The weather is bad my mom kept on saying
Let them not freeze up and become frozen gnomes.

To stay warm the children will need their coats
Boots and gloves they will also need to wear
And scarves wrapped around their tiny throats
They must stay warm if they are out there.

My mom sat down as the wind began to blow
And as she spoke she nearly bit her tongue
She wished she was out there making angels in the snow
The way she did when she was so very young.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Snowflakes

Snowflakes falling from the sky
Heading towards the Earth
Knowing not what they will become
Upon their destination and then rebirth.
Maybe they will become decorations
Upon the bushes and on the trees
Or maybe they will become dancers
While being moved by the breeze.
Perhaps they will become a snowball
As being formed in a child's tiny hand
Or maybe they will be a form of a snow angel
Or perhaps they will become a snowman.

Snowflakes as they are falling
From the heavens unto the ground
Quietly as they move and as they turn
And not once do they utter a sound.
Snowflakes as many as they will fall
And as they say not any two are the same
So they hurry to drift upon the ground
And maybe hoping not to turn into rain.
They too are mine and a child's happiness
As though to a child it seems that they do call
But I too am excited about their coming
I love the snowflakes as they do fall.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

So Rare

A man, with heart so rare,
GOD will listen to his prayer,
So special a man with his heart,
GOD hates to lose it, when man does depart.

A man, with heart so special,
With prophets and artists he will nestle,
So scarce of a heart beats in his chest,
GOD says the man, he is blessed.

A man, with heart so unique,
He sees joy and wonder, not the bleak,
So happy a man with heart so glorious,
GOD smiles, as the man is victorious.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

So, I Write

I stand against all who are intolerant of other creeds
And also those who rebuke spiritual needs,
I am against those who think they are better than others;
Shamefully, many of them call themselves my brothers.

Many pray to God, but they don't ever really listen
They don't even care, even after they have been christen,
Many of the devout have never been where I have been
As their shoes and their social standings, I was not born in.

I have one brain, so I will always think
And I have one voice, so I must always shout to the brink,
I have my two fists that I could use to fight;
But, I have that one hand to commit, so I will write.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

So, She Runs

She puts on her running shoes
As she prepares for another early run,
But, first she listens for the weather on the news
She then limbers up, her day has just begun.
So, she runs.

She is on her own destined running path
Like life, she will meet her own obstacles quite often,
Sometimes with a smile and others with a wrath
Her spirit though, it doesn't soften.
So, she runs

Dog increments, slow moving people, fallen branches
They all try to hinder and slow her down,
Even with the wind and its leaves created avalanches
But, never is there a surrender or a frown.
So, she runs.

The soul will not break, but it will bend
Especially when a runner is tired,
But, they will always receive their second wind
As though through determination, inspired.
So, she runs.

The run is over, though until tomorrow
All that she shows is her tiredness as she perspires,
But, she did not run from sadness or sorrow
Running is her life's accomplishments and desires.
So, she runs.

God created the world in just seven days
But, then perhaps on that eighth,
That is the day that God rested so we give praise
Then he gave us all faith.
So, she runs.

Randy L. McClave

Soldier Stands Tall

The soldier stands tall
Until he falls,
From the anger of his foe.
And there he shall lie
For that is where he has died
By the hands of the soldier unknown.

Randy McClave

Solicitor

They harass me and they bother me
Their constant assaults never fail
Then they phone and they visit me
And they send me greetings in my mail
They promise to make someone's life better
But that thinking to myself doesn't prevail
So I ignore them and I trash their letter
Now I wonder if that will send me to Hell.
I see them wherever that I might go
It seems like anywhere they can be found
Not just on the phones or a TV show
They are everywhere when I look around,
When I try to walk into any store
I am greeted by a smiling face
They happily block my entrance to the door
As they tell me only I can help the human race,
In the past I have given and I have gave
From my money to my personal stuff
Now to their harassment I will no longer be a slave
I now am tired and I have given enough,
Sometimes I wish that I didn't own a home
And there are the times I wished that I was poor
Or that I lived in my car or in the park all alone
So that I could escape the Solicitor.

Randy McClave

Some Men Will Do

The bad and evil that some men will do
Will follow them after they enter their grave
Their acts will become adages that others will view
And to those axioms, their memories will be a slave,
Those men will be remembered by their past deeds
Long after, they are dead and gone
Then their stories will grow wild, like garden weeds
As their past deeds will live and linger on,
They will be remembered long after they are dead
By the exploits they did while they were living
As one good act alone won't lead to a good life led
And they cannot erase those sins, and the misgiving,
So I will say this before I will enter my grave
With the life that I am living, just and true
I want to be thought of with the righteous and the brave
And I don't want to be remembered, by the evils some men do.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Some Men's Deaths

Though I do not wish to hurry my own demise
Some men though seem not to worry about their dying,
To some I think that they will be leaving others a surprise
With unpaid bills, taxes, and ex's wishing and crying.

So, I guess one good thing about some men's deaths
It is that they will leave their ex's and debt and taxes behind,
They will have no more worries and no more regrets
And of course, no longer will they have a wheel to grind.

No longer will the government threaten them with jail
And no longer will they be harassed by their ex's,
Those men will be in heaven, even if they end up in hell
And never again will they worry about threats or hexes.

And when those men are finally dead and gone
Then for them there will be no more need for judges or lawyers,
And of course no more crooked politicians to be their pawn
And of course no more evil, corrupted employers.

And as for myself I am in not no hurry to die
Even though I myself have been used and hurt
So, unto my ex's and the government I only give them a sigh
But; for some men I can see their death as their ultimate comfort.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Someday

Someday we all shall be tested
As to prove the type of person we became
To see from life what we had ingested
Then to see the prize that we shall claim.
Our characteristics then will be shown
From the acts and deeds that we performed
Then the life we lived to all will be known
As our soul and destiny will be transformed.

Someday we all shall be tempted
Either by money, sex or even fame
Those demons will not be exempted
And sadly will follow many to their grave.
Many will be allured by the situation
And many will be attracted only by lies
But then many will be led into temptation
And never will know their truth was unwise.

Someday we all shall be remembered
Of the things that we've said and done
As our truth to all it will be surrendered
But then as in life our past can't be redone.
Our weakness and strength will be revealed
As inside our soul to GOD and all will see
Nothing can we forget or can be concealed
But then someday, when might that time be.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Someone Else's War

We gather our young and tell them that they must fight
Even if they believe that it is not right,
They must pick up their arms and give their all
Even if it means into a grave that they will fall.
They are sent off to fight for foreign democracy and oil
Maybe they will give their life on another countries soil,
Who made them the police force of the world
And unto who, will the flag be unfurled.
In the midst of conflict or a battle they are always sent
Even if they don't know the language or the accent,
Like wondering nomads they are protectors on the roam
Never does their government keep them at their home.
To politicians and the wealthy they are just strategical pawns
Never do they hear, "bygones will be bygones",
Other avenues we must always explore
Why must we consistently fight in someone else's war.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sonnet To My Farewell

Last night I was told that I would walk with GOD,
Then last night I spoke my final farewell;
I worried and I cried, I was depressed, and I felt very odd
It was my time to die, now only in the memories of others will I dwell.
In the past I had never believed in a life after death
There was no GOD, there was luck and freewill and energy,
But; I was now dying and I was breathing my very last breath
Now I I believed in God, and fate, and sadly my own blasphemy.
I then promised, when I go to bed now I will always say my prayers
Who knows when or if, it will be my time for me to die,
I feel now somewhat relived from all of my troubles and cares
Now my today's and my tomorrow's they no longer terrify.
In the end, miraculous I survived the doctors and my stroke,
Maybe it was a test by GOD; or maybe it was just a cruel joke.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sorry

SORRY

I am sorry, is all that I am asking for
Before you can enter into my door
I do not want excuses or a lie
Or questioning my reasoning with why,
I want you to admit to your fault
I want you to confess to your assault
I want you to be sorry for what you did
And your truthfulness, can never be hid,
Please admit what you had done
As that or any incident I will not shun
That moment it will never disappear
In my mind like anger it will be here,
I will never ask you this question again
To apologize for your transgression and sin
It is your attitude and not deed that I am opposed
And until your remorse, my door is closed.

RANDY L. MCCLAVE

Randy McClave

Spirits About Us

If they are spirits about us,
Would we do the things that we do,
Or would we want to be better persons
Especially if they be spirits we once had knew.
Would we still say the things that we do say
And would we act the ways that we do,
That is, if they are spirits among us,
And if any of them, we once had knew.
If we knew they were here about us
And that never we were not alone,
No matter where we might go or what we might do
Or whether we be traveling or here at home.
Would we act the way that we do act
Or would we think about the things that we do
Would we say the things that we do say
If we knew that a spirit were next to me or you.
Would we still cheat or think about cheating
Or telling lies to the people that we meet
Especially if we knew loved ones were next to us
And our sins cause those spirits to weep.
Would we still act the way that we act
And would we think about the things we do
Would we say the things that we say
Especially what's inside of me and you.
Would we still hate and cause others to sin
Even though we knew we couldn't be caught
If only that we knew the spirits were next to us
And their love for us, we haven't forgot.
So I now live my life in happiness and joy
As I want to live my life sinless and complete
Never do I want to bring sadness or any pain
As I don't know who is standing next to me.
As if they are any spirits about us
And if there is a spirit standing next to me
I would hope to bring that spirit pride and joy
Instead of sadness, disappointment and humility.
So as I bring my thinking to a closure
And as I think of the time that our life is through
We best be careful what we do or think

As we know not what spirit, is standing next to me or you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Spoiled Brat

I put all the blame upon the mother
Why her child won't share his toys with another.
She always buys him this, and also buys him that
Now she has a child, who is a spoiled brat.

For toys and games he never needs or wants
Maybe that is why he teases and taunts,
He mistreats the family's dog and cat
The reasoning why, he is a spoiled brat.

One day soon he will grow into an adult
I wonder if he will be selfish and will he still insult,
Then I wonder will he be knocked down upon the mat
Because of a mother, raising a spoiled brat.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Stand

I held your hand,
To help you stand,
So that you wouldn't fall.
And so we went,
Through the grass and dirt,
Together we took our walk.
We took our stroll,
On miles on end,
And not once did you lose faith,
For I was there holding your hand,
And keeping your little legs straight.
I was the leader,
Your father, your dad,
Wherever I'd go you went.
You were my child,
My baby my son,
You showed me what true love meant.
For you were me,
My twin, myself,
When I was but your age.
And you did the things,
That I once did,
How I wish age wasn't a haste.
Now the years have gone on by,
We both now have matured,
And as I look, now I see,
My little boy had grown.
He stands alone so straight and tall
And smiles so proud and free,
And now I know he is a man,
For he is there, to help me stand.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Stars

What if all the stars in the sky
Are not what we believe,
What if they are more than lights in the sky
For us to wish upon and to see,
What if they all were put there for a reason
And that reason only God does know,
Maybe really they are a souls beacon
And their guidance upon us they bestow.

What if those bright shining stars
Are nothing more than a fiery jail,
And souls are locked into them like mason jars
Then they become their personal hell,
And forever in that star a soul would be there
Until their name God would call,
Or maybe when they ask for forgiveness in a prayer
And then we will see, a star fall.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Started

God started with nothing,
Then he created it all,
He rested,
We are now in awe.

Man started with a hammer,
Then he hit a nail,
He built,
Man did prevail.

Woman started with desire,
Then she added sin,
She winked,
Woman gave birth to men.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Stay With Me God

Stay with me God
Through these troubled times,
Night is coming soon
Along with crickets and crimes,
I know that I never walk alone
With me you are always there,
But, I still need that confidence
So, I talk to you in a prayer.

Stay with me oh Lord
With every step that I take,
Please give me the support
And help relieve my ache.
I was born from a woman
But, I was created by a man,
I was told that I was a gift;
Now, I await your plan.

Stay with me oh Lord
Even in a disguise,
I am now becoming much worried
As my tiny spark of courage dies.
The night again it approaches
I ask myself to be nothing more,
I am the child that you gave a soul;
In which my mother bore.

Stay with me God
When the night does come,
Keep me safe from all dangers
And unto sins don't let me succumb.
The night it is cold
And the night it is ever long,
I am a simple believing person;
Stay with me God, keep me strong.

Randy L. McClave

Staying Awake

Death it came and it visited me
All the while that I was sleeping
From my body I was to be set free
As death it came for the reaping.

It wanted to take my soul from me
As it came to give me my eternal rest
But first to it I had to agree
Before it took me on my final quest.

I would be taken to my last reward
My deeds on earth had been completed
My soul would be presented unto the Lord
And happily there I will be greeted.

I then dreamt of the life that I had
And my unfinished projects and deeds
More to my life I needed and wanted to add
As other men souls stopped, my soul precedes.

Deeply I thought before I was taken
As I lied quite and still in my bed
I wanted to work and give and to be awoken
I was not ready to be one of the dead.

Death it comes for the sad and the teary
It is not yet ready for me to take
As I am one of the tired and weary
For my life I will and must always stay awake.

Randy McClave

Steal My Heart

She asked me if I could steal her soul,
I told her if I did I would never let it go
I would keep it in a cage beside my heart
Then every day I'd know we wouldn't be apart.
The feelings that she felt I'd feel them to
The wonders she'd seek, them I would do
Passions of hers they would also be mine
A man in this world and my own soul would shine.

If I could only keep her soul in a cage
Then I would feel love and no more rage
I would see the beauty from another person's eyes
It would give me joy and warmth as my prize.
All men are born with one soul and one life
Sadly many walk alone through sadness and strife
But this man walks through life with an empty cart
How I wish I had her soul in a cage next to my heart.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Steps

How many steps must I take
How many feet must I walk
How many stairs must I climb
Until I find the answer that I stalk

How many miles must I travel
How many journeys must I take
How many shoes must I wear
Until that truth I finally awake

How many blocks must I run
How many corners must I turn
How fast must I really be
Until that answer I finally do learn

How many doors must I knock upon
How many calls must I make
How many thoughts must I think
Until I find the answer with no mistake

How many stairs must I climb
How many rivers must I cross
How many lands must I visit
Until I find the truth that has been lost.

How many dreams must I have
How many places must I go
How many paths must I walk down
Just to find the truth, that I wish to know.

Randy McClave

Stepsons

Don became a stepfather
When he married Pam and took in her two boys,
Now neither one of them gives Don a bother
Even when he gave them money or bought them toys,
He provided them all with a roof to live under
And he also placed food upon their table,
They were protected from starvation and the thunder
Don gave them a life that was somewhat stable.
Though their own fathers didn't want them
And only, their stepfather (Don) would they ridicule,
Their own lifestyle and choices they won't condemn
And to Don they are mean and vindictive and cruel.
Now both boys have grown into young men
Though they still live with Don (their stepfather) and mother,
Their bedrooms have become their playpen
"Mom and Don can work", always says each brother.
So, Don became and still is their stepdad
When he married Pam, with two sons of her own,
They lied and they stole and they enjoyed making him mad
And why did they do that to Don, it is still unknown,
He provided his stepsons a house to live
And he gave them money to buy them their clothes,
His love and caring to them he happily did give
But, always to him they were appose,
Maybe one day his stepsons will move out
Or maybe they are just waiting for Don to die,
Until then though they steal and they whine and they pout
They don't like Don, and him they continue to defy.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sticks And Stones

Sticks and stones, might break my bones
And words, shall never harm me,
I was told that story, when I was a Boy
Along with the birds and bees, I believe
So I lived my life, through that advice
That was given to me in my youth,
That sticks and stones would break my bones
And words could do no harm was true.
So I stayed away from sticks and stones
And tried never calling anyone names
But the sticks still arrived, in my life
And also the words of hate and pain.
But then I had healed from broken bones
And bruises and all the nasty cuts,
It made me stronger, then I thought longer
About the words of hate and such.
Because the words of hate, I couldn't escape
As I noticed them around everyday
Destroying ones soul, until life they'd let go
Or asking GOD for vengeance as they'd pray.
Sticks and stones had broke my bones
And words of hate had really harmed me,
As I look around, I can still hear the sound
Of hate, and belittlement, and bigotry.
There are still broken bones and nasty cuts,
As I see as I enter every day with a walk,
But doctors heal then, as they are new again
But the words of hatred never balks.
In my life I have made many choices,
And I hope with one I don't stand alone
Never to ever use any word of hate
As I don't mind getting hit with sticks or stones.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Still Standing

Never will I let worries ever break me
I will take all, that anyone can give
I will not ask for help, when I can rely on myself
How else should a man, truly live.
When the world of mine seems to be falling down
And the world and people become so demanding
I will be like a wall, so solid and so tall
And always, I will be there standing.

Never will I give up on anything
I will be there till I am dead or the job is done
I will give no excuse, or let any laziness loose
I will not leave until that task has been won.
When the oceans of the world are flooding
And the waters will rise up to my landing
I will not run away, and then wait for a sunny day
As always there, I will be standing.

I will always remember how I had been raised
I know bettering myself is my greatest gain
I will always be myself, and not anyone else
while many others live in their suffering and pain.
When people are lying and false accusing
And their ways and lies become more commanding
When they believe their lies, I will not run and hide
As always, I will be there standing.

I know some believe they are better than me
Because of their teaching or what they might learn
But all I know, is they're lost inside their soul
And praise from anyone is what they do yearn.
When they look for help they're no one to be found
And no one to listen with a heart full of understanding
Then they might wish, they had not forgotten that kiss
And still there, I will be standing.

I know the days on our Earth are all numbered
I know the end of our days will someday be here
Will we not all reflect, of our sins we didn't reject

Hoping that GOD, was then nowhere near.
We will all enter into the same judgment room
Where GOD will do his judging and then his branding
Then all will be revealed, as the sinners cry and kneel
But next to GOD, I will be there standing.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Stolen Kisses

Stacy took me by surprise as she gave me a special kiss,
She had snuck up from behind me to deliver that one tasty gift,
Without any prior knowledge, she had given me that piece of bliss
It was excitement and pleasurable; but then my beliefs did shift.
I was taken by surprise, as for kisses, I was always the thief,
Never has a woman ever asked from me, or stole a kiss from me,
Now I am confused and in shock; and also troubled and in grief,
I now stay baffled, ever since that one kiss of mine was stolen by Stacy.
Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Stolen Wife And Stuff

You came and took my wife what else do you want
My half eaten sandwich or the trash inside the bin?
Would you want the soap that we shared or the shampoo we used
Tell me? Do you hold a jealousy or an envy of me deep within.

What else of mine would you like to take or steal
That is of course of what I have used or what would fit,
Do you want the clothes that I wear or the cologne that I use
Would you want my personal items in your own closet?

I see that you left the towels and washcloths that my wife and I shared
I wonder why, did you forget to take and also use them?
And you forgot the hairbrushes and the toothpaste that we owned
By the way, you forgot to take my bathrobe, it's the one that says 'Him'.

I look about my house to see what else that you forgot to take
Wait, you forgot my scissors and razor to trim your beard and shave your
mustache,
Maybe you want to take my deodorant or my fingernail clippers
Or maybe you want to steal my money; but wait, my wife has already stolen my
cash.

You forgot to take all of the pillows and the covers off our bed
That my wife and I used and shared at night when we went to sleep,
But, you didn't or couldn't take my manhood or even my pride
So, I decided my wife and my other stuff you took, you can just keep.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Stood Up

Here at the restaurant I sit alone with a cold coffee cup
The reason why I do, I just got stood up,
I am sitting at a romantic table that sits only two
And now here sits me, and sadly not you.
The waiter keeps asking me about my unrarried guest
I replied that it's a woman, she's late, with a jest,
He again fills up my water glass and yours as well
Seems like an awful trick upon me has emotionally befell.
I look about the restaurant at all the couples that sit
Then once again I look at the watch upon my wrist,
I look outside the window and you are still not there
I then hope to smell your perfume, in the restaurant's air.
Alone I sit and I contemplate as I wait for you to arrive
But, you don't, a trick upon me my brain did derive,
I now look at the rose that I brought you as a romantic gift
Sadly, only I and not you of its fragrance had sniffed.
Upon the reality of dating I had taken a sad, but faithful trip
I think as I open up my wallet and I give a generous tip,
Once again I wonder why you never showed up for our date
I spent the day dejected, while somewhere else you ate.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Strength

The strong,
And not the weak,
Shall always turn,
The other cheek.
For be he right,
Or be he wrong,
The might and the right,
Shall be with the strong.

Randy McClave

Stress Test At Bellefonte

I went to a Catholic hospital, but not for a day of rest
I went there instead to take a stress test,
They stuck me with a needle and then shaved my chest
So, then began my hours on a cardiovascular quest.

I looked at the nurses as they smiled as for fun
Then for an X-ray my shirt had to be undone,
I looked all about me and there I couldn't find a nun
So, when they hooked me up I cursed, and I wanted to run.

They took a 13 minute X-ray of my beating heart
Then they put me on a treadmill and told me to start,
I felt like I was running uphill, pushing a stone filled cart
I was so tired and in pain, I just wanted to depart.

The nurses said that they wanted my heart to beat higher
I said let's discuss my Scottish ex and my beat would be on fire,
She was an adulterer and a thief, and of course a liar
But, luckily for me, I was able to retire.

When I finished the test they gave me caffeine to drink
But, first I went to the restroom to cool myself off in the sink,
Worries about my heart, I then began to think
But, I felt better when I was leaving, from a nurse's wink.

That night with worries and a nightmare I was awoken
I dreamt that I was meeting "Charon" with a token,
Now I remember the nurse's sentiment when she had spoken
She told me that my heart was strong, and not at all broken.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Suicide

They say that suicide is painless
Forgotten like the days that are nameless,
They say that the pain it is never there
So, I wonder then, why should we really care.
I also question if that is what they really think
How badly they say that their life does stink,
But, no matter how much they say they suffered or bled
Isn't to live always much better than being dead.

They say that suicide is painless
But, it is never stainless,
For those who die they will always leave a mark
As though to others they are screaming, 'Hark'!
To some they never say why they did die
And they never leave a reason, or the question why,
If they say there is never left a stain
There is always indeed left the pain.

They say that suicide is painless
Maybe it is, but it is always gainless,
The person who is dead and that is wept for
Are the same tears that we weep for the poor.
When any poor soul commits suicide
No longer can they runaway and or hide,
Like the coming of a winter's storm
Whenever there is a suicide, it is never the norm.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sunset

Sand beneath my feet
Sky above my head
Looking for the sunset
The sunset I have left,
I am walking all alone
On the beaches sand
Walking by myself
With seashells in my hand,
Looking for the sunset
the sunsets which are spoke
The one that lover's kiss to
The one, poets have wrote.
Walking arm in arm
With a different thought
Searching for the sunset
The beauty, many have sought,
I am walking all alone
With the sky above my head
Still looking for the beauty
The sunset I have left,
For many have told me
Many have also explained
There is nothing like the sunset
Or the summer's rain,
I am walking all by myself
From my cloudy life
Looking for the wonder
The beauty after night.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sweet Bonnie, Bonnie Lass

Sweet Bonnie, Bonnie lass
She is walking through the grass
With the wind blowing in her hair,
She is looking for the man
She calls her own and take his hand
But sadly, he is never ever there,
As she is heading back home
And again she is all alone
As again GOD had ignored her thoughts,
But sadly no one does care
What she is doing over there
As she'll never find, what she had sought.

Sweet Bonnie, Bonnie lass
Whom I had just past
As I shied away from happily,
I have known of her before
As she had knocked upon my door
But now the door is shut and I am free,
As it was not that long ago
When she filled my heart with woe
Then threw my heart and life away,
As she smiled as though she cared
But never worried how I had faired
And goodbye to me she never did say.

Sweet Bonnie, Bonnie Lass
Love for you it never did last
And your hopes and dreams are now all gone,
Someday though you will get old
And you will be standing all alone
As you will be walking upon your lawn,
You will be seeking someone new
So you can say again, I love you
As your walking down life's final path,
But no one will ever be there
As the winds blows though your hair
My Sweet Bonnie, Bonnie Lass.

Sweet, Sweet, Caroline

Sweet, sweet, Caroline,
Lips as tasty as a sweet, sweet wine,
Upon her lips again I wish to drink
Until I am drunk, and no worries to think,
Then upon her sweet and tender breast
My head and my worries I would rest,
Then I would find my peaceful sleep
Where dreams and paradise I would reap;
But, I couldn't drink and I couldn't even doze
My heart was full of sadness and anger and woes,
My mind is in torture and my soul is in pain
Will we ever see each other once again?
It all began from a sweet and tender kiss
In the park with needs we could never dismiss,
Now that park has become my sacred shrine
While I wait for Sweet, sweet, Caroline.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Swimming With The Stars

I saw myself a lake of stars
As I walked past the lake last night
They reminded me of a thousand burning cigars
As they seemed near, and were so very bright,
I watched them as they shone and glimmered
Then out of curiosity I tossed a stone into the lake
And then the stars they all shook and shimmered
As then to the shore came their quake,
Stars of thousands I could easily see
And they all were inside this small lake
They brought me joy and also glee
That one moment in time I will never forsake,
Just think that all the stars that were in the sky
Were now in this one small body of water
And the moon as well, she was nearby
As the mother is always close to her daughter,
So into the lake I went in for a swim
I then swam with the moon and all the stars
I did it without thinking as it was just a whim
And while in the lake, I swam towards mars.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Sword Of Mine

The Sword that I carry
Though made not of iron or steel,
It is a mighty sword
That I proudly do so wield.
Though it wont break the skin
Or combat the weapons of a foe
But this is a mighty sword of mine
More precious than silver or gold.

This sword that I carry
I proudly display it in my hand,
For I know this sword of mine
Is greater, than any other mans.
It comforts me when I am tired
It will warm me when I am cold
It will lie down beside of me
To protect, and strengthen my soul.

The sword that I hold
Is tattered, and so very worn
It has been a friend along side of me,
In the sunshine and many storms.
It has shown me a path to follow
And has lit the road that I walk,
And those nights when I was alone and scared
Then to me, I could hear it talk.

The sword that I wield
Though may be different, in shape or size,
But it is the same sword
Which for years has cushioned the souls cry.
It has been here since the dawn of time
And will be here when the great walls fall,
And then when all men of war and hate reflect,
My sword, will be the mightiest sword of all.

Randy L. McClave

Swore To Me

When she swore to me she was telling the truth
I knew then that she was telling me a lie
I did not have to be a psychic or even a sleuth
But I believed her, as of the real truth I was terrified,
I loved her with all of my soul and my heart
I truly believed she could do no wrong or evil to me
She was my life my love, she was my counterpart
Whatever she did or say I just wanted to believe,
I did for her without any thought or debate
As I had swore my love and my feelings just for her
She was my soul my partner and my mate
And only to her with my secrets would I ever confer,
Wrong or contempt in her I did not want to know
I believed that her love for me it would never fail
Surprising to me her life was just a shadow
As in the end she showed me lies, and her betrayal,
Once she told me that she loved me; so we married
She became part of my thoughts and my prayers
But now all those emotions for her I have buried
Now somewhere she makes no promises, she only swears

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Take Flight

My heart is heavy, but my soul is light
And like a bird I want to take flight
Leaving my troubles and worries far behind
I want to sail the skies and forget mankind
Up in the sky I just need to sail
Flying towards heaven and away from hell
Up in the sky is from where I want to look down
As I still want to remember the people on the ground
Then I will forget everyone that had done me wrong
And for them one and all I will whistle them a song
Happily I will then fly with the wind upon my face
Then finally for my living I will give life its embrace
Sailing with the clouds and soaring with the breeze
Traveling where I want as myself is all I need to please
Flying over the countryside and viewing the landscape
I then will be happy as I have made my escape
I need to forget my worries and burdens and fly
Far, far, away and high up in the sky
My heart is so heavy and my soul is light
I need to be like a bird and quickly take flight.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Takes One Man

It takes one man to tell a lie
To start a rumor he will deny
Then to hide and cower in the light
As he has no dignity and no pride.

It takes one man to start a fight
To bully the weak with his might
To believe he's something in his mind
Though he is nothing in others sight

It takes one man to start a war
To pick on the needy and the poor
To think he is mighty with his roar
But he is nothing as he was before.

It takes one man to make a woman a whore.
To make her cheap and easy and all will ignore
To take away her pride which she had before
While he then cares for her not anymore.

It takes one man to change a life
Till the day he is born until he dies
To know when he is wrong, and tries to do right
While honesty and devotion is in his sight.

It takes one man to make a stand
To grab destiny and honor by the hand
While worries and temptations he will withstand
And as in life, it will only take just one man.

Randy McClave

Taking Me To Heaven

She told me she could take me to heaven,
But, she ended up taking me to hell,
I was looking for joy, peace and happiness,
Where we ended is where lust and sorrow did prevail.
I didn't find the paradise that I was looking for
What I found though was sadness and something else
This wasn't the serenity that I had dreamed about
And I truly wished that I was somewhere else.

I wasn't happy or comfortable where we went;
But, she seemed happy and at home and truly at ease,
She knew everyone there and everyone knew her,
All that I saw was evil and temptation and it's disease.
I saw the devil and then quickly I felt his temptations
So, I hid myself as I did not want to be known or seen,
Souls were happy with the life that they were living
But, I could smell the lust and hate; and I wanted to be clean.

The place where we ended; it was not my heaven,
And it was never meant for the honest women and men,
I left there happily and I swear there I will never return,
As I must and want to stay away, from its evil and its sin.
She was so happy and overjoyed when we had arrived,
Never did she want to bid her heaven or her friends farewell,
I left the damned, and also her behind; and she screamed
One person's heaven, must be another person's hell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tammi

I looked at her and she gave me the whammy,
And from that moment on I was infatuated with Tammie,
I knew that soon that she would be my ultimate fate,
But, until then I first had to get her to go on a date.
I know that winning her over would be hard for me to do,
As I wasn't the object of her infatuation, if only I were a shoe,
So, I must do or say what I can until she notices me,
And until then sadness and loneliness will be all that I see.

I looked at her and she gave me the whammy,
And from that moment on I was infatuated with Tammie,
Now when I close my eyes she is now already there,
I wonder if she knows that she is in thoughts and prayer.
I see her far away and she is walking towards me,
My heart races and my blood boils if she could only see,
But, for the heart and the soul no man should give up the chase,
Maybe someday soon we will share the same embrace.

I looked at her and she gave me the whammy,
And from that moment on I was infatuated with Tammie,
If she only knew how about her I really do feel,
And that my broken heart only she could repair and heal.
But, until then I will ask and ask her until she says yes,
And when she does joy will be in my heart I will confess,
And from that moment on I will be infatuated with Tammie,
As she gave me the wants and desire with her whammy.

Randy McClave

Tammy

We've all known women named Tammy
Sometimes the name is spelled Tammie or Tammi,
So, small is this giant, but unique universe
I know of three and one happens to be a nurse,
She I have imagined in her outfit wearing red lipstick
She would be the only reason why I would ever get sick,
I would say she would be the one to bring joy to the soul
Happily with others rich or poor she would always stroll,
Of the other two Tammi(es) one happens to be my niece
She is somewhere happily married and living in peace,
She is the daughter of my eldest sister
But, she I haven't seen in years and no one misses her.
The other Tammie that I know she is ebony
When I see her I always hear a sweet melody,
She has large saucer eyes and an enticing smile
And she is high Maintenance always topping the fashion style,
Three different women with homophonic names
Three different women playing three different games,
So, I figured if either of the two Tammi(es) I just get my fill
I think I will go to the hospital, so myself Tammy can heal.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tartan Skirt

With me if a woman wants to flirt
Please wear a tartan skirt,
Then if she wants to really excite and please
Let that skirt be above her knees.
When flirtation to me is truly meant
Please, also have a Scottish accent,
I also like it when a woman is brassy
Especially when I call her my Lassie.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Task

If I say that I can then I know that I will
Or I will do the best that I can
I will try to prevail, where others had fail
At the job or task that I had began.

The work that I do or the task I accept
It will become the job that must be done
It I will try to complete, as that of any job or feat
As I will always finish what I have begun.

I will not ignore the task that I have undertaken
It will become my objective and my pride
I will do my best, just like the rest
And from that work I shall never hide.

If I say that I can then I know that I must
As I have given my word and my oath
The task will be finished, my ethics replenished
And never will I brag or boast.

When finished I will move to my very next task
With a determination and a blistered hand
My mind will be ready, my nerves will be steady
Because if I know that I will, I know that I can.

RANDY VE

Randy McClave

Tattoo

Some people might say that I am a prude
Because of my body, and it is not tattooed,
But I am no animal, and no ones property or slave
So having myself marked, that I do not crave,
My body indeed is a piece of art
Not a road sign to stop, or go, or where to park,
My body is the way that it was when I was born
And if I want decorations, colorful clothes will be worn,
I look in a mirror and I see myself
With the cuts and burns and blisters and all else,
There is no markings on my body that I will be ashamed
And all that I have, pridefully it will be claimed,
I do not need a tattoo to express who I am
And if you don't accept my views, I don't give a damn,
I will not allow any person to place any inking upon my skin
As I know for myself and soul that is just a sin,
I am proud of my body with no shame or any guilt
With no tattoos or markings I am the temple that GOD built,
I am not a showoff or braggart or a follower which is true
That is why this man, will never have a tattoo.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Taxes

The government says that they must raise my tax
From their debt and worries they want to relax,
The politicians say they need their income to increase
While my way of living and income will then decrease,
Politicians will work no more than five days a week
Their job someday I would hope myself to seek,
No swing-shift for them to work and off on every holiday
And it's all because of the taxes people like me must pay,
I looked at my taxes and I asked my politician why does he rob
He looks at my paycheck and then he tells me to get another job,
I pay him his salary and his medical and his retirement
How I wish that I told him he wasn't worth a dime, but I didn't,
It is true that you can't take your money with you when you die
But, I would like to keep some of it while I am still alive,
I wish I could work 40 hours a week to keep myself sheltered and fed
But, I guess I will always pay those taxes until the day that I am dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Teach

Teach me, I want to be taught
Show me the answers that I had sought
Explain to me as I want to learn
As in my soul a passion does burn,
Give me the answers so I can understand
Ask me the questions again and again
Give me the fruit which you call knowledge
Then it will become my meal and my college,
Show me the questions that I must ask
So I can drink and learn from that flask
Tell me all that you've read and what you know
As my intellect and learning needs to grow,
Tell me the books that I must read
That too implanted in you that education seed
Stand on your feet I am not out of reach
All that I ask from you is please, teach.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tears In Heaven

If I could cry all the tears in Heaven
Would that be enough to show how I feel
For no man knows the pain in my soul,
But only me, and that pain is real.
I have walked in my past times before,
As to undo the deeds of a crime.
But all I achieved, were tears for me to grieve
Must I live in those mistakes, throughout time.

If I could dry all the tears in Heaven
Would that be enough for my crime
Would you then forget my sin, and let me win
Then happily one day I would die.
I look backwards on the steps I have took
Now I wish and pray, I could replace them all
I want to start all over again, to the very end,
And never again I swear will you ever fall.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tears Of A Woman

The tears of a woman
Which can be used to deceive
The many weak minded man
And the man who will easily believe.
As they are the mighty tools
To sway a mans heart and his mind
So she can use and control him
Anyway and of course anytime.
As the tears that she uses
Sometimes in her mind they are conceived
To get the pity that she needs and wants
And used so her lies someone will believe.
And the effect of the tears she had shed
Many men through their course had died
While she had used them once again
And all because a woman had just cried.
As the tears run down her cheeks
Even before they touch the ground
She is ready to deceive once again
GOD pitied the sad soul she has found.
Though they won't confuse other women
As they too know the tricks of that trade
They know when they are used to cover up lies
They know why those tears were created and made.
So sad for all man and all boys
When to this world they shout we have no fears
But in the shadow their might be that woman
Getting ready once again to use her tears.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tears Of Years

As the years do come
And the years will go
And the years keep rushing on by.
Will you have done for me,
What I have done for you
Or will I just sit and cry.
No limit has been set,
From me to you
As the things my soul say I must do.
So the sky is your limit
Money and work will be no obstacle,
For I, truly do love you.

When you look back from years
You will look back with cheers
Reflecting back, to me and my deeds.
You will remember them all
As them always you will recall,
liken the Gardener who plants His seeds.
For again they will grow
With each smile and laugh you show
Everyday and every year of your life.
Then you will look into my eyes,
As though to erase tears I have cried,
Knowing mine weren't nourished, so they died.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tell Me Why

Why does my heart keep on beating;
If you are no longer here.

Why do my eyes keep on seeing;
If now they are full of tears.

Why do my ears keep on hearing;
If they can't hear your sound.

Why do my lungs keep on breathing;
If you are no longer around.

Why and how do I exist without you
I thought for sure I would lie down and die,
My life has now become meaningless
Now I reminisce, as I write and then I cry;
I never knew how life would be without you
Since that first day into my life you came in,
So, I will say this again, forever I will always love you
But these feelings, I don't know where to send.

Why do the birds keep on singing;
Don't they know that my life has been torn.

Why above me is the sky so happy and blue;
Doesn't it know, that it should be time for a storm.

Why are so many souls still happily in love;
Don't they know that I am all alone.

Why can't they feel that coldness in the wind;
Can't they hear my brain and feel my soul moan.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tell Your Momma!

I will call your momma! she will scream and shout;
She always retaliates whenever I cause her to get mad or pout;
She says she'll tell my momma what I am really about;
Then she points her finger at me and tells me to shut up, and then get out.

Being a wedded couple it is such a blissful life;
That is if you can stand the screaming and shouting and also the strife,
But, of course if you are married to a jealous, judgmental and hot tempered
wife;
Best keep her away from the pots and pans the forks and especially the knife.

Keep a wife happy and in your life you will have nothing ever to fear;
But, when you make that one mistake, until the end of time about it you will
hear;
So, I tell all men, away from your own happiness you should quickly steer;
As a wife's memory and not the devil, is what all men should truly fear.

When she gets angry at me she is always ready to argue and fight,
She will do all that she can to win as she is never wrong and I am never right;
Being man and wife I heard it is the greatest compliment in GOD's sight;
But, now that I think about holy matrimony, there must have been an oversight.

Call my momma! I am about to say as I don't care about her threat anymore,
I have been threatened long enough, to her I wish to say with a roar;
So go ahead and tell my momma all about me, just don't get distressed and
sore,
Let's us be a blissful couple, as you said that we would be, once before.

So when she gets furious and hot tempered and stubbornly mad;
When she screams at me that I am evil and mean and just down right very bad;
One day I will be fed up with her threats and her accusations and I will be glad;
I will say go ahead and call my momma, as I am just like her husband; my dad.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Telling Lies

You tell your lies unto your daughters
You told those lies unto their fathers
You tell them lies, in such a disguise
So later in years them you could deny.

You tell your lies unto your friends
You told those lies to all your men
You make up an excuse, just to confuse
So no one knows what you put them through.

You tell your lies unto your teacher
You told your lies unto your preacher
You then shed a tear, so with pity they'd hear
And also when no one else is ever near.

You tell your lies to any caller
You told your lies unto your lawyer
You say any word, though may be absurd
Even though from someone else you heard.

You tell your lies in your prayer
You told those lies to the choir
But you still will be blamed, for all the pain
As sadly you and your lying will remain.

You will tell your lies each and everyday
You will tell those lies when you get old and gray
Sadly you will tell them till, your heart beats still
But then hearing those lies no one else ever will.

You will tell your lies when you meet GOD
You will tell those lies with a pitiful nod
You will beg him again, that you did no sin
But GOD will know where you have been.

You will tell your lies when you meet the Devil
You will tell those lies as as you are at the same level
But at you he will grin, as he knows all your sin
As with you all those times he too has been.

Your daughters will sin and tell their lies
As to anyone that will listen they will also cry
As you taught them not the truth, but only how to use
So also their destiny from lies they did choose.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Temptation

I was tempted by the devil today
But, when I saw it I turned and walked away,
Then when I was alone to GOD I did pray
I thanked him for making me strong that very day.
I could of walked forward and became very weak
Instead of turning around with my pride to keep,
But, vengeance and revenge I now do not seek
As what I do sow I know someday it I shall reap.
I kept all my thoughts and not one word did I say
As I am man with a soul and not a piece of clay,
Neither to no one will I ever be a victim or prey
So, now from temptation I just turn and walk away.

Randy ve

Randy McClave

Tender Kiss

I received from her a tender kiss,
That she gently placed upon my lips,
She gave it to me as though to verify,
That she wasn't there to say, "hello", but to say, "goodbye",
Then when the taste of her lips had disappeared,
I then felt the taste of her salty tear,
From my life she had quickly withdrawn,
As when I looked about me, she was gone,
Her gift it wasn't placed upon my cheek,
To give me encouragement when I am weak,
It all came from that one tender kiss,
That once before had given me bliss,
Now her and I we are no more,
She had come and left from the very same door,
That time I will remember and I will never forget,
When I received from her, a tender kiss.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tender So Lately

Tender so lately she is coming to me;
Walking though the tall and flowing grass;
I hear her singing our song and it's melody,
As I watch the return of my bonnie lass.
A happy man I am I must truly confess,
As I watch and see her coming unto me;
She is also wearing our favorite dress,
Just to keep my soul and my youth company.

The sun is shining and the breeze is blowing;
And it is such a beautiful summer day;
And now my excitement and anticipation is growing,
As through the tall grass my lass is coming my way.
I am so excited I just can't stand still,
As to me she approaches nearer and nearer,
Again soon I will hold her and she will be real,
As her voice and her are becoming much clearer.

What love has joined let no one destroy;
As was our love, against man's own wrath;
Love and feelings and desire is not a child's toy,
I realize that now as she comes down the grassy path.
My bonnie sweet lassie from me did depart,
But, soon once again it will be just her and I,
I have waited for her with the beats of my heart,
I have counted the days like the stars in the sky.

I am so thankful for this one day;
As to the heavens in a prayer I do speak;
I have waited so long I continue to weep and pray,
As my soul and now my knees go weak.
Now she has finally arrived and I am holding her tight,
Tender so lately a warm breeze overhead does pass,
Through the tall grass she is in my embrace and my sight,
And now I am forever holding, my sweet bonnie lass.

Randy McClave

Terror-Stricken

At another person I have stared
Of them or anyone else I am not scared,
They may be rumored to have a gun or a blade
But, to them or others, I will not be afraid.

With my pride and my honor I will not hide
Of you or him I will not ever be terrified,
And if they are a Muslim or an Hispanic
To them or anyone else, I will not ever panic.

I will not judge anyone by their race
Anyone can show hatred or a smile on their face,
And if they are a different religion or belief
They too have their own fears, and also grief.

If there is a Russian or a Jamaican
And if I meet them I will not be shaken,
From them or anyone else I will not run or hide
And I will not ever be self-conscious and petrified.

I will live my life being both happy and cheerful
Strangers that I meet I will not be fearful,
I will not be called yellow, or a coward, or a chicken
I will not live my life being terror-stricken.

I would rather be known as a pitiful bastard
Than the person who is no more than a cowardly dastard,
There is always one who seeks pity to be empowered
But, there is no pity for the coward.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tested By Fire

I was tested by fire when I was a young boy
I believe my age I was either four or five
It burnt me, it scarred me, me it wanted to destroy
But I won that test of fire as I did survive,
I was told that I survived for a very special reason
But that reason was a secret held by GOD and not me
So I tried to understand it without any treason
Why was I burnt, why was I scarred, why did I suffer, why me,
Throughout my youth I carried those scars of mine
As some people carry with them a happy thought
Never did I complain or not once did I whine
As they were my badge for something special as I was taught,
No matter my pain and suffering someone somewhere as it worse
That is what had I learnt through my own ordeal
Some see it as a sadness and some see it as a curse
But I see it as a strengthening of the soul and the will,
Now I am grown and now I am a man
I still don't know the reason that I was burnt in that fire
So I think was I really a part of GOD'S special plan
Or was I burnt because of the devils desire,
I light a match and now I might burn my finger
And when I do I look up at GOD with a special question
As the words my parents told me they still do linger
So GOD, I ask, "must I learn another lesson".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

That Is Life

Every woman should have a ring on her finger
Every man should be a shower singer,
Every adult should have himself a husband or a wife
But, of course that is not life.

No person should ever be in the cold begging for bread
No child should ever cry for not being fed,
No one should have to worry about the world and its strife
But, of course that is life.

Some people will seek out either war or peace
Some people will find a dime on a corner their luck does not cease,
Some people will carve their future out with only a pocketknife
But, of course that is their life.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Thawed

The bent ice enclosed branch thaws
Then for just a brief moment it stalls,
It then snaps back from its winter nap
Almost deathlike is its frozen sap.

Winter is the time that nature goes dormant
Springs arrival (love) is its informant,
Like a tree in winter nature had chosen
Nothing forever will always stay frozen.

Spring gave the branch its renewal
As it gives a broken heart new fuel,
Time and thoughts is gifted to us all
Sometimes we must just wait, for the thaw.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The 10 Commandments

The 10 commandments hung on my wall
They fell, but they did not fall,
Upon my wall they hung there for all to read
And hopefully there also, for all to heed.
For years they hung as a beacon of light
To show the golden rules that are in man's sight,
But, then one day they stopped being obeyed
When I and God, were both betrayed.
Commandment one was quickly broken
As fast as it was read and then spoken,
"Even though it was I who created the soul in thee"
You loved money and objects more than me.
Then commandment number two it then quickly fell
Which will surely send anyones soul to hell,
"I said do not ever take my name in vain"
But, you did it in anger, and hate and also in pain.
Commandment three was the next to go
A Commandment that we each and everyone does know,
We have all broken it with a grain of salt
So, that broken commandment was each ones fault.
Commandment six she broke that one with ease
When other men she wanted to and did please,
Then she got angry and then cursed and shook her fist
When she found out that Commandment really did exist.
Then when she had no money for her pill
From her family and others she did rob and steal,
It might even stop her from entering into heaven
So, she didn't care to break commandment number seven.
Then with her sins she was caught and she was irate
Then she began to break commandment number eight,
She then lost her soul and her honor and also her pride
When she misinformed, then victimized and lied.
Breaking the next commandment was a fine line
When it came to the next commandment number nine,
"Your neighbor's wife you shall never covet"
But, she was the wife and having an affair she loved it.
Upon my wall the 10 Commandments once hung
Which is the guide for both the old and the young,
Now those commandments are read and revered once more

Ever since she had walked out of my front door.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The 11th Hour

Man is not prepared to meet his maker
But, he is primed to meet his banker or his baker,
He lives with people underneath his thumb
He knows for all certainty that tomorrow will always come.
Every morning with certainty he awakes to start his day
Then when his day ends, to God he will not ever pray,
In his life there are many ladders and steps to climb
And with the thought of those adventures, he has time.

Man dreams and schemes and he plans his vacations
He has wishes and dreams and also kisses and flirtations,
Waiting for tomorrow he never has any worry
So, he takes his time, or waits, there is never any hurry.
His salvation he tells all that it must wait.
God, he says is forever and his love is never late,
Man wants to live each day with joy, pleasure and no sorrow;
"There, of course", he says "will always be another
tomorrow".

There is always time for salvation or for his soul to save
A young man lives for decades, before he enters his grave,
Youth is still unraveling and the golden years are not yet spent
Man plans to seek God at the 11th hour, but dies on the tenth.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Adopted Pet

I am not housebroken and I will always bite the vet
Never has been spoken by any adopted pet;
I will always bark and bark, as I patrol my new house at night
So beware all intruders! I am ready to protect and fight.

Rules are these! So, I will tell them to you my new master
Remember them well and there will never be a disaster,
Scraps of food that you drop on the floor they are mine to eat
So, watch where you step, or I will trip you or nip at your feet.
If you ever neglect or forget me while you are out, or at the store
When you return home, there might be a surprise upon your floor,
Beware all people and insects that will ever enter into my house
Especially you little vermin; I will chase you down.... little mouse.

I will not be your pet! But, I will be your best friend and your buddy
Please, always love and care for me even when my paws are muddy,
And understand this, I am your child, so with me please don't be upset
These are the words! That have been spoken, by the adopted pet.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Adulterous Wife

As her Children sleep in their bed
While her husband lays down his sleepy head
She quietly gets up and starts continuing her lies,
As this is the story, of the Adulterous wife.
She lies and cheats and do the sins that she shouldn't,
Sadly though, this isn't the first time for this woman
As in her past she has done this all before
Sadly her husband didn't know, that he had married a whore.
As when he is at work, she was never at home
And when her girl's slept, she was never alone
She lied and cheated and used her husband for a price
As this is the story of the Adulterous wife.
She sneaks out of the house whenever she can
So she can jump in the bed of another man
He then uses her, and then she lies to him
But neither can lie to GOD, when their beginning becomes their end.
And when her daughter's get older and they feel the strife
I wonder if they will be like their mother, the adulterous wife
She argues and fights with her husband all the time
Loyalty and love to her husband has been left far behind.
The vow she swore to GOD she has broke it once again
Now she is a marked woman, in front of women and men
She has affairs with her lovers, that only the devil could believe
Asking them to come and rescue her, and set herself free.
She is never happy unless she is in another mans bed
Only happiness she brings that man, is when he is dead
She tells her lies and say all her men of hers are abusers
But she never let them know, that she is but a user.
And she'll keep her lies from yesterday unto today
And while she sins, other men lay down to pray
How sad it is to live that type of sinful life
But this is the true story of the Adulterous wife.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Alley

Back of the house were most secrets are held
Where some parked their cars and the trash cans smelled,
That is where I once saw Mitch kissing little Sally
Back of her house, outside in the alley.
That is where we placed a hoop to play Basketball
And also where I looked at nude magazines and learned to catcall,
The front of a person's house might show a manicured lawn
But, back in the alley shows what is really going on.
That is where some people threw their secrets inside their bin
And the only ones knowing of their skeletons were the trash-men,
In the alley with friends is where I learned to swear and to curse
And I also learned and recited many dirty poems in verse.
Out in the alley is where with friends we use to meet
It is where we told our stories and we were never ever discrete,
Inside my parent's house I was such a good clean-cut young man
But, outside in the alley I was dirtier than any trashcan.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Angel And The Atheist

Unbeknownst to the stranger,
An Angel came knocking at his door,
The stranger came answering and asking
Why was he knocking and looking for;
The Angel informed the stranger who he was
And that they needed just to speak,
The stranger said that he didn't believe who he was
As he was an Atheist, and he was not weak.
The Angel said that he was indeed an Angel
To the most high and mighty God,
And that God does exist for us everyone
And he is not a fairy-tale, or a charlatan or a fraud.
The Atheist said then if God does truly prevail
Please then just answer me the questions why,
Why do people suffer and why do we hurt
And why do we hate, and judge and cry;
Why is there the poor, and why is there the hungry
And why is there greed and bigotry, (the Atheist shook his fist) ,
The Angel stood up and then looked at the Atheist and spoke,
"The answer is", "It is because that you exist"!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Apple

Sitting underneath the apple tree
Was Issac Newton and me,
An apple left the tree, then it fell upon Issac's head
He discovered gravity, and I discovered butter for bread.
He then formulated the laws of motion
While I thought of the use of an apple as a lotion,
The world would then change both scientifically and hungrily
When we both used the apple our own way, as also did Eve.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Arrow

Cupid fired at me with his arrow
I quickly ducked, it then struck a Sparrow,
Once before I was cupid's prey
That is why I dodged that arrow that fateful day.
Now upon the ground the bird cupid shot, it fell flat
Then when it got up, it fell in love with a cat.

Now that poor love sick sparrow it will never rest
It is now always busy feathering its nest,
As I too was in that mode a very long time ago
But, now I am happily single with no love to sew.
Early in the morning the bird once sung its song
But, now to no birds would that Sparrow ever belong.

The Sparrow flew to the Cat, which love had made it his mate
Then when the bird got near for a kiss, him the cat ate,
I too once was devoured both emotionally and financially
And I too lost all that I had, quite substantially.
Now because of cupid's arrow two beings have become one
But, soon that cat will leave its love upon the front lawn.

So, always beware of Cupid and his arrow
Don't be like the hungry Cat and the love sick Sparrow,
I as well fell in love with an arrow that Cupid shot
But, it was a mistake! And, true love I still had sought.
Always remember there is a difference between love and lust,
And a forever together, doesn't end or begin with breakfast.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Bagpipes Played

We bowed our heads at the burial site
Then unto God we all wept and prayed,
We said our goodbyes both day and night
Then the bagpipes, they just played.
The piper piped his tune for the dead,
A better eulogy could not have been read.

We stood and we cheered at our soldiers patriotically
As they all marched one by one in the parade,
We watched them all as the spiritual and the holy
Then the bagpipes, they just played.
Tunes were played for the peace keepers,
And we the watchers became the weepers.

We began a new life together me and my mate
From each other we swore that we would not be swayed,
She became my wife without much of a debate
Then the bagpipes, they just played.
The piper then piped his tune with our prayer,
Our pact and our tune was now forever in the air.

We walked the Royal Mile in Edinburgh
As though we were on our own musically crusade,
The bagpiper there was proud and thorough
I gave him a pound, his bagpipes then played.
I then thought of the jealousy of the moon,
As it cannot see the bagpiper playing his tune.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Bathroom

A small room with a tub, toilet and sink
It is where all men go to read and think,
The only place in the house where man finds solitude
Where he can be offensive, and also vulgar and rude.
It is also the place where most men go to relax
In a hot shower where they can just settle back,
It is where peace and quiet can always be found
Where a man can escape to, and not be drowned.
It is the only room in the house where a man is a king
Where he can sit on his throne, or in the shower sing,
And when a man has his worries and is ready to explode
He sits and he flushes his worries down the commode.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Bathroom (Man's Refuge)

A small room with a tub, toilet and sink
It is where all men go to read and think,
The only place in the house where man finds solitude
Where he can be offensive, and also vulgar and rude.
It is also the place where most men go to relax
In a hot shower where they can just settle back,
It is where peace and quiet can always be found
Where a man can escape to, and not be drowned.
It is the only room in the house where a man is a king
Where he can sit on his throne, or in the shower sing,
And when a man has his worries and is ready to explode
He sits and he flushes his worries down the commode.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Bathroom Wall

I read the paper when I want to read about the news,
But, when I want to read gossip about the ones who need to accuse,
I head to a local store or gas station and then I head to the toilet stall,
There I will look and I read what, is written upon the restroom wall.
There I will read the stories and lies and jealousy that is written down,
Sometimes it is so stupid and amusing I laugh and laugh like a clown,
These words of hate and gossip are not written by children, but by men,
And if anyone takes it for truth or sincerity, I pity them or even him.

If you are an anonymous wall writing, I will tell you that you are a coward,
Towards decency and honestly you have been scared and soured,
Adults do this graffiti to harass and belittle and even to start a brawl,
If you have something to say, do not write it on the bathroom wall.
I was taught how to write my alphabets when I went to school,
It gave me the power to converse my thoughts it is a powerful tool,
And if I need to let anyone know my thoughts or feelings here or there,
I write it on a piece of paper, and not on a restroom wall everywhere.

Randy McClave

The Bird And The Christian

There once was a Christian
But, I forget his name,
He didn't like other religions
And the fault of the world was theirs to blame,
Maybe it was because of their hair
Or the clothes that they wore,
Maybe because of their language
Or maybe because they didn't look like him anymore.
He criticized others beliefs
And even their own personal lifestyle,
Saying that they all were going to burn in Hell
Which he spoke with joy and a smile,
He said of other religions and colors
That he just could not understand,
And he couldn't and wouldn't trust them
So, he would never reach out with his hand,
Then came one cold bitter winter
And a heavy snow was falling,
Then the Christian heard a small noise
As though outside someone was calling,
He then opened up his front door
To find the voice that he just had heard,
Then upon the world as he looked
Upon the ground was a chirping bird,
It was pecking and pecking for food
But, none there could be found,
So, the bird kept tweeting and tweeting
As though "help" was its only sound,
The Christian then decided to help
So, he tossed the bird crumbled bread,
Hoping that the bird would eat and stop it's tweeting
As it would had finally been fed,
The bird then saw the crumbs
As by the moon upon the snow it was shown,
The bird then happily hopped towards its meal
But, then the wind had just blown,
The Christian tossed it more food
But, it was blown away as well,
Pretty soon he knew that the bird would starve

And his help of Christianity would had fell,
So, he opened up his garage door
And placed crumbled bread upon the floor,
But, the tiny bird didn't trust him
As the bird had been hurt by man before.
Then the Christian pondered and he prayed to God
As he was now confused and disgusted,
He then thought if only he could become a bird
Then by the bird he would be loved and trusted.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Brown Noser

They stick their noses so far up management's ass
That they become the laughing stock to the working-class,
Their noses are always seen covered with fetus and brown
And to management they are known as suck-ups and a clown;
But, to the working man they are known only as a poser
But, to everyone else they are greeted as the brown noser.

They had probably started out life as a teacher's pet
When their classmates wouldn't give them any attention or respect,
So, they became the sycophant, also known as fawning parasites
They are servile flatterers with quick advancement appetites;
For their sole advancement they are always self-seeking
And sometimes if you listen closely, you can even hear them squeaking.

They will laugh at their bosses stories which are not at all funny
And to look at them closely, you will begin to see their noses runny,
They will always agree and support with what their bosses say
And if they could they would only work for compliments, instead of pay;
From their bosses they will always seek their acknowledgement and approval
As long as their noses are shoved up their bosses asses without a removal.

They always seek favors from their bosses in an obsequious manner
As though ass-kissing is their scheme and they are the pleased planner,
They practice to curry favors by the excessive use of compliments or praise
And they don't care who knows of their ultimate bootlicking displays;
Those kiss-ups and ass kissers and adulators are easy to expose
As they are the lackeys and grovelers with the brown nose.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Bully

They coerce and they abuse and they also harass
As though that is their only purpose for living
It gives them a power when others they try to surpass
But their deeds and themselves, are unforgiving,
They enjoy to punch and laugh and ridicule
As though to feel better about their own rejection
Their targets are weak, so that is their fuel
But they do it, as they know not of love or affection,
They pick on people who are weaker than them
As though they are jealous and envious of their being
But sometimes the aggressor is a she and not a him
As through sad blackened eyes we are seeing,
They enjoy to pester and get on anyone's nerve
With no concerns or worries about them or any person
In the end though they will get what they truly deserve
But until then their life and hating and uncaring will worsen,
They are overbearing, they badger and they intimidate
They are also arrogant if we could understand them fully
Braggarts and showoffs they are who everyone does hate
And to us all they are simply known as the bully.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Candy Lady

Pamela Sue is in the kitchen
She is making her delectable candy
Now my tastes buds they all are itchin
As she adds the sugar and a drop of brandy,
She is mixing the chocolate on the stovetop
As she prepares to create some of her tasty sweets
I now can smell the fragrance from her candy shop
I can hardly wait for the bonbons and the other treats,
She'll form some dough for her donuts
How I hope she will fill them all with some jelly
Maybe she will sprinkle them with walnuts
Now there is a hunger stirring in my belly,
She creates the most delicious desserts
And the most wondrous types of pastry
To my taste buds I am sensing the flirts
Whenever I walk inside her bakery,
She walks about her candy store
With flour on her face and wearing an apron
While she makes one more s'more
To a happy and satisfied patron,
Lo and behold I cave into the cravings
To her sweets I am so weak without a doubt
I rush in her shop with all my weekly savings
She tells me though with a sadness, "All Sold Out".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Chauvinist

I think all women should wear very short skirts
And go bra-less, that is if they are very good looking,
They should cook and clean and be the initiator of flirts
Then no woman would be single, or even out hooking.

No woman should smoke or take drugs or even drink
That way they will live a very long and healthy life,
A sexy woman keeps a man satisfied and happy, just you think
Then every man would be happy and would want to have himself a wife.

Woman was created to keep man happy and satisfied
Man was never meant to live in this world without a mate,
Every woman needs to find herself a man to be his bride
Then in a woman's life, her man should always allow him to dictate.

I think a woman should always be at her man's side
She should also be his most staunch believer and defender,
A woman gives her man his honor which also reflects his pride
Remember man is superior not because of his brain, but because of his gender.

A man should always be a woman's protector and provider
Without her man how could any woman ever survive or even exist,
Only a man can open up the cooking jars and always kill that giant spider;
But, then I am a sexist and a antifeminist and also a male Chauvinist.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Christmas Clerk

It is Christmas time
And our clerk is all upset,
Everyone is getting laid off
And she is full of sadness and regret.
There will be no overtime to fill
And less employees to schedule,
She will have a lonely company dinner
On this supposed festive Yule.
So, she will sit and sit lonely at her desk
Thinking and wondering what to do,
Then about the layoffs, she questions her boss
And he said, 'you can get laid off too'!

It is Christmas time
And all the employees are now unemployed,
Except for our one mill clerk
Whose joy has been destroyed.
She has no one to schedule
No one to be seen or to be greeted,
So, she fills out only her time
Her job is the only one to be completed.
She now thinks about the Christmas gifts
And all the laid-off mill employees,
How she wished that they all still were working
Especially for their children, girls and boys.

It is again Christmas time
And our clerk is all alone,
There is no schedule for her to type
And no one to call for overtime on the phone.
But, she remembers talking to her boss
And what that he had said unto her,
That it was her very own decision
And she could be laid off too if she would prefer.
The clerk sits blue and bereaved
This saddened Christmas year,
In her prayers she wishes the unemployed a Merry Christmas
Then she cries without Christmas cheer.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Clothes You Wear

There was no hatred or any scorn
Into my soul, those emotions were not born,
When you asked me about an outfit that you wanted to adorn
You are just prettier, than the clothes you've worn.

I see you wearing the finest silk and lace
Which puts a smile upon my heart and also upon my face,
Those thoughts in my mind, I will always embrace
But, not ever on the phone, or in your workplace.

I know that I have said this once before
Especially when I saw you walking upon the floor,
You held that outfit that you had bought at the store
Remember this, you are much prettier than the clothes you wore.

You are a very beautiful and cunning woman that I will confess
You are so much prettier than any outfit or dress,
Clothes you don't ever need to buy to just impress
When I look at you, I know that God did bless.

Whenever you see me, at you I always happily do stare
And it's not only because of your eyes or your luscious hair,
It is because my eyes had made my mind aware
You are so much prettier than the clothes you wear.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Cold

As I rub my hands together
Trying to stay warm in this cold weather
Shivering and shaking I am so very cold
This is the winter of the youth, and not the old.
I woke up this morning to a freezing house
Then I noticed a small fire started by a mouse
Outside the world was like ice after the rain froze
I need to close my drapes and wear more clothes.
I looked at my heater and I noticed it completely broke
There was no heat at all, but only smoke
A heating procedure I will try to perform
I must do what I can as I must stay warm.
About my house I now jump up and down
My hopeful face has turned into a frown
I now place blankets over by body and my feet
All I think about now is warmth and more heat.
Then from my mouth comes my icy cold breath
Looks as though that I am announcing death
Then I start coughing and also sneezing
My body is cold and I am also freezing.
I think to myself should I make myself a drink
The hotter I thought, the better I will think
But then when I drink it the warmth will be gone
And the cold and freezing will continue on.
I then close my eyes and I try to fall asleep
I end up counting penguins and not any sheep
Now I am awakened by the feeling of the cold
Winter indeed is for the young, and not for the old.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Confederate Flag

I will never fly the Confederate flag
To me it is just a worthless, decorated, filthy rag,
Created for slavery and tyranny and greed
Boasting, I am the owner and master, the slaver's creed.
It is a flag that only stands for sedition and bondage
How could anyone show a pride or give it homage,
True to that fact and a oppressors immoral reason
That flag is also known for servitude and treason;
It wasn't created out of culture and pride
But, instead for the color of the white man's hide,
When I see that flag flying I see bigotry and hate
The true symbol is a terrorists trait.
Whenever that flag is flown or ever displayed
Hate, racism and vengeance it will persuade,
There is no honor when that flag is flown
Now listen carefully! Cant you hear the true patriots moan?
There is only one banner that I will ever fly
It is the one for which only patriots fought for and did die,
As I listen to freedom from the rolling of a military drum
Only one flag stands and flies for liberty and freedom.
I love my country with all of my heart and desire
That is why I believe the Confederate flag should be set on fire
A country supposedly stands for all people, the brave and the true
My heritage is Old Glory; The Red, White and Blue.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Conscience Speaking (Alcohol)

Before you drink; think
Do you do it for a thirst
Or to forget which is worse.

Is it to make you feel good
Do you use it instead of food
So, before you chug; shrug.

Do you drink because of a pain
Does it help you survive and abstain
Before you swallow; don't follow.

Is drinking not for your leisure,
Or maybe not for your pleasure
Remember, before that first shot; think not.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Constitution

Freedom for all for which our forefathers did fight
The U.S Constitution it gives me the right,
Unto any religion I can worship or pray
And upon any thought or belief I can say.
I can bear arms at times if I want
And my philosophy I can always flaunt,
No matter of my social class I can always vote
And I have the freedom of what I have wrote.
Private property I have the right to own
And I can gather an assembly if I am alone,
Liberties and rights, my forefathers had sought
And for those freedoms they had argued and fought.
For the Constitution I am willing to fight for and die
My soul and my belief no man or country can buy,
And if they ever carry me off in a burial bag
I had the right to pledge or not to pledge the flag.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Corrupt Judge

He goes to work in his nice pressed suit
Then he covers it up with a pressed black gown,
He sets the air conditioning on, he is ready to prosecute
Then he tells all to shut up, as he slams his gavel down.

With a badge or a gun he never protected the law
Neither here nor abroad in a uniform has he ever defended it,
Nor never had he examined or questioned it or seen its flaw
But, others he is ready to judge and persecute them by it.

He gets his power, not by GOD, but by the voters
He enjoys the power that has been placed in his hand,
He is always happy to help out his own supporters and promoters
He likes to be thought as a GOD, when people take the stand.

The tears of a woman is his only temptress
Political motivations is his main desire,
Others he wants and he needs to always impress
He really doesn't care who is telling the truth, or who is the liar.

After eight hours on the bench, he goes home for the day
He then has a large dinner followed by a larger drink,
The guilty he never shows a sadness for, or for them will he pray
About there well being or their life he doesn't even think.

He never works the weekends or the holidays
He is college educated so he is not like either you or I,
On his justice scales I wonder were fairness and justice weighs
Is he better than me or you because we can never see eye to eye.

He doesn't or wouldn't work in the fields or in the mills
Neither does he wear a badge to protect the citizens at night,
He is not fighting in a foreign land or in the foreign hills
For laws and justice he doesn't sweat for it, or will he ever fight.

Justice is blind, but a Judge he can also hear and see
But, will he see what he wants to see and not the truth,
With him you are forbidden to argue or even disagree
As you sit and are interrogated inside the small booth.

Who is scared of an old woman or man of their teeth or claws
That sits behind a desk in an air conditioned room,
They are just elected lawyers they paid to be taught the laws
And they are the ones to give us our doom and gloom.

I say to all the Judges listen the storm it is coming
Can you see the lightning and hear the thunderous sound,
Maybe with each lightning strike, deeds and judgments GOD is summing
And the thunder is when GOD slams his mighty gavel down.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Cosmos

There was an explosion in the cosmos
Chaos no longer existed
Creation was born in the universe
But was that explosion assisted,
Was all existence just an accident
When particles collided together
Or was it planned and scheduled to happen
The true answer hangs from a tether,
Stars and planets they came to life
Existence and reality became real
Where once was nothing now there was something
What now is reality maybe once was an ideal,
Something cannot be created from nothing
So we embrace the first and shun the second
Are we here for a reason and a purpose
Or maybe GOD or chance just beckoned.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Counselor

As they sit behind their made up desks
As they try to counsel one and another
While putting the blame on the world itself
Which includes everyone, except for each other.
They look at their diplomas upon the wall
Which brings a smile upon their face
Now they believe they are better than one and all
So now they tell you why, you had your fall from grace.
They look in their books and go in a deep thought
And give you sympathy as they do speak
They are sorry for the feelings inside your soul
But for you, they are here truly for your belief.
They might stand up and then pace the floor
And maybe think as they scratch their head
Telling you the reason for the problems you have
And that all comes from the books that they have read.
They laugh and they joke as they converse to others
Who has the degrees on the wall like themselves
Where they analyze everyone that does come around
While inside your soul, they say they have felt.
So as they dive so deep inside your mind
As they try to understand your ideas and thought
They too have problems many of their own
And that too is the answer that they had sought.
As If you could look inside their very own soul
And for that, a diploma you do not need
You might find something that you weren't expecting to find
Which will be a little bit of you, or a whole lot of me.
As they are people just you and I
And that a diploma on the wall anyone can earn
As they have the problems just like everyone else
But I guess in this life, they believe it is their turn.
So as they sit behind their imaginary desks
Thinking the deeds they did and asking themselves why
As they read their books and stare at their diploma on the wall
Remember with problems, they are no different than you or I.

Randy L. McClave

The Curse

What if for you, I could place a curse
Upon your enemy to make his life worse
To have him suffer both in pain and woe
Wouldn't you be happy, if I would do so,
If you like it, I could cause him to lose his hair
Or I could have him believe GOD is not there
I could rip out his tongue so he could never speak
Then asking for help, he could never seek,
Wouldn't you be happy if I would curse your foe
Just nod your head and I will strike the blow
I will cause him suffering and I will give him pain
He will lose all that he has and he will go insane,
I could close his ears so he could not hear
So he couldn't hear the joy, but see only the tear
If you ask me I could even curse his arm
And the one that he had left he could do no harm,
I could even curse him to lose his leg
Wouldn't you be happy to see him crawl and beg
I could even blind him so he will not see again
Then I could make him angry and cause him to sin,
Just tell me what type of curse you'd like it to be
And happily I will place it upon your enemy
If you would like it, I could have him dead
But only if you asked me for a curse on his head.
Then I looked upon evils ugly face
I shook my head with pity and utter disgrace
As for your offer presented to me, it I will shun
And for enemies and foes, thank GOD I choose none.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Dawn

Like the coming of the dawn
Yesterday is gone,
So, we must continue on
Either with a nudge or with a yawn.

The wind will continue blowing
And the grass growing,
Even though our days are slowing
To ourselves we are owing.

Some days we are encumbered
Days we quickly plundered,
Life we have erred and blundered
Our days all are numbered.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Day After Christmas

It is the day after Christmas, and the house is a mess
The presents are all gone along with the stress,
Tinsel and wrapping paper is scattered all upon the floor
And Santa and his elves are still hanging upon the front door.

It is the day after Christmas, and the house is now quiet
No one is shouting or screaming, and no longer is there a riot,
There is no food in the fridge and also none on the kitchen table
No turkey or ham is left, and not even the crumbs from a bagel.

It is the day after Christmas, and all is sleeping late
With no more presents to unwrap, or food to place on the plate,
The Christmas music is turned off and the Christmas lights are unplugged
Now back unto my couch I have exhaustedly shrugged

It is the day after Christmas, and it's finally time to relax
The Christmas tree has been removed along with the trash sacks,
In the fireplace with the logs wrapping paper and receipts now burns
Then someone wakes up and screams, 'let's not forget the Christmas returns'!

It is the day after Christmas, and I let out a sleepy yawn
Another Christmas had come and another Christmas had gone,
I am so tired and exhausted from spreading out this Christmas cheer
But, then there will be another day after Christmas, once again next year.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Day After Tomorrow

The day after tomorrow, it is near
But, of course it will never be here,
Sometimes though it seems like a thought
Where hopes and dreams are always sought,
Many times it becomes a laugh or a tear.

I have seen that day in my full-length mirror
Sometimes engulfed with sadness and fear,
But, that moment I have never truly caught
The day after tomorrow.

Yesterday becomes a volunteer
Though too it once was promised and sincere,
We now wait to go there or to be taught
Maybe its arrival will be not,
It most certainly becomes a new frontier;
The day after tomorrow.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Day I Died

You were there when I died,
As I remembered seeing your face
You looked at me, in such disbelief
Uttering oh death, why such a waste.
When you said goodbye, I was there
Your eyes were full of tears
How sad I felt, for you and not myself
Wishing your sorrow would just disappear.
I cried, but you never saw it
The tears came down my cheeks
How I wished that I, was at your side,
As without you, I am so very weak.
And I was there when you walked away
Even though you knew that I was gone
I then saw the sorrow, in your tomorrow
Only if again we both were as one.
I was there when you walked out the door
I tried to comfort you, but you never heard me speak
So sadly you walked away, till our judgment day
And then once again, your soul I will seek.
I wonder now what will become of you
And also what will become of me
Will you live in our past, pretending it still did last
Or will you set my life and our memory free.
Life and happiness it came so quickly
But death it came in the wink of an eye
You brought me joy, that's the end of my story
And happy was I, you were there the day I died.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Deceiving Church Goer

She goes to church three times a week
And she reads her Bible daily,
Salvation from God she seems to seek
As though she is a forgotten Israeli.
But, sometimes I think it is just a guided pretense,
Who truly knows where she is sitting upon that fence.

To her husband she speaks of her devotion
And of her new found strict religious faith,
In my opinion it's just a false promotion
Is she really saved, or is she merely just playing it safe?
To myself I think with her lies and trickery abound,
She is this good woman, but only when her husband is around.

She lies and she steals, she smokes and takes drugs
But, she does that behind her husband's trustworthy back,
She tells him her stories, then she gives him kisses and hugs
To him the stars are always out and the sky is never black.
Some say she is damned and she is going to hell,
I would say they are correct, and fare thee well.

Her husband has the faith of the mustard seed
But, he is gullible and he doesn't see the truth in front of his face,
Where he sees flowers all we see is a weed
Where he sees honor, esteem and respect, we see disgrace.
He screams her soul is strong and her faith is not weak,
She reads the Bible daily, and goes to church three times a week.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Devil Wears A Mask

I heard the pounding of the fist
I saw people's names written on a list
Lies and prejudice was screamed and spoken
My soul, my humanity had then awoken
Men carried bibles, and some a gavel
Someday in heaven their stories would unravel
And this one question to them I did ask
Did you not know, the Devil wears a mask.

Them who incites with bigotry and hate
As though it is their destiny and their fate
Someday soon they will meet their end
Then into the depths of regret they will descend
On the face of a clown he will wear his disguise
But not for the purpose of contempt and lies
Into a darkness many people will bask
Did you not know, the Devil wears a mask.

I walked down the street then around a corner
There I ran into a saddened mourner
He had spoken of the people he had affected
And the truth and honesty that he had rejected
The people he had trusted and truly believed
They lied and cheated and then deceived
He then spoke about his final task
The Devil he said, will always wear a mask.

Our Children are us they are our mold
Then they become us when they get old
They look at us and watch us and see what we do
How they think and act will be like me and you
A dishonest and corrupt man he will change his clothes
A rich or powerful man will turn up his nose
Someday we might drink from the very same flask
But the Devil he drinks too, and he always wears a mask.

Randy L. McClave

The Devil Wins

When man ignores the Lord,
The Devil is bored.

When man worries and weeps,
The Devil sleeps.

When man is displeased,
The Devil has sneezed.

When man is being scoffed,
The Devil has coughed.

When man receives aches,
The Devil awakes.

When man is being provoked,
The Devil has choked.

When man does a wrong,
The Devil sings a song.

When man is full of guiles,
The Devil smiles.

When man is full of wrath,
The Devil will laugh.

When man falls into a ditch,
The Devil scratches an itch

When man thinks about wars,
The Devil snores.

When man surrenders and sins;
The Devil wins.

Randy L. McClave

The Disobedient Son

He doesn't do what he is told
So I scold and scold and scold and scold
All his actions get so daring and so very bold
He now talks back to his peers and the old,
He doesn't respect his father nor his mother
He is told one thing and of course he does the other
To find one like him there can't be another
So happy I am that he has not a brother,
He does not listen and he will not obey
As though he hears not the words that I say
Because of him my nerves are shot and my hair is gray
I feel not like a parent, but more like his prey,
Whatever I ask him to do he always refuses
Whatever he wants to do he alone chooses
In my mind and heart he's given bumps and bruises
My pleading to him, to him it just amuses,
'One day' I scream, 'you will have your own child'
"And I hope because of you that he too is wild"
Sadly to think of his actions now I just get riled
But I pray someday that we are reconciled,
Sometimes him I wish that I could only shun
With him I have thrown up my hands as I am done
I would gladly give him away to the police or a nun
As he indeed, is the disobedient son.

Randy McClave

The Dog

Not to be lonely God created us all a mate
But, sometimes that partner gave us only hate,
Looking for love and joy many times was lost
Infidelity and cheating, was the final cost.

God then decided to make us a child
Which was crafted from our soul and thoughts then was compiled,
The child gives the joy and happiness that we all would truly need
Upon our delight and bliss, the child would feed.

Whether it was little girl or a tiny little feller
In our emotions and in our heart they became, a dweller,
They became the only reason for us to hurry home
Then they became the reason, why a man would not roam.

Their smile would always wipe away any doubt and tears
Their laughter would be the sound to erase any and all fears,
God created them for the lonely, but then they would mature
To man's loneliness, they were the first true cure.

The child one day would complete its task as it became an adult
Sadness to the lonely parent will be the heartbreaking result,
The answers then were lost either in a book or in plain dialogue
Maybe that is why God decided to create for man, the dog.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Dog's Prayer

Please God let my master love me
As I will always love and will obey him,
Let him remember to feed me when I am hungry and thirsty
And at his side I will stay! Until the day that my eyes go dim.

I will walk with him wherever he will want to go
I will always sleep at the foot or at the floor of his bed,
We can run and play in his yard, or the park, or in a meadow
And I will only eat, after my master has first been fed.

True GOD I might have accidents in our home
But, at my owner's anger please don't you ever blame,
Sometimes he is so busy I am not allowed out to roam
So, please put me, and not my master to guilt and shame.

I will bark and I will growl to protect and to warn
And I will be prepared and ready for any disaster,
To be man's companion is the reason that I was born
And I will always love and will need my master.

God, thank you for my master and a best friend
And thank for the times that we will share,
I promise you that I will be at his side and him I will defend
And if I could, for him I would always say a prayer.

So, now before I lay myself down to go to sleep
I will check and protect my master and his home once again,
I will circle three times before I earn my home and my keep
Because my ancestors and I; We are the protector of men.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Drama Queen

She cheated on her husband
In both America and Scotland,
Then she cheated on her children
Just for the excitement and for the fun,
Never would she cook anyone a dinner
Even for her husband who was the breadwinner,
And she would never clean up their house
She never was a mother, and three times a spouse,
She then starved the family dog
All she wanted to do was shop through any catalog,
Other person's money she enjoyed to spend
To be someone she wasn't she would always pretend,
Like her, her daughters they began to smoke
Then with their friends they began to argue and provoke,
They both then began to lie and cheat
No longer were they known as happy and sweet,
One daughter didn't know who her father was
The other father didn't want his daughter, just because,
Then they all three then began to bully and steal
They would always complain and would swallow any pill,
They would scream and shout and they would cry
Screaming to the world, they wish that they would die,
Then the daughters became their mother! both evil and mean;
That is how they both became a drama queen.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Dream

I went to bed the other night
And woke up with a terrible fright
I dreamed I saw Christ the Lord
And I helped nail Him to the board
Pain and agony in his eye
And me a wishing He would only die
For what kind of GOD could he be
If He even couldn't set himself free.

The hours for Christ went slowly on by
Jesus surely must wish to die,
Some people began to laugh and some to cry
This man named Christ must surely wish to die.

Then lightning shown and thunder was heard
Christ began to speak a word
My body my blood I just have gave
So your souls they all could be saved
Some people quietened and some began to cry
For our salvation Jesus Christ must die,
But now there emotions they must hide
For Jesus Christ had just then died.

The years for me went slowly on by
And I was on my death bed awaiting to die.
Then death it came into my house
It crept so quietly in just like a mouse,
Then I awoke in a terrible sweat
I dreamed GOD Almighty I just had met
He said you didn't accept Christ my Son as your salvation
So in HELL you shall burn in damnation
I began to shiver and to shake
I didn't want to burn in Hell's fiery lake
So I wrote this dream into a song
So in salvation you couldn't go wrong.

Randy L. McClave

The Eighth Day

On the seventh day, GOD rested,
Maybe on the eighth day the world he tested;
Perhaps he shook the world with the clap of his hands,
Which then separated the continents and all the lands,
Then perhaps after all those major quakes;
GOD then let it rain, to create our rivers and our lakes.

Maybe GOD then decided to let the winds blow,
So, he then unleashed the twisters and the tornado;
Then upon the earth landscapes were destroyed and moved,
And after they were finished, the aftermath GOD approved,
GOD probably then nodded his head as he was very pleased;
Then he called for a strong wind; so he sneezed.

GOD probably then allowed the first thunderstorm,
Just to see how well upon the earth it would perform;
With a bright flash in the sky then came the thunderous sound,
As though GOD'S mighty finger had touched the ground;
Then after the tests were all finished, GOD was satisfied;
As this world for man, GOD had just purified.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Emission

You are like an un-welcomed guest
I say this in truth, and not in jest
Needing to let your presence known
Even the times when I want to be alone,
You embarrass me when anyone is around
With your odor and your obnoxious sound
So when you arrive I walk away in shame
And for that arrival; someone else I do blame,
You are loud and foul to anyone near
I hate to acknowledge you out of shame and fear
When you come from me, you so quickly part
Oh how you embarrass me, my friend the fart.

RANDY L. MCCLAVE

Randy McClave

The End

In the end.

It won't be the poor or the destitute
Or the religious or the immigrant wearing a suit,
Or the elderly that others will want to shun
The country will be destroyed by the greed of the politician.
They say that they want to make our country strong
They always point out others that are guilty and wrong,
But, to find the true culprit they need not a detective or a seer
All that they would have to do, is to look into a mirror.

In the end.

A country will crumple and a country will fall
A radical ideal is dangerous no matter how small,
Especially when that idea is to repair a good county
By closing all of its doors from leaving and entry.
When you speak hatred you begin a war from within
Who truly losses and who really will win,
But, if you are the person thinking about money and power
Someday soon, it will become your own judgment hour.

In the end.

A nation will be destroyed from a simple sound
Not from a bullet or a bomb, but that of a gavels pound,
The working person or the beggar with the worn out clothes
Will lose all that they have from the person with the turned up nose.
All that we have or fought for will be sold or given away
Or taxed and levied upon so that for it we cannot pay,
We will look for the politician as a savior and a friend
And they will look at us and say.... The End.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Ending

As you look and you see him dead
With no more worries upon his head
His lips are silenced and eyes are closed,
The way death is and the way GOD chose.
His deeds on Earth they now are done
With battles he lost and victories he had won
And now in Heaven his judging will begin
On the scales of judgement it will be good against sin.
His journey is finished his walk is completed
And like all man he has been tempted and has been greeted
And now he lies down and we see him dead
Now he will be judged by the life he led.

RANDY L. MCCLAVE

Randy McClave

The Farm

I wanted to return to the farm of my yesterdays
Where the crops grew tall and the cows did graze,
To again walk by the rustic old barn and the many bins
Where stayed the cows and the running turkeys and hens
I remember those happy days of long ago
And I knew that I was home when I saw the leaning silo,
I still remember the old weather worn wooden fences
That protected the farm as memories and old time defenses.
I wish again to walk into my Uncle's and Aunt's old house
And to be greeted by my Aunt in her apron and white blouse,
While my uncle in his coveralls outside in the barn or in the fields
Always wanting to increase his crops, and milk yields.
Those were memories of my yesterdays and not of my today
Where I would hike and fish and also would run and play,
My Uncle and Aunt have been gone for many sad years;
Now the old country farm, sheds its forgotten tears.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Farmer

They once gave me a gun to kill
I threw it away and I picked up a spade to till,
In my garden for life I would rather toil
Never will I place any person beneath the soil.
For no one will I ever kill or murder,
I told them I was too busy, as I am a vegetable herder.

They once told me that I needed to vote
"To protect the rich and greedy"? that I quote,
They wanted me to end the funding for the poor
And they wanted me to pay more taxes to have a war.
I will not elect evil, and starvation I will not pardon,
So, I went to work inside my garden.

They told me once that I had to sit in a jury
But, towards no one do I hate or hold any fury,
They wanted me to decide the life of someone I didn't know
I told them that I was a farmer and only life would I sow.
Then I told them I was going back to my farm,
Where I would raise life, and I would seek no harm.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Fence

Around my yard there stands a fence
It keeps the outside world out and I safe within
Though the structure is not that immense
It does the purpose as which it was built for and meant.
Neighbors and strangers it keeps out of my yard
Along with their trash and pets which does it harm
I am my yards protector, landscaper and guard
As it is my beauty, and not a trash bin or someone's farm.
My fence allows and welcomes the sunshine and the wind
Mother nature is always welcomed to visit and roam
The squirrels and the birds are always welcomed in
And welcome are the bee's with the pollen they've sewn.

Around my yard there stands a fence
It protects my yard from the enemies about
Too me it makes such perfect sense
Better to stop the entering, than for me to scream and shout.
As my yard is not the playground for a child to use
Or a shortcut for many persons to walk or run
As it it my yard which I won't neglect or abuse
And the work that I do on it, it will never be done.
In the summertime there will be plants to raise
And the leaves to rake when it becomes the fall
While hoping mother nature with me will always stay
And because of my fence, it will protect it all.

Around my yard there stands a fence
It protects and guards my yard everyday of the year
To others though it might cause an offense
As though it tells the people, not to come over here.
It is my yard which is mine to raise it like a child
To cut it and groom it and keep it nice for all to see
But truly it is GOD'S acre, which I saved from the wild
Then through the wonder of nature, in life I do believe.
So as days will come you will see myself in my yard
And sometimes you might see me nervous and tense
I hate clutter and trash so from there it is always barred
Also to protect my yard and myself, is my mighty fence.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Fight

Two dogs were fighting for the very same bone
Growling and snapping, each dog wanted it for their own,
Neither dog wanted to share, for each other they had no care,
They just wanted the victory, and then to be left all alone.
In the end, the winner had won the dinner..
The man and his ex-wife fought each other over a house
They cursed and argued and they fought like a cat and mouse,
But, why did they fight, was one more deserving from their plight
Or from hatred did they want the loser to be their ex-spouse.
The one who was tougher, they did not suffer..

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Flag Of The United States

Proudly, I display and salute the flag of the United States
Where freedom reigns and justice dictates!
A flag that was not created for hate or race or bigotry
But, a flag that was born to the proud, and the true and the free,
Wherever it stands and wherever it might fly
A patriot of freedom! And, not of color for its belief did fight and die,
To us she is also known as the old red while and blue
In this country, of ours, of the black, the red, the white, the yellow, the true,
Always I will stand proudly to display and salute our flag
And I say that with pride and fact, and not with a single brag,
Whenever I see her flying, like a father I smile as I am proud
And always will I salute her, when she is carried and marched in a crowd,
No other flag with honor, could I ever give my respect and pride
For which the brave had fought for and for which the proud had died,
With dignity and honor I could never salute or display the stars and bars
A flag which stood for slavery and hate, which was created by rebels and czars,
A flag must stand for one and all! And, not just for the selected few
Freedom, justice and equality is what our flag does prove,
So here I stand as I salute the flag of these United States
Where the eagle flies high, and justice and truth opens freedom's gates.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Flesh

Deeds are eternal, but not the flesh;
Together as one they will never mesh,
The flesh will rot, and buried underground,
But, words and achievements will always be found.
We will be remembered by our feats
Not by how we look, or by our heartbeats,
But, by our exploits and also our acts,
Some though will be remembered only by lilacs.
Pictures are kept to remember our looks
But, I would rather have my name in books,
The body is fleeting, deeds are enduring,
Death is imminent and remembrance is alluring.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Flower's Existence

He plucks out a dandelion,
Then he blows out the flower's brains
Then back on the earth its remnants rains.
He destroys the flowers enemies,
The bugs and the weeds
Then out of retaliation, he plants more seeds.
He plucks off a flower's petals,
For a wish to be granted
More flowers for wishes must now be planted.
He gives her a beautiful rose,
She then smashes the flower in her book
Now forever at its beauty she can look.
Nature grows a beautiful magnificent flower,
Then he cuts it off at the stem
Once before it was nature's beautiful gem.
She grabs a flower to place in her hair,
Or maybe to flip off its head
Beauty of the flower is seen when it is dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Fly

Buzzing and flying about my head
Oh how I wish that you were dead,
Pestering me so I cant keep my thought
Or even the solitude that I had sought,
In and out I see you pass by
Oh how I hate you, my enemy the fly,
You get on my food that I am about to eat
As you dance upon it with your tiny feet,
You are a nuisance and bothersome all the day
How I wish I could put you in your grave,
You dart again and again in front of my face
You cause my heart to beat fast and my blood to race,
Then when I look you are nowhere around
And when I listen, I hear not a sound,
But then I see you on my window glass
Are you trying to escape me and our past,
The torture and pain you put me though
And the work I couldn't accomplish because of you,
Oh how I wish I could catch you my friend
Then to death surely, you I would send,
I grab a rolled up paper to end your life
I walk to the window to catch you in my sight,
Then I see you you I become motionless and still
Then I hit you with the paper, you I had just killed,
I smile as I realize finally peace for me
I had won that battle your death is my victory,
Your body I dispose of so quickly then
Into the sewers you will eventually end,
I am so happy and relaxed with my pride
Then suddenly; I hear the buzzing of another fly.

Randy McClave

The Funeral Procession

The funeral procession drove past my house
I bowed my head and I was quite as a mouse,
In a solemn prayer I gave to the sadly departed
As I knew of the sadness and remorse of the fainthearted;
One car after another I watched go down the street
As I still stood there in respect in this unbearable heat,
The cars that I counted they were over twenty-five
Sadly not one visited the departed when he was still alive;
So, there goes his procession heading to the graveyard
As though being led by weepers and the national guard,
I guess when he was living his life he was always misread
Now he is missed and remembered since now he is dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Glance

I saw her smile from across the room
The romance began and my love did bloom
She then gave me a glance, I wanted to dance
Underneath the stars and the glow of the moon.
She would be mine forever that night I thought
As slowly towards her that love I sought
We will dance and laugh, she will become my path
She will be mine when her heart I had caught.
I close my eyes and I see us years from now
Together we became one as I gave my vow
She became my mate, and now our life is our fate
With every step closer that promise I avow.
Closer and closer as I approached her my love
As though watched and coached from angels above
I am so near, now her presence and voice I do hear
Now only her and I is all that I am thinking of.
I finally arrive and each other we finally do see
She must know I am the man that she wants me to be
So I reach out my hand, to make that final stand
Then she turns to me and say, that glance wasn't for me.

Randy McClave

The Government Clerk

The clerk says that they could not marry because they are gay,
But, if they were murderers or idolaters or pedophiles, then it would be okay,
She said it is against her Christian belief to bestow on them a wedding permit
'It is sinful and against her teachings' so, the blessing of her county she will not
submit,
She spouts out her Christian faith, even though she's been married four times
before
I wonder who sold her a marriage license, by Christian teachings isn't she a
whore,
But, if they were non-Christians or atheists she would happily agree for them to
marry
I guess in her own stupid thoughts, she wants and the rights of gays are only
secondary,
If you are gay she won't mind selling you a hunting license or accepting your
taxes
I guess she decides who she wants to serve, as her own beliefs slowly relaxes,
Is it her or the government who decides who can marry as I do my very own
guessing
Maybe she believes that she is the church as well, so she must also give her
blessing,
I was taught that when you go to work you adhere to the rules as you do your
job
You should never lie, leave your religion and politics at home and never steal or
rob,
If I didn't, or wouldn't, or even refused to perform the job for which that I was
hired
I know that soon enough! I would be replaced, and then I would be fired,
Isn't it her elected position to sell licenses and not to offend the beliefs of yours
or mine
And if she feels guilty doing her job, go to church and say a prayer and then....
resign,
Remember we once prayed in our schools, but then our government told us all to
stop
The law is to serve and protect every woman and man, we are not all the same
crop,
So, I say to the clerk be not a hypocrite, if a gay couple wants to marry let them
wed
And then let only GOD do the judging of the souls, when they all are dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Grammar Nazi

She doesn't goose step when she passes me by
She never says 'Sieg Heil' when I say 'hi'
She wears no insignia on her arm or upon her chest
And nowhere on her, do I see a swastika crest,
She looks so peaceful and happy from what I see
She smiles and jokes and laughs so happily
But then her demeanor changes in the wink of an eye
She becomes someone else, whom I hate and despise,
When I write her a message to talk about my day
I could almost hear her swearing though I am miles away
I could see her beating her fist down upon her hand or her desk
While correcting my wording and the spelling that's in my text,
She says my messages they must always be decoded
As my sentence structure to her is rotted away and eroded
She is evil and hateful when she curses me on my grammar
Then all I hear from her is nothing, but her constant yammer,
What ever happened to the person that she was once before
As she has never been judgmental or ever fought in a war
Who do you blame besides her schooling to some degree
Look and listen to her now, she's become a grammar Nazi

Randy McClave

The Haircut

They sat me down upon their chair
Anxiously and impatiently I sat there
Nervous was I, so I whimpered out a sigh
But I was ready for them to cut my hair.

The hairdresser she talked to me for a bit
I felt happy and handsome I must truly admit
She felt my hair, as the patrons did stare
As upon that swivel chair I did sit.

I was then taken to the Shampooers sink
The Hairdresser shampooed my hair as I did think
I spoke, but I stalled, happy I am that I am not bald
So instead I gave my hairdresser a happy wink.

I was then led back unto my chair
I smelled the scent of her perfume in the air
I was then afraid, as I saw the tools of her trade
But she promised me all of her loving care.

Clip, clip, clip the scissors I then did hear
So close was that sound was to my ear
My hair it fell, from my head it was expelled
As I watched her craftsmanship from her mirror.

Then not long later she finished her job
I looked at my hair and I gave her an appreciative nod
She then finished the clip, I gave her a tip
At her work and gentleness I was both pleased and awed.

RANDY L. McCLAVE

Randy McClave

The Hickie

Drea came home late wearing a hickie
A lovers mark left on her neck by the sucking of the skin
She didn't want anyone to know about that one quickie
Especially her husband from committing that sin.
So, she hurried home and then she put on a turtleneck,
What she thought was loving, others knew it as grotesque.

She wore her hair down to hide that kiss mark
Not knowing how long on her neck that branding would stay
To all others she kept her situation and scar in the dark
Her affair and dishonesty to her lover she would not betray.
So hidden on her neck she kept that nasty little secret,
With no remorse or guilt or even a regret.

Once she was known as a classy married lady
But, that all changed drastically after her lovers bite
Now she walks with the other adulterers and the shady
Her needs have changed and so has her appetite.
Now she is not known as virtuous or even good,
She did as her mother once did, now she walks wearing a hood.

She covers her indiscretions with lies and powder and cream
As she hopes to salvage some of her past dignity and a little pride
But, she has lost her spouse and honor and her own self-esteem
Just from her lovers sucking and marking his territory on her hide.
Men once knew her as proper and very picky,
But now she is known as cheap and easy because of a hickie.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The House

I watched the termites chewing on a piece of wood,
I then remembered, how strong this house once stood

The paint has peeled away, and the nails have turned to rust,
Now the foundation and the wood itself, has turned into dust

The windows all are broken the roof has blown away,
I remembered how protecting it once was, in its younger day

A house is like a body, alive when wanted and sought,
But, without a soul, it will crumple down and rot.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The House Wren

Have you ever heard the House Wren sing
To its mate just to satisfy,
You might say no, but you've seen them take wing
And to hear it? Well, neither have I.
I have heard that they sing such a beautiful song
When they are in love to attract a mate,
But to hear it? I haven't, but I might be wrong,
Maybe, I should just migrate.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Hungry

In times of stress and worries and memories of a war
Shouldn't we all be obligated to feed the needy and the poor,
Let no person starve or go hungry that I solemnly do declare
We all are brothers and sisters and children of GOD, that I swear.

Should any state or government allow any person to starve
Upon their headstone when they die that iniquity of theirs I will carve,
In the time of peace and righteousness no person should ever go hungry
We all are people! We dream, we pray, we are souls not a country.

If we allow anyone to become invisible or die of starvation
How could we say that we care, and that we are a Christian nation,
Strangers we all are, towards life and others we should all be passionate
No one should ever starve, too each other we must be more compassionate.

The wealthy and the greedy they will gorge themselves at their feast
Instead of feeding or caring for the poor, they feed their scraps to their beast,
A homeless person stands on the street corner begging only for food
But, he is not allowed to be fed, or he will go to jail and his benefactor sued.

I say shame on us one and all when we pass a person with an empty belly
Especially when we leave empty-handed, from a restaurant or a deli,
GOD watches us from heaven above and he especially judges that one deed
When the soul and stomach are empty, prayer and food is what we need.

If a law says a person must starve, but pigeons can be fed
I would not give crumbs to a bird, I would instead give the hungry my bread,
And if I must be arrested and then go to jail for committing that one crime
I would go to jail not hungry, and I would not give that fattened court a single dime.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Jacket

I made my son a jacket
From the old clothes that I once wore
Some pieces used were from my youth
And some pieces were what I wore in war
Tattered pieces of cloth of my youth
My son now wears when he goes out to play
He lives the youth that I once had lived
As he wears the jacket nearly every day,
Kicking a ball and running about the yard
Doing and playing the games I did when I was his age
Climbing trees and jumping into the leaves
I hear and see joy and happiness and no rage
Now I see him playing soldiers in this jacket
My heart beats fast and it's hard for me to breathe
So I took his jacket and I destroyed it in a fire
Now for the jacket, and not my son I do grieve.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Kentucky Hangnail

Around my neck or upon my wall it will hang
Knowing I then will be sheltered as the angels had sang
I will be protected from evil and all that is un-good
As promised by our savior, when crucified on the dogwood.

Upon my wall hangs the Kentucky hangnail
It will capture all negativity and evil and will resend it to hell
The noose of thirteen will strangle out the path of any and all its evil
It will then destroy and quieten, and then resolve all upheaval.

Evil and sadness and sin they are man's own enemy
I do not want that wickedness or corruption ever in my company
Truth and caring and love, they are my friend,
So, for protection from all that is bad, it will send.

The Kentucky hangnail will hang upon my neck or upon my wall
Unto temptation from the devil or evil I will never fall
The hangnail will attract and absorb all evil and any devilish sin
Then I will be protected from what attacks the soul from within.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Laddie

The laddie, he gave me his permission,
As courteous and quaint that he could be,
He said that I could marry his dear mother,
Then he smiled and he congratulated me.
He said he was tired of being a man,
And he hated all the worries and stress upon his mind,
But, that is what his mother and house needed,
When his father left, looking for another life to find.

The laddie now was the man of the household,
That is the title he has held for many years,
Now for once again he wanted to be a child,
But, how could he all he remembers is comforting his mother's worries and fears.
He took my hand and he sat me at the head of the table,
As though relinquished his head of the household status to me,
Through the eyes of child he finally smiled,
And then he sighed, finally from man's worries he would be free.

The laddie then laughed and laughed like a child,
He didn't huff and puff and worried any longer like an adult,
His demeanor changed as though in the wink of the eye,
In our world of men and women, no longer does he want to consult.
He threw away his pens and opened an unused box of crayons,
Then he brought from his closet an old rusty and broken toy,
The laddie then told me he has been a man for long enough,
Now he wants no responsibilities, and just to be a little boy.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Land

The land will give birth to the grass and the trees
Which in turn will give life to the wind and the breeze,
The land will be tilled and taught, so it will give birth
To both the artist, and also the hungry of the earth.
Some people will see land as a filthy, mucky and grimy dirt
What I see is the bringer of life, and not a barren desert,
A farmer will work and worry to revitalize the land as his goal
Then when he dies; the land will swallow up his body and soul.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Last Days

What if the world was coming to an end
And we knew that day would be tomorrow
Would we search for family or even a friend
Or would we just hide and cry in sorrow,
Would we think about and also regret our sins
That we have committed to ourselves and unto others
Remember while we suffer the devil he grins
Especially when we have wronged our sisters and brothers,
Would the non believers then pray to a GOD
To a being they had ignored and would not believe
While the true believers would hold out their hands and nod
As they accept their judgement and their destiny,
Would anyone ask for forgiveness from the ones they hurt
And hope that GOD would forgive them as they did pray
Or maybe they will try to change and then covert
As they know that tomorrow would be their very last day,
I wonder if anyone would knock upon my door
Just to say that they are sorry or maybe even goodbye
Besides the people that came to my house before
Would they only be sorry, knowing soon that they will die,
Though our world it might not end tomorrow
But then only GOD will know when that day might be
Until that day my Bible anyone can borrow
As we all wait for our death and then our final journey

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Little Man

Little man with your high heel boots on
As you are walking down the street,
I wonder if people know who you really are
That daily you might meet or greet.
As you are maybe just five foot four,
And your also a liar, and a user and a cheat
You go against the laws of God and Man
So you smile stupidly as you are also a thief.
You take the things which are not yours
And according to GOD they should never be,
So you corrupt the youth and the ones your with
As you don't know of truth, or vows or loyalty.

Little bald man with your silly little smile
Again walking down the road,
Afraid of your shadow, so others must fight your battles
Truly God, has tossed away your soul.
You live in a run down house on a dirty little street
Where everyone there knows your name,
But they know that your just a pitiful little man
As all you do is cause sin, and hate and pain.
God gave you a family once before
A wife and daughters and I think of two,
But you weren't happy with what you had then
So you cheated on them, with someone new.

Little bald man we all just laugh at you
You truly will never be like us, a man,
As you cant stand up on your own tiny little feet
So you must ask someone to hold your tiny little hand.
What you cant have you try to break or steal
GOD again as turned his back away from you,
You wont keep his laws or his commandments he wrote
So you will corrupt all that is near or around you.
You care for no one but only yourself
Maybe that's why you have that stupid little smile,
And who you do know you try to own and control
You are so much, like a spoiled little child.

Little man with your hairless little head
I wonder if GODS thoughts ever gets inside of there,
As you always wear a cap to cover up your hairless fact
Or I wonder, if for your soul or others do you really care.
I think that you think of no one but only yourself
Maybe that's why you will never be a man,
So you wear your high heel boots and a cap on your head
Too bad by yourself, you cant and wont make a stand.
But one day when you look back on your life
You'll wish you could had changed but you never can,
Your friends and your family will then look and laugh at you
And they will feel pity, for the hairless stupid little man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Lover

When a man falls in love he becomes a lover
Above his woman he puts no other
And when he closes his eyes, she will materialize
And never does he want to be with another.
He thinks about his love every day and night
As he wants to always keep her in his heart and sight
And when he is alone, To the world it is known
That she is his life and also his light.

When a man is cheated on he becomes a cynic
His love and their life he will then mock and mimic
In his heart there buns a hate, which he cant forsake
As his soul and mind seems as though to forever ache.
She stays in his thoughts every night and day
He wonders what she did to turn herself that way
Then when he's with his friends, they too confirm her sins
And for him and not her they will sit and talk and pray.

When a man is cheated on by his wife he becomes a poet
Then of their life and relationship to all he will show it
He will write down in rhyme, of her dirty sinful crime
So of her sin no man or woman will ever forget it.
He still thinks about what she did all the time
As against him and God he knows she committed the crime
And now all he wants is peace, and the pain to cease
So he becomes a poet and his pain he writes in rhyme.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Lying Man

This is the true story
About a confused little boy
Who stood just above five foot tall.
But his mother called him a man
Whenever he tried to stand
But everyone knew, what they saw.
As he was an only child
His mommy protected him from the wild
And also, from people like me and you.
He got others to fight his fights
When confrontation came into sight
As he also was a coward deep and true.
He did not have a hair on his head
Maybe because his morality was dead
Or maybe because GOD didn't like him at all.
He didn't even have a job
So from the tax payers He would rob
Staying at home without a sweat on his brow.
He would wear high heel boots
And sometimes wear young boys suit
To fill like a man, whenever others would allow.
He was also a liar and a thief
And an adulterer and and a cheat
And other souls would laugh, when he did fall.
One day his children they ran away
And so did his wife did that one day
As to them, he wasn't a father or a man.
So he went out looking for another
A women to use and who was like his mother
Someone who would kiss his feet and his hand.
So finally he found himself a whore
Who like him, as been used many times before
Now together they can stay warm together at night.
As she has no loyalty or virtue or pride
To show herself or her children deep inside
Now GOD and Man stay sick, when they are in sight.
So his whore hunches when she walks
So they are the same size when they talk
So that little boy will feel like a man.

But everyone still stop and stare
Whenever they go here or maybe there
Maybe him and her they try to understand.
But the boy still has his mother
And really he needs no other
As like him, she too is a liar and cheat
They both have there stupid grin
Maybe they too in their souls are twin
As their souls are full of using and deceit.
But as i say this is a true story
About a pathetic little boy
Who is lair and a cheat and not a man.
And when he dies will anyone care
Or will anyone hush and say a prayer
I would say not, and now you understand.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Man Attested

There was a man who once attested
That he would not ever be arrested,
By any law that is enforced by brutality or force
Their beliefs he would never support or endorse,
Behind every law there is power and a stench
And without that power there wouldn't be a fence,
Any law or justice with brutality is corruptible and bad
That is the same power and strength that evil also had,
If a man must rely on strength or a weapon to enforce any law
From my presence I wish for him and his laws to withdraw,
If a judge or anyone relies on force to enforce their every word
That law and their power and them I would say is absurd,
If they need the backing of a gun to give them power to speak
What is the different between the criminal who threatens the weak,
He screamed and preached that he would never go to prison or jail
A place by force, were people are sent and where weapons also prevail.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Man With The Fertile Farm

Jesus said there once was a man who had a fertile farm
And unto this one person, God commanded no harm,
His farm produced much and many fine crops
All from the gifts of God, which were his sunshine and raindrops,
This man thought of his crops as his life's main pursuits
Then he thought to himself where can I store my extra grains and fruits,
God then said unto him why not rest from your burden and sorrow
His reply was, "rest? I will when it comes tomorrow".
A man he says must work for his legacy through his sweat
And when he does his life will show a purpose with no regret,
I will tear down my old barns and build bigger ones for my grain
Then I will will have no worries to think about or to complain,
I will finally find the time to feast and drink and to be merry
With no more worries or stress or loads will I need to ever carry,
Then came the day when the man proclaimed that he would retire
Then God said unto him, "you fool! tonight your soul I will require".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Mask

You wear a mask upon your face
So people wont know of your sin and disgrace
Or of the things that you have said and done
And of the life you have ended and then again begun.
You cover up your lines and all of your tears
So no one can see the worries and your fears
Or of the anger and the hate that's on your face
So upon your face a mask you did paste.
But I wonder if anyone really does know
The color of your cheeks or the shape of your nose
Or the saddened bags underneath your eyes
From the guilt you felt from the tears of your lies.
And when you meet people I wonder do they stare
Maybe they think to themselves, who is really behind there
But then you don't care what people might say or ask
As you can conceal all, when you wear your mask.
And so that mask you will wear till your dying days
As it will become you in so many very different ways
But one day in death your mask it will then be removed
Then man and all will stand in sadness, as they see the real you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Mirror

I look into my mirror
So I can see who I am,
But all I see is myself,
I don't ever see a man.
There stands a sad soul
Who is unhappy with himself,
Who wished that he was different,
As I wish; He was someone else.

I stare into my mirror
As always to myself I softly cry,
I wonder why no one ever hears me
And why in this life must I survive.
I wish that I was different
Though I know that, will never be
It be like the pebble becoming the rock
Or a bush, becoming a tree.

I gaze into my mirror
As I stand there all alone
Why must it be me against the world
Why must I help every one else's moan.
I then see the fool that I am
He is gazing right back at me,
I know that he will always fail
Because a man, they wont let him be.

I reflect into my mirror
As I see my years come and go,
I know that for me, it will only be me
And for everyone else I must show.
And I know the time will come one day
When my son will make his stand,
And into his mirror I hope when he looks,
Through the help of family and friends, he sees a man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Misters

Neither one of them want any misters,
As that was quoted by both of the sisters,
But, their mother highly disagrees,
Every woman needs a man she truly believes.
Just to give them children, and even blisters.

But, neither one of them wants a man in their life,
They want to call no man husband and be no man's wife,
Then their mother will always preach and say,
They both need a man, so for them she will pray.
How else could they conquer their loneliness and strife.

But, the sisters they have had men before,
They were treated like objects and felt like a whore,
They couldn't do or say or be what they can,
Unlike their own mother they need not a man.
They didn't believe they needed their dignity to restore.

The sisters they both enjoy in being alone,
They both are adults and in maturity they have grown,
They need not a man to work or take care of them,
Being a single woman, they will never curse or condemn.
Being alone at night, neither sister ever complained or moan.

The sisters said neither one of them needs a male,
They were both happy being a strong and a free female,
Unlike the beliefs of their very own mother,
They need not a husband, or father or even a brother.
So, the life and destiny with a mister they bid farewell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Moon, My Shadow And Me

The moon, my shadow and myself makes three
As we all walk together in the same company,
At the nighttime we go out as the friends that we are
Then sometimes we are joined by the fireflies and a star.
I run and I jump and my shadow is so much fun and a delight
He follows and represents my every move under the moons spotlight,
But, then sometimes the moon will disappear inside a cloud
Then my shadow will runaway, to where I am not allowed.
So then I walk all by myself as now there is only me
But, then a few minutes ago I was once in a group of three,
When I walk inside my house the moon will wait outside
Then my shadow will disappear as he has went to hide.
I am all by my myself when I am inside my own home
That is when I am scared and vulnerable as then, I am all alone,
When I am lonely I go outside to be joined by my friends
Where the moon and my shadow always attends.
The nighttime we enjoy so we go out together every night
Where we laugh and we live that time is our delight,
Then early in the morning with the coming of the rising sun
There is no longer us three, it is now only me; one.

Randy McClave

The Mouse

Sneaky, quivering little mouse
I didn't think that you were in my house
Then I looked and there you were
With your little pink tail and your gray fur
I heard your scratching in my bedroom wall
Hoping you were the wind and not real at all
But there you are just standing over there
You see me as I saw you, so I grab a chair.

Brave, forward little vermin
Should I shout and curse you with my own sermon
Then I will end it all by throwing my shoe
As I hope to scare or even better yet killing you
You will keep me awake the rest of the night
As I hear your scratching and I'll wonder with fright
Where and if I will see you ever again
But that is a choice of mine, and yours is when.

Greedy, scavenging little beast
You come into my house to defecate and feast
Inside my walls I now hear your gnawing
Now upon my floor I see you crawling
I see no need or use in you at all
As I hear you scampering and searching behind my wall
You come to my home as a uninvited guest
Indeed you are a nasty, unwanted pest.

Sneaking, sniffing little rodent
Your life to me isn't that important
As I watch you scamper on my kitchen floor
In my house and in my walls I want you no more
I wonder why you need to exist
So I will lay my traps so your nuisance will not persist
You disgusting, filthy, horrible little mouse
I want you out of my life and also my house.

Randy L. McClave

The Next Voice

The next voice that you hear
It will not be mine,
It will be that of the Devine;
He will be whispering in your ear
And I will not be anywhere near.

Before you make your very next move
Think not of me,
But, instead look up and think of he;
Will what you do improve
And while looking down would he approve.

Like a parent talking unto their child
I just wanted to teach,
God is the one that will preach;
But, then I was profiled
And like trash I was then exiled.

I am done not being listened to
And walked on like sod,
Now, you better listen to God;
He will tell you what you should do
Now it's all up to you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Noble Unicorn

The Unicorn, the most noblest of all beasts
To which I had said my prayer,
To which I celebrated with dinners and at feasts
'Find me a love! ', I said to the mare.

The Unicorn then bowed its noble head
Then it turned around and it took flight,
As though accepting the plea that I had needfully said
It then disappeared into the starless night.

So, I sat and I earnestly waited for many lost years
For that noble Unicorns return,
I went through divorces, and also many sad tears
While unhappiness and loneliness, I did learn.

Then one day while I was feeling like biblical Job
The noble Unicorn had come back to me,
It had searched and then researched the entire globe
Then the Unicorn said, 'there is no love for thee'

I said goodbye to the love that I have never found
I then surrendered to romance and love's quest,
The Unicorn then bowed its head and then without a sound
It plunged its horn, deep into my chest.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Old Maid

When she first came into this world
She immediately became daddy's little girl,
He then knew from that day that he would not get any rest
He would always be under pressure to give his daughter the very best.
Then unto God and man and whoever else wanted to listen
He swore that his daughter would never sweat, she would only glisten.

When his daughter grew and became a teen,
She became his princess, so he treated her like a queen,
Nothing or no one was too good for his precious daughter
From the clothes that she wore and even her drinking water.
Then when the boys came around knocking at his front door
He knew if they couldn't give her the very best, they had better knock no more

He knew that his daughter would never do without
Her ever wanting or needing he would always doubt,
Into her standards and soul though time his indulging he had embroiled
No one was good enough for his daughter, some now say that she is spoiled.
When she screamed or pouted her father was always there
He believed he was created just to answer his daughters every wish or prayer.

When his daughter had matured she became a lady
Some though said she became difficult and a little shady,
The woman that she became was from her father's pampering result
She came into the world as a child now she became a mollycoddled adult.
But, then like a fairytale the father died and her lifestyle he had betrayed
She now lives all alone with her cats, she has now become an old maid.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Outcome

Two men will argue and then two men will fight
Maybe from hatred or stubbornness they disagree
One then must be wrong and then the other right
Instead of a mediator they both need a referee,
Neither one seeks solitude they both seek a battle
Where one will survive and the other will be dead
They neither seek forgiveness each other just prattle
Saying things that should have never been said,
The men will fight and now one man is extinct
Whether he is right or wrong, he is not the victor
No more bickering for them as they are no longer linked
Fate and destiny to them is the ultimate predictor,
Though in the end God comforts the one who dies
And he will ultimately forgive the one who lives
Man doesn't seek absolution or the need to apologize
As man will always take away, what GOD gives.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Pale Horse

I ran away from the battlefield
Where all life was led and then killed,
I looked for survivors and worshipers, there was none
There was even blood upon the sun.
And there sitting was Death,
I could smell it upon his breath,
I saw family and neighbors, life was grim
And Hell, it followed with him.
Power was given unto him over the fourth of the earth
To kill with a sword, and with hunger, unto his mirth,
And followers quickly joined his campaign
With guns and knives happily they murdered, they slain.
Jubilant disciples killed for no thought or reason
They all believed that this was their season,
Then they released the hungry beast
Unto the scared and innocent they would feast.
The white, the red, and the black horse already arrived
For the souls that were wicked and lost and deprived,
If man believes that he must not follow this course,
Be aware of the rider, on the pale horse.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Paramount

As idols and sensations they all once were known
Performing on the stage and singing in the microphone,
Groupies and paparazzi followed them around the globe
Pursuing them because of their antics, and also their wardrobe.

Their tickets were usually sold out in a moment's flash
A cost of a ticket was usually equaled to a weeks pay for the bash,
Their records and their music was listened to by millions
And in their banks alone, we all knew that they all had billions.

From one concert to another they would always travel by plane
For their fans they were always ready, to sing and dance and entertain,
They lived in their mansions and we always heard them on the radio
But, that was when they were popular, and also many decades ago.

Now when they travel, they travel primarily by car or by bus
Through time and finances, they now all have become one of us,
Now their tickets are being sold slowly at a great discount
And when they do perform, they always end up at the Paramount.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Person I Am

I have two ears so I can hear
To both sides of every story,
I have two eyes which gives me sight
To see the evil and also the glory.
I have one mouth that I can speak or shout
To say what I have seen or had heard,
I have one brain so I can proclaim
Of all things I have observed,
I have two hands which help me stand
And also to pick up others that had fallen,
I have two arms which can do harm
Or help anyone when they come calling.
I have two feet that can walk down the street
And also to help me stand my ground,
I have two legs that can carry troubles away
And take me wherever I am bound,
I have one mind and I know that I am kind
And also I have one soul,
They made me this man as I know that I am
As I am the person that you see and know.

Randy McClave

The Pet Groomer

She shampoos and cuts the hair of your pet,
She loves all animals and she is not a vet,
She clips their toenails and laughs with her humor,
She is of course the loving and caring pet groomer.

Her store for your pet it becomes their second home,
She will sing to the pets as their hair she will comb,
With pads placed on the floor for their temporary bathroom,
She loves to pamper the pets as them she will groom.

Her store is always full of happy dogs and cats,
And also on her stores floor are the pet's sleeping mats,
You will always find pet toys and kerchiefs for a dog's costume,
The animals are so happy when them she will groom.

When it is my pet's day of beauty she is so unhampered,
She is bathed and towel dried as she is pampered,
Her hair is cut, her teeth are brushed and then she is perfumed,
How much my pet and I enjoy her monthly visits to be groomed.

I pick up my pet and I am pleased with a job well-done,
And my pet is happy with all of the attention and the fun,
I am indeed a very delighted person and satisfied consumer,
We are both very pleased because of the caring pet groomer.

The day of grooming my pet has ended for the day,
Now my pet is excited to go home to eat and run and play,
But, next month the cleaning treatments will be resumed,
As my pet will be taken to the groomer, to be groomed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Photographer

Oh wonderful, gifted, steady eye;
Upon my heart and soul you are my spy,
You take the pictures of GOD's own glory
He created the masterpiece; you photographed his story.
What beauty has been forgotten you help us recall
Like the beautiful orange leafed tree, in the fall,
Because of you, my spirit it will awaken
And all from the pictures that you have taken.
Man and artists like myself, no longer grieves
We still see a world of mountains, barns and leaves,
Unto modernization of a cities beauty I give a laugh
As in my heart and mind I hold onto nature's photograph.
Soon our past and our heritage they will slowly melt away
But, you will keep its memory alive in a beautiful array,
You the one with the wonderful, and gifted eye
I thank you; with the tears of thanks that I cry.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Pit

In Hell the Devil he stirs his fiery pit
The flames are from the fire that he had lit
He laughs and he smiles as he watches that fire burn
More fuel from more souls is his only concern,
He watches the fire in glee as it reaches the sky
I wonder if to GOD in heaven, if the devil would cry
"I have souls in my pit, and they will fuel my fire"
"They came to me from their sins, and an earthly desire"
As man was given free choice and was told sin to resist
Now man is the reason that Hells fire still does exist
The Devil knows that his fire and flame is forever more"
All thanks to murderers, adulterers and even one whore
"So here I will stay", spoke the Devil from his fiery pit
"While man sins above me, him I will easily outwit."

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Pledge

I pledge my honor to this land
As I place over my heart, my right hand,
And I swear my oath to GOD and then to man
Whatever I can do for freedom, I will and I can.
Like all women and men before me, I want to be free
I want to choose my own road and my own destiny,
I do this willingly without any guise
As I know what I am given, it is man's greatest prize.

Some men are born with freedom and a right
While some men must earn it with blood and a fight,
Some men will take for granted what they are given
Towards that freedom and pride they are not driven;
But, some men are not given that one choice
They speak for it all alone, with just their one voice,
But, that one man, he must always be heard
With his hand over his heart as he speaks one word.

Unto this land's beliefs I will always defend
Until my last breath and to life's bitter end,
Freedom I will scream, it is everyone's right
And dreams and beliefs are in everyone's sight.
Unto this land I will give my just and my all
I will defend and protect her, she will never fall,
So, I pledge my integrity and loyalty as I stand
To this great country, with my heart and my hand.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Poor Man

The poor man, had died,
For him a few people had cried,
He was both thoughtful and kind
He left no worldly possessions behind;
His social standing, he did not hide.

He had never cheated or lied
Everyone looked at him and laughed or sighed,
But, he never did mind.
The poor man.

I live my life for honor and pride
As I still remember my impoverished guide,
To wealth and possessions he was blind
By his compassion he was defined;
They say that he's now at God's side.
The poor man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Preacher

The preacher spoke to me about damnation and hell
And how we all were going there to die in our sins,
He then told me about Gods losses, and the devil's wins
And how our evils and wrongdoings we all must expel.

Adulterers and murderers I was told would be stoned to death
Gays and rebellious children would receive that same death penalty,
Maybe then I thought to myself it be best if I were just an adoptee
Or maybe better yet, if were more like the biblical Seth.

Cain slew Abel, one brother dead and the other a killer
That was the first crime that this world ever had,
Seth was the third brother who was not jealous nor never mad
Upon the commandments we now began to build our pillars.

The preacher then told me how furious and jealous was our God
And how the fires of hell was awaiting every sinner one and all,
I fell to my knees in fear and terror I just wanted to bawl
Is God's true love, as I thought just a lie and a fraud.

The preacher then told me all the people that God hated
And if he saw them he would surely cast them out of his sight,
He then shook his fist hysterically in both anger and fright
I felt so very alone, abandoned, ashamed and isolated.

I know that someday like all others I will be dead
And then and only then will God judge me on my bended knee,
Instead of telling me how God hates and just wants to punish me
Why not tell me how God loves and wants to forgive me instead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Racial Bigot

They whisper and they gossip when you walk in a room,
Then they talk about religion and of course societies doom;
Their hate flows from their mouth like water from a spigot,
Then you realized who they are, they of course are the bigot.

They are better than you because of the color of your skin,
And if you are with someone of a different race, you are living in sin;
They act the way they do and someday that truth they will face it,
But, until then we know who they are, so we call them a racist.

They preach GOD created Adam and Eve and not Adam and Steve,
Then they say GOD hates and wants death to all gays they do perceive;
These people hate others that are different and so they call them odd,
But, one thing that I do know, we are not judges and they are not GOD.

They say because of a lifestyle some people will go to Hell,
And if you are with someone of a different race, you should be sent to jail;
In their heart and in their soul all that you will ever find will be hate,
And they will damn you, if you tell them of their iniquities or their fate.

They say the Devil recruits unwitting people and makes them pious,
Then at everyone else's belief they become hateful and bias;
With his deception and works the Devil is prudent and meticulous,
In the end he creates bigots and racists and causes Christianity to look ridiculous.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Refugees

He paddled his boat unto the new land
Where he was hoping to find a helping hand,
But, what he found instead was a foot which pushed him away
As he heard the screams of mobs shouting, 'do not stay"!'
He was escaping war and murder and starvation of his family
But, poverty and trash is all that the nationals on shore did see,
So, out of terror and worry he turned his boat around
Praying somewhere else hope and salvation for his family could be found,
Still hearing the screams and shouts that he is not welcomed or wanted
With profanity and rude gestures he and his family was jeered and taunted,
Then the ocean decided to take the family as its refugee
Then the bodies of the family claimed a new home into the sea,
They weren't seeking to rob or steal but only wanted a land to live
But, the children and women and men weren't granted it, may God forgive
I then wondered in sadness and disbelief as I wanted to shout
If heaven is overcrowded would God kick all foreigners out.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Rose

In my hand I held the rose
As I would a woman dear,
Within my fingers I held it tight
As I wished it would not disappear.
From the touch, sight and beauty that I knew,
When the kiss of beauty, once had blew.

I held the rose as I would a love
As I had held in memory and thought,
And then the rose I could not let go
For the same as a lover, she became my soul.
The stem became the body and the petals became the skin,
Then I held her lightly, within the wind.

The rose held me, as I had held her
The two of us had become one
Then the act of God had prevailed that day
For he commanded the wind to take the rose away.
And towards the heavens She had flew,
As though to join the love that I once had knew.

In my hand there laid a thorn
Though to remind me of the sting of death,
So upon the Earth, I then laid the thorn
So love of life could again be reborn.
I buried the thorn as you would a dream,
Knowing never again, will it be seen.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Sailor

I am not a man
Nor am I just a boy
I am the sailor
Sailing a different voyage.
I am sailing to the sun
Over the ocean deep and blue
Don't know where I am heading
Wont know when I am through.
I am sailing to the shore
To the places I have been before
Hoping just to hear
People cheer instead of fear.

I am not the truth
Nor am I just a lie
For i am the sailor
With the tears for you to cry.
I am sailing across the seas
To where I do not know
Till someone needs my needs
Calling through the snow.
I am steering the great boat
Navigating through the waves
Hoping that the truth will float
Instead of tears for me to know.

I am the only captain
Steering towards the rocks
With the waves across my brain
Pelting down like rain.
I will sail the seas forever
Till someone needs my help
Till then I pray for a lover
With needs to be felt.
I am not dead
Nor will I feel alive
Till I hear the world and you say
Never again will you cry.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Scottish Cow

They call you a cow
When you walk down the street
That doesn't make any sense to me,
As I have been to a farm once before
And cows there, I have seen.
So I would like to know why
You are called that name
And what does it really mean,
As you don't look or act like a cow
But maybe there's something, I haven't seen.
Your daughters bow their head
Whenever they are next to you
As though as they are ashamed,
Is it their fault for that name your called
If not, then who is to be blamed.
Women still point at you
And the men they still smile
Whenever that you walk by
I still don't understand the name your called,
But maybe one day, I will ask you why.
Questions come to my mind
About the word your called
Every time that you are walking past,
Like will they ever stop calling you a cow
Or will that name forever last.
As you don't moo
And you are not fat at all
And certainly your not cover up in fur,
But your called a cow on a daily bases
And to me that seems so absurd.
So when your daughters get older
Will they also be called cows
Just like you their dear old mother
Maybe that's why they are bowing their heads
They are pretending or wishing they are some other.
And the women they still point
As the men they still smile and talk
Whenever you walk that mile,
Then maybe in fact you are what you are

And maybe indeed, you are a cow.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Scottish Dance

I once had myself a Scottish Lassie
She then became my joy and pride
Then one-night she gave me Scottish ale
Then she became my Scottish bride

~We then danced around the table
We danced across the floor
We danced and danced all night long
And then we drank a little more~

She enjoyed to go out clubbing
Her family and mates I would meet
She was so exciting and loving
And when I grabbed her she said I was cheek...

I once had myself a Scottish Lassie
She was also my Scottish bride
She fed me Scottish eggs and Haggis
I got so sick I thought I had nearly died.

~So we danced around the table
We danced across the floor
We danced and danced all night long
And then we ate a little more.~

She took me out dancing
Where I would meet her friends and mates
She would drink and dance all night long
How I wished to go back to the states...

I once had myself a Scottish Lassie
She was also my Scottish wife
She told me she loved me with all of her heart
And together we would share the same life.

~So we danced around the table
We danced across the floor
We danced and danced all night long
And then we loved a little more~

I would take her out drinking
Every Friday and Saturday night
One thing she loved more than drinking or singing
My lassie she loved to argue and fight...

I once had myself a Scottish Lassie
But that was many years ago
I will always remember my Scottish Lassie
And the places that we use to go

~We would dance around the table
We would dance across the floor
We would dance and dance all night long
And then we would dance a little more~

Now I am alone and single
But her memories and thoughts I do keep
I remember the good-times and not the bad
So now I smile and I never weep

~So I dance around the table
I dance across the floor
I dance and dance all night long
And then I drink and dance a little more~

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Sea

The sea calls for all man
Though it, many try to deny
From the calling of the wind
To the seas salty cry.
From the rushing of the waves
That's pounding against the rocks,
To a boys childhood dream
Or to that sailor, somewhere lost.
The seagulls they are crying
At the tall ships as they sail
The albatross she is flying,
While awakening is the gale.

The sea calls for all man
Though many refuse to hear
But alas, I think I'll answer her
For I know that she is near.
I long for the seaman's life
To roam the world upon the ship
To sail by the sun and the stars,
Living, with the birds and fish.
Sleeping beneath the open sky
To live a life, that I know is free
So once again I think I will cry
For the sea, she calls for me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Seed

The wind carried the seed
Into the air to who knows where
Across the weeds, floated the seed
Until to rest on the earth, which laid bare.
And then cried the seed upon the rise
Someday I, I will be a tree,
Liken my brothers, who will be like me
And I will grow to touch the sky.
The seed again journeyed upon the wind
Over the grass and wooded paths
Above the trees, cousins to him
Past the flowers who were his friends.
While he dreamed someday; he too would have many limbs.
The seed finally lighted upon the ground
From where he chose, so his mighty roots would grow
God will water me and give me light, he cried
He will also destroy my enemies and help me rise,
But then arrived a bird, who ate the seed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Shameless Woman

When she was just a young Miss
She didn't have a pot into which to piss,
The clothes that she wore were all hand-me-downs
That is why now, she smiles and never frowns;
Because of her past she will quickly dismiss.

She will always quickly and rudely confess
While wearing her new shoes and a brand new dress,
That she now has more than any other
She is now a braggart to her family, especially her mother;
Her life now is to boast and to possess.

Her lifestyle never changed because of her schooling
When she went to class the lessons were hard and grueling,
But, now she buys what she wants as she daily brags
She even proudly displays her clothing price tags;
I wonder if it's only herself that she is fooling.

Now she pisses in everyone's pot
She's forgotten how she received the things that she's got,
The truth can be hidden, but it can't be buried
Her financial freedom arrived when she got married;
She never had shoes to tie, but she did tie the right knot.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Short Sword (47 Ronin)

To all read accounts and to all accord
The vendetta began with the use of one short sword,
Lord Asano was insulted because he wouldn't give a bribe
He then attacked Lord Siri with vengeance for his honor and pride.

His attack or any type of violence in Edo Castle was deplored
It was a grave offense for Lord Asano to draw a short sword,
But, Lord Asano knew that his actions would end in death
But; He would be the one, to take his last breath.

To have his reputation and his honor restored
Lord Asano was commanded to end his life with a short sword,
His retainers then knew that their lord must be avenged
Upon their pride, honor, and devotion, bushido was hinged.

For two years the ronin plotted and planned and a oath they did record
The vengeance that their lord had begun, they would end with a short sword
Through blood, honor and grief the ronin swore and signed a pack
Then the drum went, "boom, boom-boom" the ronin launched their
attack

The 47 Ronin attacked! The laws of the shogun they all ignored
They then captured Lord Siri hiding with women in a shed with a short sword,
Lord Siri refused to commit seppuku as it is said
So Oishi Kuranosuke the leader of the 47 Ronin, cut off Kira's head.

The ronin were honored, and with hope they were all adored
But, they broke the law of the shogun, they were commanded to use a short
sword,
Happily they accepted their fate as they completed their secret plan
If a samurai doesn't avenge his lord, he is lordless and not a man.

Vengeance, and not their lives was their only reward
As they placed the head of Kira at their lord's tomb, with a short sword,
A man cannot live under the same heaven or walk on the same Earth
With the enemy of his father or lord, which degrades a samurais worth.

The ronin sliced open their bellies and then they all died
As was commanded by their shogun, and also their samurai pride,

All that they sought was to avenge their master and lord,
The ronin had ended their lives and vendetta; with a short sword.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Sinners Thought

Was she worth to lose my soul
Spoke the man to himself from Hell below
As he placed his head in his hands for shame
He knew truly that he was the one to blame
And no other mans fault to where he did go.

She of course was another mans wife
Whom she had swore to GOD she'd spend her life
For better or worst until the bitter end
And no other man would she ever allow in
But then to GOD and all she lived a lie.

Was she worth for me to burn in Hell
Locked away from everyone eternity in my jail
Suffering and pain to last on forever
I wonder if she cries for me, or if she found another
And no one can hear my anguish as I wail.

She of course lied and I believed her lies
And I was so sympathetic when she did cry
But all I cared for were my own wants and needs
As that gave me the strength for me to please
But now to myself I curse myself with why.

Was she worth it when I ignored GOD
The love and warmth that all man had sought
But then his words and laws I ignored for her
Now here I am in Hell as I ignored the word
And in pain and suffering forever my soul will rot.

She was someone that I did not know
And I dreaded the days as we got old
With all the cheating and sinning and the lies
Stealing her was just the devils prize
And no she was not worth me losing my soul.

Randy L. McClave

The Sinning Me

Of the traits that might I pass down to my children or child
I hope one is not to grow up being wild,
Nor do I want them to drink or to ever smoke
I would hate for them to become a drunk, or to choke.

I would hate to think that my children did what I did
Because, my faults and addictions I would not forbid,
I would also hate to hear them to swear or to curse
Sometimes actions from deeds, you cannot ever reverse.

And when my sweet children become adults
The way that I am will become their results,
I hope that they don't ever lie or cheat or steal
And I hope unlike me, that they will have a stronger will.

I don't want my children to become hateful and mean
From what I have done or from what I have seen,
In my life I have done many bad and shameless things
From smoking and drinking and cursing and flings.

I hope that my children never do take drugs
And I hope that they are not bullies or antagonists or thugs,
When I think of the many things that I have already done
I wished that I had walked away, or better yet, did run.

I would hate to think that many years from now
That from my bad choices, immorality my children did allow,
I would then also hate to look upon my family tree
Then to see that my children, had become me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Sister's Jayne

When I went to high school for my secondary education
I was nervous and I was scared and I was also full of hope and anticipation,
I was afraid of no one, especially bullies, so I proudly sat on the bleachers
But, what really terrified me, was the knowledge known by the teachers.

It has been over thirty years since I had graduated from high-school
But, at times I still feel ignorant and sometimes I still am that fool,
I still remember that first day and the gossip and the rumors and the pain
That was inflicted upon the new students, by two teachers, the sister's Jayne.

Singularly and together they taught both English and mathematics
Which had opened my soul and my brain and gave my life its schematics,
Because of them I don't need to count on my fingers or my toes
They taught me how to understand, and also to enjoy poems and write prose.

I believed that they were terrifying, but that was before I took their classes
They were committed and stern and caring; maybe that is why they wore
glasses,
With their help along with other teachers, from high-school I finally graduated
Now my words and my future they are now easily read and calculated.

Knowledge it is a gift, it is the opening of the soul and the mind
Without learning from our teachers we all would be scared, and frightened and
blind,
I still see the sisters together, one pushes a buggy and the other carries a cane
They still can inflict their knowledge and their damage; they are the sister's
Jayne.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Soldier

Until the last drops of my blood
That falls onto the earth and becomes a mud
Upon that same earth others will tread
Then they will walk upon the blood that I bled.

A soldier I am from the blood that I bleed
It is my honor and my pride and also my creed
To defend and protect this one great nation
From enemies and foes and sadly not taxation.

I will fight and protect to my last breath
I will give my sweat and pain and also my death
My honor is for freedom and for democracy
I stand for the people and not for bureaucracy.

My allegiance and my oath is to my country
I was trained and taught to fight for the free
For the weak and the oppressed I will defend their right
If you take away freedom, I am ready to fight.

As a soldier I will be remembered until the day I die
In the ground with my flag I will gladly lie
And when Gabrielle blows his horn from God's golden arch
Like all soldiers I will proudly stand up, and March.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Soul Escapes

In any year, or in any month, or on any day
In one hour, or one minute, or just one second,
On that very moment, the soul will slip away
So, what do we do, do we wait or do we pray;
The soul will finally vacate its tenement
And all that will be left will be just an empty pod
A pod maybe with beautiful texture which brought excitement
Or jealousy, which is a shallow person's blueprint;
So, what do we say, but just say farewell
To the beautiful teeth and hair and a maintained body
A decorated prison or an empty vessel, it's still a shell
But, now without a soul, so do we buy, or do we sell;
Some people live on their vanity and their pride
While others care only about decorations and packaging,
In the end the body is displayed and then all is justified
As the soul escapes, from its imprisonment inside.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Sperm

From instinct and desire I swam
Obstacles and competition I fought,
To give up or to surrender I knew not
Just to become who that I now am.
Against me there were enormous odds
That wanted to arrive there first,
But, it was I who arrived with a burst
I won a victory against many shooting rods.
Of course there were many other males
Who anxiously cheered their fluids on,
But, I was already the chosen spawn
And sometimes only time unveils.
I was designed with a purpose and a plan
And I knew as of the others of the plot,
So, I raced as quickly as I was shot
Then soon, I help create a man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Stalker

He goes out of his way by both leaps and bounds,
He always checks up on me when he makes his rounds,
As though to prove a point to himself and to my ex-wife,
That without her anymore, I no longer have a life.

He spies around my corner and drives past my home,
Is he still checking to see if I am there or if I am all alone?
He peeps into my window to see inside my house,
Is he still jealous because I let him keep my spouse.

He call's my home and when I answer he hangs up,
He doesn't even say "hello" or "hi" or even "what's
up! "
He then asks everyone that he knows, if they know me,
He is full of hate and anger and also there is jealousy.

He calls my office at work and tries to get me fired,
Because he has no job, he cannot ever get hired,
He rants and he raves all he is a loud mouth and a talker,
But, I get to know him as my own personal stalker.

He chased and stalked my wife day after day,
Now they are together, and I hope with each other they will stay,
Now I am a free man, my ex-wife she was easily replaced,
So stop driving pass my house, your time and efforts are a waste.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Storm

The clouds turned to gray
The air turned to cold
And I knew by that day
Some evil would unfold.
It arrived without a warning
Along with the pounding rain
And it was gone by the morning
As violently as it came.
But for that night I lived in terror
That night I lived in fright
With every sound I heard
With every flash of light.
Violently came the wind
Terrorizing with no form
Then came the thunder and lightning,
Arriving, was the storm.
Many trees I saw bent
Then God clapped his mighty hand
While many trees were refusing to fall,
But then, a tree didn't stand.
Rushing came the wind
Pounding came the rain
Crashing came the thunder
Quickly, came my pain.
Underneath my bed I hid
From the terror of the storm
And in pain and terror I cried
In horror and pain I moaned.
That night I lived in terror
That night I lived in fright
With every sound I heard
With every flash of light.
And the rain just kept falling
More tears I began to weep
For the wind just kept calling,
Then that night; I fell asleep.
Then morning she finally came
I awoke to the sound of peace and birds
The sound of thunder and rain was gone

Which had awoke my sleeping world.
Then outside towards the sky I stared,
To the clouds God he did call
I saw Gods hand moving the wind
Commanding the rain not to fall.
Then the sun began to shine
So on my knees I fell to pray
Then again, I began to cry
Thanking God; the storm had went away.

Randy McClave

The Sty In Your Eye

Look into your eye, do you see that sty
As I have seen it many times before
Though you said it was not there,
But in your mirror you still stare,
So once again that sty you ignore.
When you are walking, and of course talking
About every person in your life
Tell me do you ever see it,
And from the discomfort do you feel it
That sty that's in your eye.

What do you see, and what do you believe
When someone has it worse than you
Do you point out their imperfection
And say that they need a correction
Tell me what do you think and do.
You always judge, and hold onto a grudge
And live it with unhappiness and a lie
As though you're not happy with your life
So you ridicule others with strife
So you forget about the sty that's in your eye.

You falsely accuse, and you use and abuse
With a glimmer and a joke and a smile
You point out another person's fault
And that persecution from you will not halt
As you do it with anger and hate and vile.
You've seen the mistakes, that others make
And you'll remember them till the day you die
But until the moment from life you leave
Other person's failings you will always see
Wished you could see the sty in your own eye.

Randy McClave

The Taxidermist

Chico is the taxidermist
He goes to work with moonshine in his thermos,
Animals he has always enjoyed to mount
But, how many has he done, he's lost count.
He lives in the backwoods of Greenup County
Where he can easily find partners for his bounty,
So, as in love he searches for his next prey
A creature that flies or has four legs is always okay.
His parents had said that he would never amount to much
Animals and not his books is all that he wanted to touch,
Into the woods he would go for his adventures and twirls
While his buddies were studying, and dating girls.
Not getting promoted in school he always feared
Maybe that is why one day he forgot to shave his beard,
Unexpectedly though he was promoted from third grade to fourth
Not bad for a man in his twenty's, wrote his family up north.
After graduation he got married and he worked in a mill
But, he still chased raccoons and opossums while making steel,
Life had made him somewhat confused, but very rough
So, now lonely animals he enjoys to stuff.
Some say that we become our environment and our pets
That is why now Chico gives his captured creatures cigarettes,
He now answers a "Yes" with only a "Baa"
And he will always answer a "No" with a strict "Caw".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Three Roberts Of Caledonia

Oh fair Caledonia named by Rome
Oh fair Caledonia the true poet's home,
Where the muses inspire along the countryside
With honor and reverence, it is their destiny and pride,
The Highlands is the home and the birthplace of those muses
Which inspire and they gift to the ones who chooses,
The poet has the power of imagination and the expression
He rhymes his beliefs and answers to every thought and question,
Birth first to the poet and the satiric and the harlequin
Caledonia let us greet your son, the poet Robert Fergusson,
He wrote to us all about his 'Auld Reekie' and his own 'Daft
Days';
Let's give him our honor and let's give him our praise,
We now look upon Edinburgh of old and that Christmas season
Time then clicks back in thought, of his memories for a reason,
Oh Caledonia where romance and love now yearns
Now she gives us the birth to the poet Robert Burns,
Known to the people as Rabbie and the plowman's bard
He will now always be a part of the avant-guard,
He gave us a mouse and a red, red rose
Forever in the mind of men we will remember that prose,
Like his spiritual brother Fergusson, Burns left us to soon
Lost forever will be that aspiration and feelings and a forgotten tune,
The poets are now dead and gone, so Caledonia sadly wept
Now the muses have disappeared and in a deep sleep they slept,
The snow came and gone along with the sunshine and the rain
Then came the poet and author, Robert Louis Stevenson by name,
He revived Caledonia from the gift of poetry from the muse
He wrote and believed as he walked in the forgotten poet's shoes,
The Roberts of Caledonia they will always be revered
We now look around us they have died, but they have not disappeared,
Sweet Caledonia we raise our voices in boast
Sweet Caledonia we raise our glasses to the Three Roberts in a toast.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Tombstone (In Dalkeith)

His Tombstone, it still haunts me
Even though I don't know who he was,
I found it while visiting a foreign country
I first wondered why he was there, maybe just because.
He was originally born In my state and my county
But, that was over two hundred years before I was born,
Why did he leave our land and state of bounty
To go live and then to die, and have no one to mourn.
I wonder if his spirit walks the graveyard alone
As he searches for a familiar landmark or face,
Out of loneliness, I wonder does he moan
Does he ever miss his country, his true birthplace.
I also wondered why did he leave our America
To go live and then to die, but not in his parent's land,
It wasn't because of a war, but was it for an Erica
Maybe he gave a woman his being, and a wedding band.
Or perhaps he left our country because of persecution
Or did he leave it because of love and desire,
Maybe finding a new home was his only solution
Or maybe he left, just to rest and then to retire.
I often wondered when he had left his family
Did they each think that soon he would be returning home,
Wishing that one day that he would arrive, finally
Then become the settler who gives up the roam.
One day I promise that I will visit him once again
As one countryman must always visit the grave of another,
But, to be honest, I just don't know when
Maybe with my family, and we will arrive just like a souther.
I still remember reading his headstone inscription
All it showed was the date he was born and the date he died,
Of his life and accomplishments there was no description
His existence and living and adventures had been denied.
I guess no-one knows why that he left
Or in his new home what was his life or his enterprise,
At his grave I then gave him a short bereft
I then wondered, were there ever tears in anyone's eyes.

Randy L. McClave

The Toothache

There is a pain that is attacking my brain
With agony throbbing and torment,
It brings tears to my eye, I sit and cry
As my pain becomes ever more frequent,
I cannot sleep so instead I weep
While I try to find solitude and peace,
But it never arrives and not to my surprise
So my pain and agony it will not cease,
With my every breath, I wish for my death
Which is not an exaggeration, but the truth,
All because of an infection from my rejection
I should have been more caring in my youth,
When my heart does beat, or when I eat
I then learn more of excruciating pain
I begin to moan and then I let out a groan
Now I feel like that I am going insane
Every moment that I am awake, I feel the ache
Though to curse me of my past when I was uncouth,
Now I must pay the price, pain is my sacrifice
All because of my decaying rotting little tooth.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Trees

The tree is happy because it does stand
With its root planted deeply into the earth's sand,
To the heavens it will rise, as though claiming a prize;
Then upon its limbs weary birds will land.

The tree becomes shelter and it also gives rest
For nature to sleep and also to build their nest,
Birds end their search, when they find a home to perch;
Wherever there is a tree, there is another quest.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Unknown Soldier

The unknown soldier rests in his tomb
Surrounded with honor, and sadness, and gloom,
He was his country's proud and the brave
Now he forever rests nameless in his grave,
When visitors arrive they only ask, "Whom?"

His medals are not displayed in his room
His life and his valor they can only assume,
Above his burial site the flag will always wave.
The unknown soldier rests.

His life and his history it will never resume
While birds still fly, and flowers still bloom,
Some gave so little, compared to what he bravely gave
Who knows what freedoms that he did crave;
While the bullets still fire, and the bombs still boom.
The unknown soldier rests.

Randy L McClave

Randy McClave

The Vacation

I took myself a vacation,
Though some say it was a holiday
As I needed to reduce my stress and worries
So I decided I needed and had to get away,
I wanted to go to somewhere different
A place just to rest and also relax
And to enjoy the scenery and its culture
And then maybe not even coming back,
Eagerly I packed up all of my clothes
Then I took all of my money to my last penny
I was so excited to leave my home
And go faraway where no one knows of me,
So I bought myself two tickets
Packed my luggage and I took my son
With no worries or regrets in front of me
I was just looking for happiness and also fun,
The journey it was long and tedious
The lines they were slow and also crowded
I guess I wasn't the only person who needed to escape
To others my mind must have been clouded,
Some were leaving from where I came from
While others were arriving to where I was leaving
More were traveling where I was heading
We all seemed to be interweaving,
I finally made it to my destination
I was relieved as I waited for my vacation to start
With no work or friends or relatives to worry about
Happy I was when I did depart,
Then the first night it came and went
And then in the middle of the very next day
I wished that I had stayed at home
And now I regret that I had gone away.

Randy McClave

The Voice I Hear

I go to bed with both sadness and fear
Who will be the next voice that I will hear
Will it will be the gentle voice of someone I know
To greet me with a 'hi' or even a 'hello'
Or will it be the voice of someone I did wrong
Telling me of my errors that made me strong
Yelling and cursing me will that be the voice
If only that I could decide, if I had that choice.

I lie in my bed and in my eye there lies a tear
As I wonder who will be the next voice that I hear
Will it be a family member with sad news to tell
Or maybe it will be someone just to wish me well
Maybe it will be my doctor with news about my test
Or maybe it will be my boss telling me, I should rest
I wonder whose voice to me is the next to speak
Will it make me sad and cry or will it make me weak.

I try to sleep, but my worries will not disappear
As I think who will be the next voice that I will hear
Will it be that of a man or woman or maybe a child
Maybe it will be in a dream and maybe I will be beguiled
So many I have hurt and used without pity or shame
I am so terrified to hear the next voice to call my name
But then I think with guilt what would be odd
If the next voice that I heard, if it belonged to GOD.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Vow

Why should a man take a vow
Just to take a woman and marry her now
Why should he wed, when he easily could of fled
Should he buy the milk if he already has the cow.

Why should a man ever promise his life
With the stipulation that a woman becomes his wife
As the two will become one, from sunset to dawn
Why would any man accept that strife.

Why must a man wed just to be merry
As he takes the woman's worries along to carry
By taking that mate, which she swore is his fate
Then someday one of their lives they will have to bury.

Why should a man ultimately give up his way
How he lives his life or how he spends his pay
By changing his living, and accepting new grieving
For that man I feel sorrow, and for him I will pray.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Wake

I give you my condolences for your sad loss
So, I bring you my sympathy and also a cake,
I will pray for your loved one upon my cross
As we today celebrate their life, with this wake.
As they lie dead we friends and family will keep a vigil
To the loss of the one who affected us all as a whole,
Until they are buried we will keep this ritual
With the viewing and the mourning for their body and soul.
Let's share the food and their fond, fond memories
As life and death they are just a lonely numeral,
Remember in death we know of peace and we hold no enemies
Let's count our blessings and the loved and lost ones at the funeral.
As we gather together for the wake inside their home
We will keep watch of our loved ones until they are laid to rest,
No soul living or dead wants to be ever left alone
So, now we celebrate this wake, were we feel happy and blessed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Wall

I shall beat my head against the wall
Until the moment that I die.
Or until the wall does fall
Then beside it I will sit and cry.
Then on another wall I must beat my head,
Until I just cant stand the pain
Then you will understand what I have said
My loss; will be your gain.
And on that wall will be my blood
And there it will always stay,
Mixed with the stone it will be the mud
And like my pain it wont wash away.
I will pound my head against the wall
Until the moment that I am dead
And only then, will I stand tall
Because then will my anguish will be fed.
As I hold no sorrows or remorse
So much pain that I will release
As this is my only course
And only you this action will it please.

I will pound my head against the wall
Until the moment that I am dead
And from the wall my blood will fall
In remembrance of the words I have said.
Then the world will know that I died that day
As my soul will be all that will be left
And in your mind to GOD you will here me pray,
As my destiny, has then been set.
I will pound my head against this wall
Don't you know that I am dying
Then one day, this time you will recall
As you will know that I never was lying.
My blood will be kept on this old stone wall
And there for you it will always stay
And only then will this man stand tall
Because then you will understand what I did say.
Now only GOD can hear what I am crying
From the actions that I did or even say

Upon this wall please know I was only trying
But until then, it will remind you of myself everyday.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Wandering Jew

Cartaphilus, they say was his name
Through betraying was his fame,
And what did this lucid man really do
To be known forever as the Wandering Jew.

Some say that he was a simple shoemaker
While others say a guard or a doorman or a toll taker,
But, a prisoner he hit and then spat on his face;
(He saw the prisoner as a disgrace) .

Through pain and desire he enjoyed to coerce
So, upon him there was placed an eternal curse,
He would forever scavenge and he would never reap
And never would he stop, or even have a restful sleep.

Cain, the son of Adam was issued a similar penalty
When he went against God and from shame he did flee,
And like Cain, Cartaphilus must alone journey this Earth
Always knowing of death, and also knowing of birth.

There will be some that are standing here
Which shall not know the taste of death, but only fear,
Then that fear and guilt they shall all overcome
When they see the son of man coming into his kingdom.

Cartaphilus, struck with his fist and not a rod
A prisoner, who was also a Jew, and the son of God,
So, from what he did, and not from what he knew;
He will always be known as the Wandering Jew.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Way See Dresses

She looks really classy in her shirt,
And she really impresses in her dresses,
She has great ideals wearing her high-heels
And she is always glamours in her skirt.

She is calm and collective she never rants
There is no doom while scenting her perfume,
She is brilliant in designer clothes, and her nylon hose
But, she is just as impressive in her sweat pants.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Weirdo

As he happily walks down the street
Clapping his hands and shuffling his feet,
Smiling at the people as they walk by
While nodding his head and telling them hi.
Many people laugh and call him a name
So he turns around and walks away in shame,
He knows that he is different and his mind is slow
But why he asks himself, 'am I such a weirdo'.

He meets a pretty woman so he tries to flirt
She laughs at him and gives him more pain to hurt,
She tells him there is something wrong with him
And that he is odd and different than other men.
So he gives her a flower and he sadly walks home
As that is his only solitude when he is alone,
He wonders why she enjoy giving him pain and woe
Then he hates himself; for being such a weirdo.

He dreams nightly that he is like everyone else
But then when he awakes he knows he is himself,
He looks in his mirror and notices what he sees
A very good person that enjoys being happy.
He lives that life until the day that he dies
Never hurts or uses anyone or lived by lies,
God looks and judges that very mans soul
He then says to him, 'son you were never a weirdo'.

RANDY L. McCLAVE

Randy McClave

The Whisper

As my heart was full of worries
And my soul was full of revenge
Everywhere I looked I saw lies and hatred
And from that road, I could see no end.
My life and happiness was vanishing
As all I cared about was hate and fear,
I knew not any other course to take
But then suddenly, GOD whispered into my ear.
He said vengeance is mine so said the Lord
And forgiveness was mine to give
I was told to enjoy the life I was living,
And let others see the life that I do live.
The troubles I have, they were all man made
GOD said that to me as He spoke
And a peaceful mind, is a peaceful soul
And in Heaven someday, I will be known.
Then to me GOD, He spoke no more
Then to the Heavens I prayed and I smiled
What GOD told me I truly needed then
I was happy, as I was a new born child.
Now when I hear the lies or see the anger
I'll remember the time my soul almost disappeared
When I gave up love, as it had given up on me
But then GOD; He whispered into my ear.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Whore

On your knees,
I would like you please
As you have been many times before,
I do not want you as a wife
But, only a girlfriend for the night
As tonight I want you to be my whore.
I want you to excite me,
Not to reject or deny me
As you bring pleasure to me and my soul,
Though you may not be a lady
And there will never be a maybe,
But, tonight I want you to be my whore.
Your body is such a masterpiece
Upon it which my eyes would feast
To give you all, and that much more,
And then while you are thinking ahead
Your heart is nourished and your soul is fed
Tonight please, I want you as my whore.
I remember you lying on your back
Tell me too, do you also remember that
And also the times you have begged for more.
So badly you want any man to please
And all the times all men you would tease
How badly we all wanted you as our whore.
I did love your sexy smile
And your looks and lips they drove me wild
How badly you I truly needed, I'd implore,
I promise I will please you all night long
As your pleasure and needs will keep going on
But, only if you will be my whore.
From another belief you had came
Where you were known by a different name
Sometimes a tart, a slapper, and also a whore,
But, you never did really care
What people did say either here or there
As long as you had an opened door.
How many men would of said, "I Do"
And how many men have said they loved you too
So, only from you they could get that much more,

They never did want you for their wife
Not even for a girlfriend for a night
All they wanted, was you to be their whore.
You know you will always be my friend
Until the very bitter end
Whether in love or hate, peace or war,
But, once again this I will and must say
And to this I sadly and silently will pray
I truly do need you again to be my whore.
On your lower back you have your tramp tat
So all men will remember your format
When another night with you their little whore.
You don't like to have just one man
To stay with forever and take your hand,
So, that's why your pride will always be so poor.

As I think to years from now
When worlds and lives come crumbling down
And what was lost, will then be restored,
You and everyone will then remember the time
When you gave up your dignity, soul and pride
And you will always be remembered only as a whore.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Wife

Who always stands beside you,
Whether you be right or wrong
To give you the moral support needed
And helps you get your life moving along.

Who loves you for who you are
And is there for you each and every day
Whom you can tell your hopes and secrets to
And you know that they will never be given away

Who doesn't care where you are in life
And who is loyal till the day that they die
Who tells you that you are the only man for them
And to you, they could never cheat or lie.

Who is honest to you, to their core
Who can turn your house into a home
And whether you are separated by miles or countries
You know that you are never alone.

Who wears your rings on their finger
Prouder than any medals or badges worn
And proudly they flash them to deter all suitors
As they love the vow, to you they have sworn.

Who needs to always put you first
And your always place on top of their list
Who greets you every time they see you with a smile,
And also with a a tender loving kiss.

And the only man they ever put in front of you
Is GOD, who watches you from Heaven above
As he is the one who joined your souls together
And you payment to him is your eternal love.

So who makes your life worth living
And who gives living to your life
And the answers to all these questions my friend,
It Is mate, your partner, its your wife.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Wind

I felt the blowing of the wind
As it entered my breadth from deep within
It entered my soul, and then wouldn't let go
It is the wind, from whence life begins.

The Wind she is know by boy and man
And whomever sits, or walks or stands
For the wind is known, when she has blown
And when she does not, the world it moans.

The Wind, she is my friend
As a boy journeys through the world of man
She strengthens the soul, when she has blown
So onto her breadth, I will forever hold.

The name of the wind, I will call it Kim
As she enters my breadth from deep within
She surrounds my soul, and will not let go
Kim, is the name of the wind.

The wind is a woman dear
As beautiful as the stars painted in the sky
And when she sends her kiss, Men then wish
And the boys just kneel down to cry.

The Wind she is my breeze I do believe
From the steps I walk to the air I breathe
And when she touches my face, my sorrows are erased
For she is the wind, and the wind, she is my breeze.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Wind Of Justice

The wind must not remain silent
It must not go silently past,
It must become a storm, a tornado
For many days it must last.
It must be seen and it must be heard
The wind must thunder and roar,
People must be filled with worries and fear
With the rattling of every window and door.
Trees, must be uprooted
Rain must fall hard upon the ground,
Everyone should be worried and scared
When they hear the wind's sound.
When an injustice has occurred
Before Mother Nature's fury does descend,
We must become one force
We must all, become the wind.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Window Washer

I saw her outside washing windows
Then I knew that she couldn't be my ex,
As she was wearing old tattered clothes
And washing windows, my wife was always vexed.
She never did want to do any housework
Which included washing and cleaning, and cooking,
I guess her thoughts of being a wife was just a perk
Being a spouse was for her children, and the looking.
Though she always enjoyed to smoke and drink,
And also to tell a lie or two,
Past memories of her I try to remember, so I think;
Oh yes, other men she also enjoyed to screw.
But, my friends swore to me that it was my ex-wife
Who just moved a couple blocks away from my house,
I was hoping that forever she was out of my life
Maybe my hatred again she is trying to rouse.
But, then I am looking at this woman from her backside
So, I cannot see her and then formulate a face,
Was this the same woman that was once my bride
If she'd turned around would I see sin, sadness and disgrace.
Though this woman that I see has a much larger ass,
And my ex was a brunette, this woman is a blond,
My ex was also thin and also once was a Bonnie lass,
To which at one time her soul and mine did bond.
Maybe it being her is just a rumor and a neighborhood myth
As I now see a stranger coming out of her front door,
He wasn't one of the men that my ex had cheated on me with
So, she couldn't be my ex, the woman that we all called whore.
Now she has finished washing her windows
Then up my skin I suddenly feel an intense burr,
Caused by shock and sadness and memories I suppose
Sadly, I noticed then that window washer and my ex are her.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The Wink

It might of been created by a liar or a thief
So people will be confused by a thought or a belief
And at that moment of time when you will stop and think
You will not realize you've been tricked, as there will be a wink,
You might think all is alright and that is acceptable
As you wont see what truly is perceptible,
And if you are with that friend and they offer you a drink
Be careful before you drink it, and watch out for that wink.

It might of been created when someone was looking for the truth
Or maybe they were curious, or maybe they were a sleuth
But when they are close to an answer you will notice their eye
Then you will see that wink, now you won't care about why,
You are happy and pleased as now you will walk away
But what was the truth, as not a word did they say,
When people tell you all is alright, but your life is at its brink
Be ever so careful, and watch out for that wink.

It might of been created by a spouse or a cheater
But we know it wasn't created by either Paul or Peter
When the truth is asked for, it is told without a blink
So we must be ever so weary of that devilish wink
In the history of time it as been used to trick and confuse
And also to confirm a lie, and also to amuse,
Remember the devil signs his contracts in blood and ink
So in life be ever so careful, and watch out for that wink.

Randy McClave

The Working Man

Close your eyes my weary one
Rest your head and sleep
Although your day is done
Tomorrow, you might sit and weep.
Because outside your window,
There stand many barren trees
Looking like the empty hopes,
With the leaves, dying like dreams.
I have live many years
Seen and shed many tears,
With bloody hands and busted bones,
And I have heard, that painful moan.
So rest your head my tired Man
And close your eyes and cry,
Because many families I have seen fed,
When only the Fathers had died.
And I have seen the working man
Working hard with other men at their side,
While fighting to protect and defend what they own
With only GOD, upon their side.

So close you're eyes a father
Clasp your hands together and pray,
Pray for your wife and for your Children
And pray to greet them another day.
As we have fought the battles
To put our country back on her feet
But now again, we are forsaken
So close your eyes, and weep.
But then their is your Family
And the home where you do live,
Be proud you were there when tomorrow came
And many will be proud, that you had lived.
Open your eyes my weary one
Stand up and clap your hand
Be proud of what that you have built
But be prouder because you are a working Man.
So give a laugh and and then give a cheer
For together once again we made our stand,

And forget about your worries and your fears
Because GOD does not forsake, a working Man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

The World Inherited

They say that the world will be inherited by the meek
So, decency and kindness and peace many will seek,
We now hear of bigotry and wealth by our elitist leaders
Then from the swamps, they beckon the bottom feeders,
While our leaders are screaming with a different plan
As dollar bills and wealth have replaced the beliefs of man,
We will be known as the ignorant, the used and the seedy
When the world is destroyed, by the stupid and the greedy.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

There Stands A Woman

Behind every great man there stands a woman
I have heard that time after time before
Standing behind him and keeping him strong
There is a woman who is opening life's door.
Though I myself am not a great man
And a great man I might not ever be
But in my soul and mind I feel like a great man
As you are there always standing behind me.
When I fall you are there to catch me
Or you will pick me up when I hit the ground
You make me happier than I can ever speak
And because of you, you make me heaven bound.
You are behind me to fix my hair or straiten my tie
When I leave the house each and everyday
You give me the confidence to keep me believing
As without you, inside our home I would stay.
When I make a mistake you tell me not to worry
And when I cry you are there to wipe away my tears
You are there to listen to my worries and my problems
And you are there to help me fight my own fears.
You give me the support when others would reject me
And the hope I need when I am not sure of myself
You are there with the uplifting words to move me along
You are my riches, and you are my wealth.
Behind every great man there stands a woman
I don't know if that statement happens to be true,
But whenever that I look into my mirror,
Behind me; there is always standing you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

These Walls

If these walls could talk,
I wonder what what would they say
Would they thank me for being painted
Or will they ask me, to wash the paint away.
Would they tell me of the pictures
That once hung upon them their
Pictures that once adorn those walls
Or I wonder would they even care.
Would they speak upon the stories
That was heard within these walls
That no one else even knows about,
That is if the stories these walls could recall.
Was there children laughter all about
Or any secrets heard and being told
I wonder what have they listened to
And I wonder if anyone will ever know.
These walls inside this house
That for years have stood alone
With the stories that was told and heard
While this house had become a home.
The Sadness that they might had seen
And the worries and sorrow that they felt
Maybe they don't want to remember it at all
And maybe they too keep it bottled upon their self.
Were they painted to cover up secrets
Was they battered as to protect someone's lies
Or were they wallpapered to cover up the truth
And did they hear the whispers and the cries.
These walls they are still standing
Through the years of the days and nights
While listening and knowing all done and said
In the darkness and also in the light.
I look at these walls just one last time
As I head home from my walk,
How I wish I knew what they heard and know,
But that is, if these walls could only talk.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

They All Now Lie Dead

There lies the dead upon the battlefield
But, what did their ultimate sacrifice yield,
What accomplishment was led;
As they all now lie dead.

What footnote in history did they gain
From their blood and their pain,
When their deeds by politicians will be read;
As they all now lie dead.

Everyone of them had suffered and died
When "WAR"! by their leader was furiously cried,
So, they all agonized and bled;
As they all now lie dead.

Almost as a recruiting ploy
The benefits promised them they can never enjoy,
Their fighting they did not ever dread;
As they all now lie dead.

They had the pride and the honor to serve
Their patriotism did not swerve,
Their living was hung only by a thread;
As they all now lie dead.

When they are buried deep into the ground
I wonder the whispers and the sound,
"I wished that they all had fled! "
As they all now lie dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

They Lie

They lie:

The woman who says that she will love you forever
But, then she quickly leaves you for another,
Then out of sadness and confusion from your bride
You wondered why she made those wedding vows, she had lied.
The only woman you can trust, is now your mother.

They lie:

The man who says while holding a sign
That he will work for food, but what he wants is beer or wine,
Then when you offer him a job, he will run and hide
You will feel hurt and used, to you he had lied.
To help others now you will forever resign.

They Lie:

The people who tell you that they need you as a consort
But, they only need and want you only for your help and support,
But, when you need their help they cannot be found
To honor or pride they are not ever bound.
To your belief's and hopes they had fallen short.

They lie:

When the doctors say they will do the best for your health
You are just tired and worried and you have no wealth,
Then your soul looks down upon your body, you had died
You thought they were your salvation, they had lied.
Now you are gone, and your existence has gone stealth.

They Lie:

The politician's who says they will help you for your vote
Then you find out you are just another scapegoat,
But, you still have your honor and also your pride
You will never vote for them again, to you they had lied.
And now they ignore your needs, and at you they gloat.

They Lie:

The liars who know how to use and recruit
With their souls so ugly, but their pretense so believing and cute,
Then when you understand that their dishonesty is their guide

You feel hurt and taken advantage of because they had lied
And it all began when Eve gave Adam that forbidden fruit.

They Lie:

The wealthy who profits off of the needy and or a war
The politicians who plead and cry while hiding behind a locked door,
But, very soon their worlds they will collide
GOD will judge them one and all, knowing they had lied.
And to lie..... They will do that not anymore.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

They Still Call

They still call my house everyday
Even when they don't have anything to say,
My brother calls our mom to give her the weather from somewhere
Then my sister calls our mom as she might color her hair,
And sometimes it's from charities, so it is now they.

The phone bill of mine I want to refuse to pay
Sometimes when the phone is ringing, I just walk away,
Communication by phone alone I do not care.
They still call.

Why can't they just come to my door and say, "Hey"
But, "No" it is to the phone that they must always obey,
I have unplugged it and I have ignore it and I have cursed it there
Then I tell everyone how I hate it, both in comments and prayer,
I scream that because of it I am a victim and mom is its prey.
They still call.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Thief

I shook my head and I grind my teeth
As I stood in horror and also disbelief
My property was stolen, my eyes were swollen
As in my house came and gone was a thief.
They took and stole what was not theirs to own
To their actions and deeds they must condone
They gave no reason, for their sin and treason
But one day soon to these crimes they will atone.
My house to them become their private store
They came through the window and left through the door
They went through my house, as quite as a mouse
But when they left my home it was in an uproar.
I wondered to myself why did they steal from me
What I owned and had was my own property
Questions to my mind, kept my soul in a bind
Why this and why that I kept thinking constantly.
I took deep breaths to bring upon myself relief
Then the solitude came but it was only brief
I clinched a fist, and then my wall I did hit
Then I shouted there is nothing worse than a thief.

Randy McClave

Thief In The Night

She came and gone like a thief in the night
Though she wasn't a stranger she was my wife
She robbed and stole and then broke my heart
If only I knew how she really was from the start.
She came in my life so many years ago
At the junction of my life when I needed to grow
As I had searched the world and she I did find
Happy I had thought that we shared the same mind.
Then I found out she was pretty face with an evil soul
But sad to find out in truth that, that others also did know
She had used and cheated and lied in her past
And now I am not first and I know I will not be the last.
Now she has taken another victim by the hand
I wonder how long he will be used until he will understand
But then he too is also a liar a coward and a thief
And sad to say his parents are the same as I do see.
He has the little man syndrome as I have been told
So onto a taller person he wishes upon to hold
With not many hairs on his head so he stands ashamed
So he keeps his head covered as though it is too rain.
They don't believe in GOD so they mock him every day
From the way they act to the lies that they say
And what kind of an examples are they to their daughters
GOD knows she isn't a good mother and he is no father.
Now I think of all the life's that she has affected
And also the many souls she has ruined and corrupted
Leading them all down an evil and sinful path
I wonder if ever she hears the devil himself laugh.
And years from now when all will look back at this time
In part of their destruction they will see that fine line
It will be remembered and talked about and held in their sight
As it all began when she came and gone like a thief in the night.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Think

Dream not of today but think of tomorrow
Think only of happiness and not of sorrow
Think not of now but think also of then
Dream not of losses but think of a win.
Think not of tears but think only of joy
Think not of loosing but think of glory
Think not of dying but think of living
Dream not of wanting dream of giving.
Think not of fighting think first by talking
Think not of running think about walking
Think not of begging think of earning
Dream not of quitting think of learning.
Think not of lies think only of the truth
Think not of rumors search instead for proof
Think not of taking and think not of using
Dream of your deeds let that be your choosing.
Think not of hate think of hope and love
Think not of cheating and think not of lust
Think not only of yourself think about others
Dream of our world we all are sisters and brothers.
Think not of stealing think of buying
Think not of giving up think first by trying
Think from your soul think not by instinct
Dream first or dream last, but always think.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Think Of Me

When you come by to think of me
Please, for me do not weep,
Because I am no longer there;
All you see now is a shell
Where my soul once did dwell,
So please because of me do not stare.
When they place me into this Earth
And cover me up with her dirt,
Please, do not shed another tear;
Because I have gone on
Like the wind and the dawn,
So, I am no longer here.
But, please always remember my laugh
And also remember my smile,
But, mostly remember my soul;
Because that is what made myself, me
It gave me life and made me free,
It was what everyone truly did know.
If you ever come by
Just to visit me once again,
Or if you are passing and just want to say, "Hi";
Do not look at the ground
Because there I will not be found,
Instead look up towards the clouds in the sky.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Thirty-Third Blow

It will take one blow to break a board
And it will take two blows to drive a nail
It will take four blows to knockdown a wall
And it takes more than five blows for a tree to fell.

I will not be taken down with just one blow
That last blow will be the one that I preferred
When we all die, as dying will be a must
I probably will be taken down by the thirty-third.

It took two blows to break my arm
And it took four blows to break my leg
It took nine blows to break my spirit
But, from that pain and agony I did not beg.

Those blows that I take only I will feel
As I have already received the first ten blows
And when I receive my life's final strike
When and where that blow comes from, only GOD knows.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

This Isn't America, Anymore

This isn't America, anymore

When I saw "You Are Not Welcome" posted on a door,
Because of your belief you are not greeted
And if you are interracial you are not seated,
Then I read "Do Not Enter" on a store.

Freedom for all was fought for in a war
Liberty and justice we wanted to restore,
Now like criminals many are treated.
This isn't America.

Hide the "Bill Of Rights" in your drawer
Call Lady Liberty a lying whore,
Freedom cannot and must not be defeated
History must not ever be repeated,
Freedom and justice for all our forefathers swore.
This isn't America.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

This One Man

Some say they know me, but do they really,
Does anyone know the makeup of this one man;
Some see me as serious, while some see me as silly
Then some see me as "I can't" while others as "I can".
But then not knowing me might be someones lost
As a journey without adventure is an unexpected cost.

I have walked the footsteps that other men have walked,
And I am proud of my achievements and all I have done;
My devotion and fidelity in GOD'S book will be chalked
As from no one person or situation did I ever run.
I am the best friend that anyone could ever know
And any-ones worse enemy if we'd go toe to toe.

Does anyone truly know me, I would say not,
Unless they have lived the same life that I still live;
Could they survive the battles that I had fought
I doubt it, as my life is a war, and my soul is combative.
My life is honor and pride, morality and virtue I do proclaim
And not for guilt or regret, or for wrongdoing or shame.

I am afraid of no man, but many men are afraid of me,
Maybe because I don't cheat, and I never betray;
Once I was blinded and foolish, but now I do see
The laws of GOD and my soul, I will always obey.
If you haven't been involved in every step of my lifespan
You truly don't understand the beliefs, of this one man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

This Or That

One thing true about this or that
Some people don't mind if I am thin or fat
And they don't care, about the length of my hair
So to make all happy I just wear a hat,
And one thing more about this or that
I am glad I have a dog and not a cat
Though some are picky, they'd rather have a kitty
But then at least my pet isn't a rat,
Then do I wish or do I say a prayer
Did I glance at her or did I give a stare
Maybe I should lie, and to both I could deny
But then would anyone worry or would they even care.
Thinking more about this or that's
Some people don't want the truth just the facts
As all they want to hear, is joy and not fear
And then should I sit or have I sat,
Would I enjoy listening to music everyday
If the music was what someone else did play
Would I rather listen to a teacher, instead of a preacher
The choice is either this or that as I did say,
Is it better to say hello than it is to say goodbye
And is it easier to live that it is to die
Do we live by choices, or do we run in courses
Do we ever win or are we better when we just try,
As I think just where I am at
Would I rather write or would I rather chat
The choices are many, in this life of plenty
But that is the truths about this or that.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Thought I Owned

Until the day that they cut the twine
This land where I live is not truly mine
Underneath my house they can lay a pipeline,
Without any legal documents for me to sign.
Even the house where my children were raised
Can someday be sold after being appraised,
Some are shocked and even amazed
But, by greed my house and property can both be razed.
I guess I could fight and maybe even sue
I could even combat the politicians the many and the few,
But, if the government wants to push their greed through
They will, then my home will be owned by someone new.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Three Sons

There were three sons, Abraham, Muhammad and Paul
Now these three sons stood very proud and tall,
These three sons were also each other's brothers
They had the same father, but birthed by different mothers.
Sadly these three sons loathed and despised each other
As though they were not blood, or each other's own brother,
They didn't like each other's customs, or their different belief
And each one believed, that they should be their brother's chief

There were three sons each one believed they were preferred
They each believed that their father spoke to them, the truest word,
Their siblings they also believed were not worthy of their father's praise
So, they each decided that they would hate each other, always.
Each son truly believed that their father loved them the most
And to each other, they would always make that brag and boast,
They did not believe that their father could love them all the same
Then when their father stopped talking; each other they did blame.

There were three brothers who fought for their father's love
But, he didn't want them to fight, his heart they all were part of,
He wanted each of the brothers just to turn the other cheek
And for their own truth and honesty, their soul they should seek.
So, the three brothers each took their own different roads
And through time and distance, they all ended up carrying different loads,
Then the brothers had children and they passed onto their eldest son
Their own beliefs and thoughts and jealousy, which they called religion.

These three bothers, who loved and always obeyed their father
Whatever he asked or commanded them to do, they did it without bother,
Now he gave each son certain laws which they all did dictate
The main laws of course for each, was not to ever murder or hate.
But, each son then decided to create their own extra laws
With their own certain beliefs and rules, and with and without flaws,
They wanted everyone to believe, that their father loved them more
Now the children of Abraham, Muhammad, and Paul are always at war.

Randy L. McClave

Throughout My Youth

I will love you throughout my youth
And through the time that I am old and gray
I will love you and only you,
And that will be my words on my dying day.
You are all that I have ever loved
You are all that I held and kissed as I think,
And if I could live this life with only you,
I would live it in a moments wink.

I will love you throughout my life
From everyday that I think I look or I say,
Without you I would not want to live,
I love you more and more everyday.
You are the beat that beats in my heart
You are the smile that lights my brain
You are the rainbow in my soul and heart
You show me the sun when my soul wants to rain.

I will love you forever
And when I have gone and parted your side
Then up in heaven I will be so sad
I will be crying as though forever with no tears to hide.
I love you more than you could ever feel
I need you more than you could ever know
Inside my soul and body there's only been you
My love for you has been deeply sewed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tick-Tock

Man's life is placed in a simple shoebox
A wallet, a razor, and underwear and socks,
He doesn't care about being orthodox
Tick-tock, goes all of his clocks.

Man continues his journey alone without gas
He doesn't care or worry about whom to pass,
But, then if he has a partner who is a wanting lass
Tick-tock, goes the hourglass.

Man is born without spite or venom
He wasn't created to be hateful or mettlesome,
In a crate those attributes are placed for the feminine
Tick-tock, goes the pendulum.

Man normally seeks solitary and peace
That is why he wants nagging and arguing to cease,
In a shoebox he can place his life's lease
Tick-tock, goes his timepiece.

Tick-tock, and man's life quickly passes him by
Tick-tock, man will not sit and reminisce and cry,
Tick-tock, someday man knows that he will die
Tick-tock, the clock clicks with the blinking of man's eye.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Time Of The Month

Suddenly she yells and she curses me
As though possessed with a demon locked deep inside
I quickly look for the closest exit as I am ready to flee
She then screams that her feelings 'are all justified',
She goes into a rant and then into a rage
Everything I do or say I find out it is entirely wrong
She is meaner than any wild beast locked inside a cage
And inside that cage, I believe she also does belong,
She does not resemble the sweet woman from months ago
The woman whom I know is quite, sweet and serene
As now I feel not happiness and joy, but only woe
As now she is hateful, and evil, and just plain mean,
I will buy her chocolates and I will agree with her
For her I will be easygoing and helpful as a monk
No more swearing or cursing do I want to incur
I truly am scared of her, her time of the month.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Time Will Tell

One day for myself time will tell
If my endeavors in life will send me to hell
But until that I moment I hope not to dwell
As I hope unto my eternity that I will not fail.
I will think to myself of the things I had done
The jobs I have finished and the works I begun
As I worked with my mind and not my tongue
And I greeted everyday with the rising sun.
But time will tell hopefully years from now
As I brush the perspiration away from my brow
It ends as an adult and began when I was a child
Hopefully I wont leave as a coward but will stand proud.
My life though is of both love and hate
Some call it destiny while others call it fate
My soul for many was just an open gate
But hopefully someday my passions I will reinstate.
In the end though my life deeds will prevail
From the things I did and the stories I did tell
The accomplishments made and the work that did fail
Only then will I know if I will make it to heaven or hell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Timmy The Seal

Timmy the Seal was a friend of mine
I'm sorry for I heard He died,
Up in Alaska He was clubbed to death,
So I think, I will sit and cry.
For I remember still when He was a Cub
And the way He use to talk
And the way He smiled through His saddened eyes,
And; His funny walk.
I remember His Mother a good old Girl
And how much She loved Her son
And how She protected Timmy when the Hunters came,
So they killed Her; and Timmy cried so loud.
So into the ocean Timmy ran and jumped,
And swam as fast as He could swim
Though He escaped from the screams and the cries,
But He couldn't escape from where He had been.
For He remembered the cries and the bloody sight
And His friends who were clubbed to death,
And the Hunters who crept through the night,
While carrying those clubs of red.

Timmy the Seal swam back to His home
Just to see if anyone was left,
But all He could find was blood on the snow,
And a Walrus, whose name was Fred;
The Walrus was an ancient one
Whom lived through many of deaths,
And He told Timmy how His family had died,
In one of those bloody nights.
The Hunters all arrived with their clubs
And killed everything that moved
And so went my family, in just one night,
And I knew not what to do.
The Walrus cried and Timmy sighed
Finally knowing how to stop these killings,
Timmy looked at Fred and said unafraid,
I'll show the Hunters we too have feelings, .
So in toward the ocean Timmy jumped and swam,
Leaving the Walrus all alone,

Vowing He'd find the Hunters and stop these killings,
And when He did, He would come back home.
But Timmy never came back home again
I heard this from some friends,
They said Timmy showed the Hunters His sad brown eyes,
So they laughed, and they killed Timmy for His hide.

Timmy the Seal was a Friend of mine
So another tear for me to cry,
For I remember the day Timmy swam away,
For the Walrus, was I.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tired Of It All

I am done with all the fighting
And all the screaming and reciting
From your cheating and the denying
And all of the sins and your lying.
I have given up all the praying
For your abusiveness and straying
And the sins that you keep displaying
And all of your stealing and betraying.
I am tired of all the sleepless nights
When you wanted to argue and also fight
You left our home and was out of my sight
So you could lay at another mans side.
I am so sick of all of your sinning
Seems daily more of its beginning
I pray to GOD that it would be ending
Which you knew what was offending.
I am so sad that you are never here
And when you are you just disappear
I will not cry another tear
Your voice now I solemnly ever hear.
I am sad when you always blame another
From your parents and sisters and brother
And myself and my family and my mother
I wish the blaming game you would just smother.
I am worn out by all of your excuses
And all the sin and bad deeds it produces
The temptation of that always seduces
And the reins of pureness it always looses.
I will not for you again take another fall
As I have done so many times as I recall
When you need help I will not hear that call
As I am so sick of it and also tired of it all.

Randy McClave

Tired Of War

To GOD we thank him for giving us peace,
The mothers and the fathers pray it will never cease,
To enter any war I hope it not to happen ever again,
Where we lose our children and our young women and men.

Our leaders they fight wars with both papers and pen,
But we are the ones to suffer again and again,
I hope no longer to see an innocent soldier die,
Nor do I want to hear the sadden children and parents cry.

The grass is green and the ocean it is blue,
They are the color of peace while red is the color of war that is true,
I am sick of all politicians and their constant lying,
I am tired of the soldiers and the innocent dying.

Our flag I wish not to see it ever again flown at half mast,
At the graveyard I hope not to hear the bugler playing taps,
I am so sick and tired about hearing about the glory of war,
I pray to GOD for peace and I wish to not to hear it anymore.

Broken fences and cracked walls they are easy to mend,
Sadly though it's easier to make enemies than it is to make a friend,
I wish from war not to take my final breath,
And I wish for no agony to come to me upon my death.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tissues

Everyone they have their issues
That is why we all carry tissues.
They are in our visors or in our purse
Or on a bedroom table ready to disperse.
They are ready to wipe away a tear
Or to remove makeup, so it won't adhere.
To catch a cold or to clean a nose
And sometimes to clean the clothes.
To us they are a great moral support
They become our thoughts and our consort.
Sometimes all we need is just a good blow
Then with our life, we continue to go.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Be Faithful

I do not ask you to be faithful,
Nor do I ask you to be obedient and sincere;
All that I ask of you is to be honest and modest
And to me, never bring home any sadness or tear.

Don't be known as a loose woman around town
Be discreet and always keep your secrets in your bed,
To believe that your innocent, won't make you innocent
Just be known to others, as a woman that's well-read.

Do not let others know of your secrets
And never let another woman know of your relations,
Men see a waste, when a woman is chaste
And then they base their own sexual foundations.

Never be uncovered when you walk in a room
Never freely show bite marks to others on your skin,
Always be doubtless, especially to family, friends and guests
Then no one will ever know, that you enjoy to sin.

I see the disgrace that's in your eyes
From the other men that you willingly had said yes,
You have been immoral, about that, you I will not quarrel
Then only to GOD will be known what you did confess.

To be married doesn't give you virtue
Especially if you cheat on your husband just for lust,
Keep your legs bound together, so temptations you can sever
But to late, when I see you now; all I see is disgust.

Remember once again that you are married
You can't do whatever you want or please,
But! Please always be safe and inconspicuous and careful;
And don't ever bring home any heartbreak or disease.

You don't call it cheating or infidelity, but I do
Do you not even think of your daughters before your affairs?
I wished that you weren't weak, love is all that I did seek
Now all that I seek, is our deaths and prayers.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Be Known

To be known,
Yet to be all alone
Is there a better way to enjoy a life;
To be able just to growl
And the whole world to prowl,
And not to ever worry about another's strife.

To be obscure,
And emotionally to be secure
Is truly every man's secret dream;
Just to be let loose
And go wild and maybe reproduce
Truly, that would be many men's scheme.

To be suppressed,
Like the heartbeat in the breast
Not knowing if you were even there;
Never to ever be faced
Or removed or replaced
And not ever to be in another soul's prayer.

To be forgot,
The dream that I have sought
Not to be needed or seen by anyone;
To just runaway, or to disappear
Like a smile or a tear
Happy I would truly be, just to be gone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Become A Unicorn

As mystical as the Unicorn
In its magic she must now believe,
Away from a life that she had worn
Now to greatness she wishes to achieve.

I am a Unicorn she had shouted
Until this madness all ends,
It might be a long time she then pouted
Or until my soul itself mends.
Anoint my horn spoke the Unicorn
And I will save thee from the lions mouth,
From the crib is where I was born
Not from hell in the deepest south.

The Unicorn it is a mystical beast
And now one she has truly become,
Upon its enemies it will kill and feast
How I wish that she had become a swan.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Believe A Lie

To tell a lie is a sin to us all
Is that so hard to understand,
But to believe that lie, it is a sin to GOD,
And for that you surely will be damned.
You will be cursed, upon this earth
For believing that or any untruth
And spreading that lie, which GOD would deny
Would be placing good food, with rotten fruit.
To believe a lie, I would just pity you
When you know that the truth is out there
But it is path you chose, on a saddened road
So I pity you, with a thought and a prayer.
When you tell one lie, from deep inside
Your soul it will rot and it will rebel
But when you believe that lie, and never ask why
You will be taking a second step closer into hell.
To tell a lie is an evil in its deed
But to believe it, it is that much worst
Your spreading the lying as you soul is dying
And upon you will placed a terrible curse.
To believe a lie and spread it as truth
Is to cause suffering and unwanted pain
You wont be worthy to live with GODs glory
And GOD will not know you by your name.
To tell a lie, it is a forgivable sin
We have read or heard that once before
But to believe a lie and spread it has truth
You will be knocking upon Hells door.
The sins that we commit or the evils we do
Can all be erased with the wave of a hand
GOD forgives all for the sins that we commit
But to spread a lie, you certainly will be damned.
When you come forward on our judgment day
And in front of GOD you and your sins will stand
Will you be forgiven for the sins, that's deep within
But to believe a lie you certainly will be damned.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Come In The Morning

He said that he was tired of sadness and sorrow
So, he hopes and prays that the Lord will come tomorrow,
With vengeance and justice he wants Jesus to arrive
He wants the guilty and the lost not to survive,
Without any mercy, and no warning
He prays that the Lord, will come in the morning.

He says that he won't have to clean up his mess
Or worry about his daughter's prom or wedding dress,
Nor will he worry about the bills that he needs to pay
Or his daughter driving a car, or getting a job, someday,
I asked him about tomorrow and all the new born lives
But, he says that he still can't wait, until sunrise.

I asked him about all of his accomplishments made
And all of the places that he has been, and foundations laid,
Outside my window I see flowers and new lives beginning
With mistakes to be corrected, and the world to keep spinning
But, for other's salvation and lives he is not worried about them,
As he prayed for the Lord, to arrive in the A.M.

I said to him this world is like our house
You want it cleaned and presentable before the arrival of the spouse,
There is still so much to do and much more to be done
Before we finally greet and meet and be judged by God's son,
I don't want to see no sadness and grief and mourning;
But, he still prays for the Lord, to come in the morning.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Die Alone

To Die Alone

Sometimes I sit and wander,
While other times I walk and ponder
As I realize; the situation that I am in.
I have a wife whom doesn't love me,
And a job that wont set me free
While they both, just get under my skin.
I have bills coming to the door
And the house is always at a roar
And no one cares the times I am there.
When I am asleep, I cannot sleep
And I am told a man cannot weep
As for me, does anyone truly care.
So here I am with my face in my hand
My life I cannot truly understand
So here I am again, always all by myself.
I cannot fight a fight, I cannot win
As I know it will cause hate and so much sin
So I Live in my own, man made Hell.
I am nervous now though this life
And what can I say, but I lost my pride
So here I am, a man without a soul.
I always stay quite as a mouse
Apologies is all that comes from my mouth
My life is full of sadness and its woe.
Now my dreaming, is what I do best
And when I can I hide or I can rest
I seem to hate, today and even tomorrow.
So when I say my prayers at night
I will always pray for my soul and my wife
And I try to forget the rest of my sorrow.
But then I think the same old thought
After the many battles that I have fought
As I know someday peace will enter my home
But till that time I will sit and I will wait
As from that battle I cannot escape
Until then, I just hope to die alone.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Die In Vain

When they lie me in my grave
Will I had done a lot of living
Or will the people just look and say
That I had done a lot of grieving.
And on my tomb what will be wrote
Will it just be a name,
With words that many had spoke
Saying that I had died in vain.

Through a graveyard as I stroll
I read many a lonesome name
That's all I see that's all that is wrote
I guess too, they died in vain.
No living for them had they done
No feats of greatness have they achieved
So now they are hid beneath the sun
As though they never had lived.
A name on marble a heart with no soul
It equals to about the same
For one does die, the other survives
And they both just lived in vain.
A tarnished tomb I do see
Forgotten by the years gone by
So beside it I will kneel and pray
For is that how I will die.

Then the graveyard I do leave
Mournful, bitter and shamed
Now no longer will I sit and grieve
For I WILL NOT! , die in vain.
So when they lay me in the ground
I now know what the people will say
They all will make a joyful sound
While saying, I lived and enjoyed everyday.

Randy McClave

To Divorce Her

I spent fifty plus dollars for our first date
For the woman who would later be my wife, my mate,
Then I spent a few more dollars for her here and there
I even paid for her wedding dress, and her airfare

It cost me thirty-five dollars for the licence to wed
And then a few more dollars for our honeymoon bed,
Then after two years together, our marriage ran its course
I paid very little to date her, but thousands of dollars to divorce.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Each His Own

The honest man will walk with a crowd
Where a guilty man he will walk alone
He walks in pity and he is never proud
But then as they say, to each their own.
They know the deeds that they have committed
And their ways and actions they have been sewn
Now their clothes of manhood have been fitted
And as they say, to each their very own.

A sinners way a christian will never accept
Where as sinners their ways they will condone
No evils or sins will they ever reject
But then as they say, to each their own.
They both have walked the very same path
And followed the wind from where it had blown
They were presented with the very same math
But then as they say, to each their very own.

Some persons seek truth and the answers
Where as some never want the truth ever known
So they dance around the truth like tiny dancers
But then as they say, to each their own.
They both have eyes and they have see it all
They know that truth someday it will be grown
It cannot be buried or hidden behind any wall
But then as they say, to each their very own.

Some people believe in what they do not see
While others wont believe unless they are shown
They must touch it or hold it before they believe
But then as they say, to each their own.
Though soon words will set all man free
And then from his sins alone man he must atone
But then some will ignore that final decree
But then as they say, to each their very own.

Man build houses out of metal and wood
While other men will build out of rocks and stone
They both give the protection as they should

But then as they say, to each their own.
From mans house he will be judged by his deed
And GOD will listen to him rejoice or his moan
GOD will save the flower by destroying the weed
But then as they say, to each their very own.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To End Your Life

Would you give a bullet to your executioner
Even though you are their petitioner,
Would you give them the authority to complete that selfless act
Well! when you voted for them, you signed that contract.

Would you hand anyone a noose to place around your neck
Would you willingly allow them to take your life and your paycheck,
Did you know that you did both? Now they slowly choke your throat
For them tell me why, did you campaign and also vote.

Would you give any person a poison to put in your drinking cup
Or would you willingly give them a bomb to blow yourself up,
Remember you allowed it all, now they don't care for your existence
When you elected those politicians and gave those hypocrites your assistance.

Would you give an elected official a sharpened hunting knife
So they could stab you in the back and then happily end your life,
Though you might be worried and nervous and also very scared
But, they are ready and willing and waiting and also quite prepared.

Would you take a gun to end your life by committing suicide
Just to protect a politicians lifestyle and their pride,
Remember you gave them the power to end your life for that reason
So, they lied and you believed them, then they committed their treason.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Fly

I watch the birds as they fly in the sky
On a peaceful and sunny day
I close my eyes and I let out a sigh
How I wish on a wing with them I could stay.
As in the sky they are soaring above all man
They are so much closer and clearer to GOD
Oh how I wish I wasn't bounded upon the land
As they are the dreams that I have sought.
Just to soar in the sky either day and night
And just to sail the oceans of the sky above
As to me there is not a happier sight
And to myself I think there probably never was.
I wish that I could take up wings and fly
And no longer be home or earthen bound
To be a free soul and just sail the sky
And then maybe one day touch the ground.
To feel the breeze constantly upon my face
The pleasures only birds and angels do know
If that one gift was given upon by GOD's grace
Then I might realize some secrets GOD does know.
So until that time I will just dream and wish
That up in the sky I am sailing and soaring high
Though it I never did and already it I miss
Oh how I wish I was like a bird and fly in the sky.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Hate

Do you hate me because I am gay
Even though in GOD I believe, and to him I pray,
He created me to be the way that I am
He is my shepherd, and I am his lamb,
I am happy and I care, so, there is no more for me to say.

Do you hate me because of the color of my skin
Does it make me evil and also tempted into sin,
Remember GOD placed my soul inside this vessel
I am sorry with my looks and with GOD'S plans, you must wrestle,
I wish and I pray just or one day, you were my twin.

Do you hate me because of my personal belief
Does it cause you any anger, hatred or grief,
And like you I also believe never to lie, cheat or steal
And the same sorrow and sadness someday we both will feel,
So, please don't treat me as an enemy or as a thief.

Do you hate me because of my GOD
Doesn't yours and mine carry the very same rod,
Don't we both worship and pray for guidance and strength
And for our GOD, wont we go to the maximum length,
Tell me! Do you believe my religion and not yours is a fraud?

Do you hate me because of my gender
Do you believe that the female is weak and must always surrender,
Or do you believe that the male is stupid and nothing more
And all that he seeks is a conquest, and power and war,
Remember, we both can be a fighter and a defender.

Do you hate me because of my income
Or maybe you hate me because you are smart and I am dumb,
What else could your reasoning or your thoughts be
As that I contemplate, why else could you hate me?
Or maybe your hypothesis is simple, I drink water and you drink rum.

Maybe you hate me because you enjoy to hate
Maybe you don't care for me or anyone or even your own fate,
Do you only exist just to argue and to intimidate and to fight

Do you even know the difference between wrong and right,
You are learned, I guess; but you won't be my temptation and I won't be your
bait.

I will not hate anyone just because I can
No matter of their color or their religion or whether they are a woman or a man,
If they are happy and content in peace they should happily live
And if anyone hates them? I would say may GOD forgive,
Now think! Aren't we all joined together in a very short lifespan.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Have A Dog

I would rather own a dog than to have a child
As one wouldn't want to remain wild,
The dog would be my companion staying at my side
Not wanting to ever leave me, or to runaway and hide.
The dog could be trained to obey all the house rules
While the child wouldn't, treating others only as fools,
The child would always cry throughout the night
While the dog would growl to protect the child from fright,
The child would shout and the dog would bark
And both would enjoy running and playing in the park,
Both, would want to chase the birds and the squirrels
But, only one would wantonly enter into danger and perils,
The dog would be known as my lifelong best friend
Who would always remain at my side until the bitter end,
And the dog would be rumored as the one who eats trash
While the child would be known as the one who spends my cash.
When I come home from work after a rough day
Only the dog would greet me happy and wanting to play,
The dog would never be involved with a bad class of friends
Or to be the one who would always disappear during the weekends,
I could take a dog outside with me in the snow or in the rain
And it would not ever whine or cry or complain,
The dog would always come home to me when it is told
While the child would only ignore, as trying to be brash and bold.
One might bite and the other might be very cruel
But, only one could I ever send to an obedience school,
The child must always have new fashioned clothes to wear
While the dog would rather be playing and shedding its hair,
One I could create, and then one I could only adopt
I would be given one by birth and for the other one I would have shopped,
Them both I could raise and love them forever as my very own
But, only one would worry and stay with me, so I would not be alone.
One might be a German, or a Japanese or a Chinese breed
But, when they are with me, I do not hear bigotry or hatred of their creed,
One would always be content to sleep at the foot of my bed
And the dog would happily lie forever at my grave, when I lie dead.

Randy L. McClave

To Judge By Sweat

The money that I earn is from my blood and sweat
Never would I want to earn it from sadness or regret,
How could any person believe that it is not a crime
When they take anyone's last penny, nickel or dime;
Working hard and helping others that is my true ambition
That is why I could never be a lawyer or a politician,
Some people look into the eyes of others to see how they stand
I though will look for the calluses on a person's hand.

Some people only worry about lining their own pocket
That explain themselves and their true life's docket,
Then there are some whom want to be seen so they can accuse
How could they know anyone if they never walked in their shoes;
Life is not to be happy, it is meant to be useful and to live well
It is to be compassionate and honorable and not only to buy or sell,
I honor the man who digs the ditch and who works with the plow
I judge him by the clothes he wears, and by the sweat on his brow.

A man that always wears a suit, him I cannot trust
You see him shy away from dirt or mud and even the specks of dust,
But, he is the one that will benefit by the man in the torn jeans
The man who will work and work and support others by his means;
We all are judged by our life and the deeds that we have completed
Not by the people we used and hurt, or lied to and also cheated,
Any man that sweats in the field him I will always admire
I do not trust the man that does not sweat, but who will only perspire.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Kill Another Man

I will not ever kill any man!
Just because my government says that I should or that I can,
Upon that order or request I assuredly will deny
I will never be the reason for another man to die,
Isn't murder and assassination just the same
Whether under God's rule or man's reign,
Isn't murder a sin and against the law
Against another man, a weapon I will not ever draw.
My bible says that a person, I should not ever kill
Not for pleasure or gain, and not for government or thrill,
I will never cause another man's eyes to go dim
Just because my government does not like him,
I now wonder if mine or another country would ever want me dead
And if so, would an assassin understand the words I have said,
I could never put a human's life in my crosshairs
As long as I have a soul and conscious; and he has prayers.

Randy L, McClave

Randy McClave

To Love

Love is universal and also a force of the universe
Some call it a gift while others see it as a curse,
It is a feeling and a thought which can't be questioned or reasoned
And unlike growth, it cannot be cultured or seasoned.

Love is an expression of affection both physical and with emotion
It can begin with a smile from across a yard or across an ocean,
But, however as much that we may want to, it we cannot command
And how much that we wish or try, it we cannot demand.

Love is a wish to offer pleasure and satisfaction to another
Sometimes though we end up trying to abuse and smother,
It is the appropriate level of emotional and soul sharing
It has no boundaries or restrictions for wanting and caring.

We cannot control the moon or the stars or the wind with our desire
Nor can we extinguish the need and want of love's fire,
From adoration and affection I will always kneel
To be in love, is to feel the way that God must really feel.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To My Son (Before Getting Married)

To my son that is getting married
Reflect! Before over the threshold your wife is carried,
Remember the vows that you are willing to make
And all the responsibilities that a wedded man must take.
Love your wife, as she alone you must always cherish
Without each other, the soul will mourn and perish,
And always remember before your own hunger and thirst
That you now have a wife, so she must always come first.
GOD must be allowed in, when you take yourself a spouse
He will sanctify your marriage and also your house,
Live in happiness and in love until the end of your days
Then the Angels will sing to you of their joy and praise.
Before you have any worries, or any marital strife
Remember of love, and that your mate is your wife,
'Love', 'Trust' and 'GOD', must be in your wedding plan
As spoke to you by your father, the lonely single man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Never Meet Again

No one truly ever knows, if, or where or when
But, something might occur and we won't ever meet again,
Our dreams and our hopes and our fantasies they might not ever mature
Then and only then we will realize, that life is but a quick detour.

I might be that man that wants to excite and also to tease
But, you might see me as funny or as a pest across these mighty seas,
You might be a princess that's locked away in a high stone tower
That is why in this life, we must live for that one exact hour.

I am in a faraway country and again we might not ever again meet
So, I think of you constantly as sitting next to me in that one empty seat
I think of all of the kisses and pleasures I missed out giving to you
Now will I become a dream, and my thoughts become your tissue.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Not Own A Gun

To be a man you do not need a gun,
But, to be a coward you will need one,
A man doesn't ever turn away or run
All he needs is his honor and his brawn.

A gun-less male is not afraid of devil or man
He never hides inside a house or behind a fence
He doesn't need his friends or his clan
His brain, is his truest born defense.

A woman will hold tight upon a man's arm
Knowing her man protects her wherever they go,
She knows that she is sheltered from all harm
His fist, and not a bullet is his deadly blow.

The gun only makes a coward brave
It gives him the courage that he never had before,
It will join him when he enters into his grave
Or goes with him when he goes off to a war.

The child and a mouse always stands scared
Their life and their surroundings they see as grim,
And the man without a gun who has not dared
Woman, does not have any respect for him.

To not own a gun it is a sign of manhood
He is the man who hides not behind a gun or a wall,
But, the man who brags with a gun, "Bravely, I have stood"
He is not or will not be remembered as a man at all.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Prevail

Tomorrow I might fall down, I might even fail
But, I will not see that as a defeat as I will eventually prevail,
A victory to me it is not to win, it is not to give up, but to begin
And tomorrow is another day that I will be tested, "Oh well! ".

If I fall down tomorrow, I will get up once again,
I will not need any help or coaxing or even a prayer, "Amen";,
From my pants I will wipe off the dirt, then I will re-tuck my shirt
I will not ask for any help, as life will know where I have been.

Tomorrow I might get knocked down, but I will survive
I will stand up on my own two feet to prove that I am alive,
GOD knows I will not be defeated, if so from life I would have been cheated
I will always overcome, and I will always do more than just thrive.

If tomorrow is the day that I am knocked down, I will not be defeated
I will stand up once again, until the task I started is completed,
Going forward I will always strive, from my life others I will not deprive
I will be known as the man who triumphed; and who never retreated.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Protect And Defend

The young man boasted with his rifle and his gun
American he was and he was entitled to them for protection and fun,
And he had enough bullets for both of them
As he pledged his allegiance and sang the national anthem.
No man here or abroad can take away that intangible right
And for that belief alone he was prepared to die and fight,
That liberty through laws were created by his forefathers
And he didn't care whose feelings he hurt or whose beliefs it bothers.
With my weapons he said, no one will place upon my body a prison stamp
No one ever is going to ship me off to a FEMA camp,
And attention to all immigrants! You too better beware
If you try to take my job, I will place you in my crosshairs.
I am an American and I am always prepared for thieves and war
So you better think twice before you come to my house or my front door,
My convictions and my weapons with others I must forge
Without people like me, how can we keep away terrorists and king George.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Rest

Tomorrow, I might finish my quest
And then the next day after that, I might rest,
But, then I might not be that exhausted or tired
And money is what I truly have always desired.
So, who knows I might work a little bit longer
What doesn't kill the soul makes the back stronger,
And I still have children to raise and bills to pay
Probably until I am old, and feeble and grey.
But, I can wait for my excitement and my fun
As I will work hard until all my life tasks are done,
Until then into the bank my money I will save
Into my savings it will be my monetary grave.
So, I will work hard until the day that I can retire
Then my new life I can hopefully enjoy and sire,
With no bills to worry about or any children to raise
I will be so happy and joyful my retirement I will praise.
Then I can go out alone or maybe once again out on a date
Knowing then I can do what I want and then wake up late,
Then that one day I can finally put my desires and needs first
Then unto the working day I will not feel so tired and cursed.
I will finally be able to rest and to enjoy my life
Without any bills, or debt, or children, or wife,
My life and my destiny will be my own and no others
No work, no obligations, my own peace, relaxation and druthers.
I cannot wait until that day that I can stand and shout
To be secure from all my debts without any thoughts or doubt,
But, then out of fright I recall that one Biblical line from memory
"Tonight; you fool, your soul is required of thee"!

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Serve And Protect

"To Serve And Protect" is on the side of the car
Maybe it would be more useful on the side of a jelly jar,
To serve and to protect I thought would be for one and all
But, now I believe there is a different protocol.
Protection is just for the rich and the caucasian
While to "Refuse And To Harm" is the African American's equation.

He didn't have a weapon and he is wasn't on crack
But, he was still murdered just because he was black,
He wasn't given a chance to speak a word, or even say grace
He was just killed, because of the color of his face.
I am a true proud American, but never will I be a gun owner
I am shameful of both, so I became a blood donor.

It wasn't a terrorist or a cult who's belief he wanted to enforce
The murderer was a public servant on the police force,
The officer seemed to judge the victim alone by the color of the skin
And since that he was black, the officer did condemn.
If I were a drunk, or belligerent or even ready to fight
The police would leave me alone, just because I am white.

A motto again I have read, and with prejudice I will give no respect.
 "TO SERVE AND PROTECT".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Survive

From the cold and frozen earth
Stood one lonely plant trying to survive
I thought was it mother nature's worth
To allow this one lonely plant to stay alive,
Did it's survival depended upon me
Should it have been in my thoughts or prayer
But then I thought life is not a solemn guarantee
And truly for its survival, I didn't care,
The plant it did not produce any beauty for art
Nor did it produce any fruit to eat
So it did not touch my stomach or heart
The plant to me, it was incomplete,
So it alone fought the breeze and the frost
As it stood to grasp warmth from the sky
But the battle of its life it finally lost
As people like me didn't care if it would die,
Now the plant has just withered away
Its leaves had fallen slowly to the ground
Unto GOD and nature and life did I betray
As the plant finally died without a sound,
I walk the path where there once was a plant
Now the plant and its memories are dead
Because of me a plants life I did not grant
I now notice a homeless man begging to be fed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Tell A Lie

Billy goes to Church every week
Salvation he tries to buy,
He believes every person should turn the other cheek
But of course, only before the day that they die;
To be honest and truthful he did not care
The Christian belief he didn't even try,
He would cheat and steal and would only say a prayer
When he had only enough breath to sigh;
He couldn't keep a wife or ever get a girlfriend
So, he would sit and cry,
Women and men he would always offend
He was that nauseous type of guy;
To sin he came by it legitimately by his mother
Salvation he thought he would try,
But, he cared just only for himself and no other
He never noticed the sty in his own eye;
Some people open their eyes, but they will not look
And they will never question why,
Any person can put their hand upon the good book
Then they will tell the world their lie.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To The Almighty Living God

To the almighty living GOD!
Please tell me, are you a fraud?
Because all that hear, is pain, hate and suffering
Where are you? for the peace and the comforting,
And all that I read about is murder, stealing and rape
From violence in this world, can we not escape?
I thought only the devil was the master of deceit
Do you also lie, and ignore, and cheat.

You created us all and then we created war
Then you gave us the needy and the handicapped and the poor,
Does it give you happiness to see us in pain
When we pray to you for your help, you only give us rain,
I thought when we got on our knees to talk to you in prayer
That you would listen to us, and that you would really care,
Maybe though you are only a bully and just a mimic
Or maybe you are just hateful, or an idol and a gimmick.

You created us all in your very own likeness
Maybe that is were you created the mess,
When we were born we were GODs, that was the errors
So, unto the world and each other we were bad bearers,
Do you watch us? and then do you turn your head at us and laugh
And do you not care when we fall down or take the wrong path,
Should we not pray for help, and just believe that your not real
Maybe I will just forget about you, when I eat my next meal.

When I was five I almost died, in a house fire
Was that your plan? or was for me to suffer your only desire,
I suffered and I was in pain, please tell me where were you
Or maybe my life and my destiny was still under heavenly review,
Then when I became a man I thought you had blessed my marriage
But, for my wedding and my future there were errors to disparage,
You gave me a wife who lied and cheated, and who also stole
You gave me the ability to love, but you didn't give my wife a soul.

I now look down upon my very own callused hand
As I now think of you GOD, finally I truly understand,
I can open my hand to wave, or close it to make a fist

It is my own decision alone to accept, or to resist,
I can stay in a ditch or I climb the mightiest tallest hill
Because only of you, you gave me the desire and also free will,
GOD! No longer do I believe that you are a fake
As it was I, and not you that made that terrible mistake.

RANDY L. MCCLAVE

Randy McClave

To The Ex-Wife

My wife you lied and you also cheated,
And that is the reason that I filed for divorce,
I didn't think long, it was a short deliberation,
And in the end that was my only course;
We both are now very happy that you left,
Now I can find a happier and better life for me,
And as for yourself, your life it is now your own,
No longer are we one, we are no longer a family;
Thank you for giving my surname back to me,
Now hopefully no one knows who you once were,
You can start a new life with another person,
But please stay away from the smokes and the liqueur;
Not a day goes by that I don't reminisce of our past,
It is like a bad book that I read and reread once again,
But someday soon that book I will finish it forever,
And when that day comes, to GOD; I will say Amen.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To The Soldier

You Soldiers will have my support with my voice or with a prayer,
And I will be standing beside you though you wont see me there,
I am thankful that you are there to protect my country and my land
And if I could only thank you, I would like to shake your hand.

You are ready to surrender your life and die just for me
Because you are a soldier and you want all men to be free
How can I ever thank a man who is ready to lay down his life
A man who will die for me, and say goodbye to his children and wife.

I salute every soldier who is ready at our nation's call
And I pray that GOD will watch over them and I hope they never fall
And if they die for our country I truly will shed a tear
But then I will also smile, as I thank GOD that they were here.

Randy McClave

To The Virgin

Protect your virginity, innocent pure Lassie
As you would protect a rose from being plucked to soon,
There is a Casanova out there who wants to steal your chastity
Especially before you are married and on your honeymoon.
A man will always want to take your honor and your purity
So, don't ever feel honored if you are taken to a fancy hotel,
Even though he says that he loves you, and he buys you dinner
You are, but a conquest to him, to others he will boast and tell.
Always protect your virginity as thorns will protect their rose
Don't be a notch or a conquest that a man needs and must boast,
You have a cherished flower, it can only be plucked once
Of all gifts that are given you, your innocence will be the foremost.
A man wants only to take your honor and your pride and your virtue
So, remember always keep your legs crossed until you are wed,
Once your rose is plucked, it is gone and then you're forgotten forever;
And cross your legs again, if you divorce or if your husband is dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Vote

If you do not like their beliefs,
Or the ideals and thoughts that they promote,
And if you think they have too many chiefs
Then Vote:

If you like their speeches,
If you believe their standards are correct,
To your ideas they impart and teach
Then Re-elect:

If you happen to like his fancy pants
Or maybe you like her petticoat,
Or maybe you like their ideas for loans or grants
Then Vote:

If you like their platform
To help and to serve and to protect,
If their thinking to you is a brainstorm
Then Elect:

If you do not cast a ballot
Then I say, for four years, be quite! this I do quote,
Your politicians' election is valid
Don't Vote:

If you are quite observant
And in politicians you see greed and feel a rage,
And you don't agree with a public servant
Remember suffrage:

If you will not straddle a fence
If justice and freedom are your goals,
And you indeed want to make a difference
Go to the polls:

If you're happy with the use of your tax dollar
And you enjoy the laws and a politician's reign,
If you don't complain and will not holler
Then abstain:

A man alone can change the world
In history that fact is wrote,
Empires have crumbled, flags unfurled
So Vote:

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Wait On A Woman

To wait for a woman to dress, you might have a very long wait
So be smart, never be in a rush, when you are going out on a date;
But, to wait for a woman to give advice, all you need is to make that one mistake
Then she will always remind you about it, and she will never give you a break.
I have learned from my errors, now I keep my mouth shut and I never hurry
Now I take my time and I wait, and to my mishaps I never boast or worry;
So, I say this to all my male friends who have either a wife or a girlfriend
Never be rushed by time or errors, and to a woman; never condescend.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Wear A Kilt

A man who wears a skirt,
His woman will soon desert;
She will not appreciate seeing his feminine side,
As she sees herself, and not him as a bride.

A man who wears colorful britches,
He tends to treat all women as his bitches;
He enjoys being a male fashion trend,
And all women he seems to always offend.

And the man who wears only shorts,
He will only have women as his cohorts;
Women are just his mates;
With them he pals around with, but never dates.

The man who wears sweatpants,
He seeks women only as his confidants;
To whom his secrets and desires are told;
And not for a woman to kiss or hold.

But; the man who proudly wears a kilt;
Excitedly for him, his woman's heart will wilt;
She will see his proud and heroic side,
Knowing in him, there is a proud warrior inside.

So now a kilt I must wear;
My hairy legs and knocked knees I will bare;
I am a man, and now my woman I will impress,
I will wear my kilt, and she will wear her dress.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Worship

A pagan God I do not need to worship
A suit and a tie I very seldom wear,
Congregations I tend to stay away from
I go in my closet when I want to say a prayer.
When I speak I never speak in confusion
God knows every word that we speak,
I don't make signs with my fingers or my hands
It is man alone who makes his religion weak.
Faith is known by many different names
So, we treat them all differently with our beliefs and rules,
Some must wear this, or we must say or do that
And then we proudly call them pagans and fools.
I do not understand men worshiping in a robe
Or people worshiping man-made religious jewelry,
They then drink the wine that they call blood
I believe that this is all just silly foolery.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Write

If I did not write to empty my mind
Peace and tranquility I could never find,
My head would explode and I would go mad
As I would lose all prose and thoughts that I once had.

My pen is my deliverance as I contemplate and write
It gives me relief from thoughts in my soul and sight,
My mind, and my thoughts they are my ball and chain
If it wasn't for my pen to escape; I would go insane.

To write... some call it a gift, while others call it a curse
When those days arrive that I starve for a verse,
To inspire I will pull at my hair and I will pound my fist
If I did not write; I know that I would not exist.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

To Write A Poem

Writing poetry is like making wine;
It must first mature over time,
Sit down as though you're ready to dine
Should it be free verse, or should it rhyme.
Get drunk from it with pencil in hand
It comes from the soul and not the mind,
Your creation will be your own written brand
It will open the eyes, to those who are blind.
Take a couple quick sips before you write
Become intoxicated with the verse,
Take it in with pleasure and then delight
Then as with wine; slowly immerse.
Write your poem lazily as it will age
As it has leisurely fermented and cultivated,
Now it becomes words upon a page
A poem from refining, you have created.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Toast

As I raised my glass to give a toast
I nod my head and give tribute to my host
Giving my expression of honor and goodwill
Now my duties for this evening I did fulfill
Everyone stands and they raise their glass
In that one moment our host is in a different class
We drink to him and then we all applaud
But in my opinion this sentiment is just a fraud
We all showed up for the free drinks and free food
And a night to dress up so we all can be viewed
While others stood to give salutations and a cheer
I congratulate my host for the free food and the beer.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Toast To The Lassies

I raise my glass to give a toast to all the lassies,
From the pain and the suffering us men have put them through,
We belch and we drink, and if not for you we wouldn't be clean,
Without you, what else could we men really do.
You clean all of our nasty and filthy clothing;
And you make sure we all live in a clean, clean house;
You don't really ask much from us men, but only our love....
Well..... maybe to chase away a spider or the occasional mouse.
You cook us our dinners and you make us our meals,
And you make sure we have a place to rest our head,
You take care of our children when we men are always too busy,
But lassies, we still don't listen to one word that you have said.
So, I raise my glass and I will thank you one and all;
May GOD bless you all, as I say that with a hardy boast;
You Lassies have made us men and this world of ours complete;
So, I thank you Lassies, as I give you this thankful toast.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tonight When I Sleep

Tonight when I sleep I will sleep with joy and happiness
I will not need protection from pills or even that of a lovely prayer
Sleep will come naturally, and peace I will find it nonetheless
I have released my demons, and I will not be tortured with a nightmare.

I will keep all of my dreams and also my fantasies
I will release my sadness and anguish and all of my despairs
Goodnight, I say to the illusions when I fall to sleep with the centuries
The man who doesn't have dreams, he will be plagued by nightmares.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Torment

If my past deeds were to send me to hell
Into a fiery pit that I would forever dwell
Then tormented by devils forever more
I wonder what punishment for me would be in store,
Into that fiery pit the sinners will be cast
Maybe forever they must remember their past
The sins and the evils that they once provoked
Maybe that sin with remembrance, the devil will invoke,
An evil man with vanity might not have a mirror
A sinful man born with music might be deaf in the ear
A cheating wife might be reminded of the ones she betrayed
A brave woman then, will now be scared and always afraid,
The sins of the damned might befall upon all of them
Memories will be their torture as they all are the condemned
A person that took a life might be reminded that every day
And in Hell the devils laugh when to GOD sinners try to pray,
A drunk might be forever tempted by a drink out of his reach
A person of knowledge might lose their gift of speech
A liar is a liar and they can never be believed
The ones who told lies from that sin they will not be relieved,
A glutinous person might be tempted forever by food
A sinful coward might be always harassed and pursued
Demons and devils will be torturing the guilty, for an eternity
Never for the condemned will they find peace or comfort or serenity,
A bully might be bullied for every second and every moment
Every devil and demon will be their nightmare and opponent
A thief might have both of their hands removed
Their entrance to hell will always be approved,
A cheater in hell might never be alone
Everyone might see their pain and suffering and hear them moan
They say that in hell crime will fit the punishment
Every sin and offense will have their own torment,
The sinners who always cried that GOD did not exist
The devils will mock and torture them as on their soul they might piss
Their eyes might be removed and their tongues might be torn out
They can hear the sufferings, but no one can hear them plea as they shout,
The sinful souls who slept with promiscuity, immorality and hate
Sleeping with all the demons and devils might be their everlasting fate
Sinners will not ever know again of peace, tenderness and love

That is the emotions and feeling given only by GOD up above,
If a person's past deeds were their torment in hell
I would rather be locked away in the darkest and dankest jail cell
The devil is evil and sinful and some say he is a cunning jackass
If I were sent to Hell, my torment would be to forever cut his grass.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Touch Of Rain

She wasn't like the touch of rain
That gently falls upon the skin
That makes one happy and makes one grin
She instead was like the touch of pain.

I walk alone and I felt an ache
As though upon me there was a curse
I felt sick and then I began to feel worse
Then I knew she was poisonous like a snake.

She had poisoned me with a hate and a lie
That came from her as honesty and truth
It tasted like a sweet flavored vermouth
Now she sits and waits for me to die.

I was tricked by my senses and what to believe
Now the penalty of that crime is my death
The Lord's Prayer I will say in my last breath
The rain it came and then she did deceive.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Traitor

I once fed a starving dog
It became my friend for life
I gave a homeless man money for food
He then robbed me with his knife
A man will betray the hand that feeds him
Greed has made him worse than any beast
An animal will eat what is given them
Upon the suffering of others man will feast.
The world is full of people who are corrupt
They never back out from their unethical means
All they care about is their own self-interested desires
They forgot what is to wear gloves and jeans
Man is too selfishly engrossed in his own world
Too bad he isn't born poor and blind
A dog though is faithful to the very end
Man; he is a traitor to his own kind.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Transgender Soldiers

Soldiers are the patriots of our country
Unless of course they are gay or a transgender,
Then they don't stand for the brave or the free
And against foes, they will all runaway or surrender.
But, those thoughts and beliefs I will slay,
As they are the words that our president (not me) did say.

A soldier is a soldier whether they are woman or man
They are born and then raised with that patriotic pride,
Whatever one sex or person can do, the other can
Sometimes it is tattooed upon their soul, and then their hide.
"Our military doesn't accept gays or transgenders we accept only
wins"!
Says a president who dyes his hair, and wears a corset and bobby pins.

Soldiers are the true patriots of this great land
You will find them standing proud, but not as a Republican,
For our freedom they made their life's final stand
And unlike golf, they can't be given a mulligan.
At gays and transgenders a president and his political party laughed,
A man who has offered no military service voluntary or through the draft.

A soldier is a person who stands and fights for our soil
They give us that freedom that we all breathe,
They fought and died for our freedom and sadly for oil
No matters what's under their pants, or what's on their sleeve.
Now we have a president who wants all transgenders out,
A president who for the freedom of all, has never fought a bout.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Trees

Trees, please me
To sit and watch them grow
As from a seed,
They do breed,
And from the Earth and Wind they grow,
Reaching up towards the clouds
And swaying in the breeze,
It always makes me feel so proud,
To sit, and watch a tree.
Earth is the Father,
Protecting his precious child,
While Mother is Nature,
Giving protection from the wild.
Trees, please me
Living from a seed,
Living in awe,
And growing so tall,
Entertains both you and me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Trumped

I have never slapped a married woman on her rump
Though I've made remarks about a female when she'd walk,
But, I never blamed it on others in locker room talk
But, then of course I am not a Trump.

I have never forced myself on a woman to give her a kiss
A young innocent girl I have never touched or fondled,
But, then of course I am not that one Donald
No matter if she is a Mrs, Ms or Miss.

I respect every member on my family tree
Because we weren't born with a silver spoon or a golden bottle,
But, then I am not a billionaire whose name is Donald
I pay my taxes because I truly love my country.

I don't have orange hair nor am I plump
I walk and I hike and I have played and ran on a court,
I don't see golf and riding in a cart as a sport
But, then of course I am not a Donald Trump.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Trust

As Man looks into this world of ours
And Man try's to understand what is a must
Is it our looks or is it or smarts, as he thinks
Or is it only our honor, and also our trust.
As a poor man has not much possession at all
All he owns his trust and also his pride
And on Judgment day when he meets the Lord,
He will say I have nothing, but trust he will cry.
A rich man though on the other hand
Has everything he wants or might even need
But most are without honor and or feelings
And their souls and words we could never believe
When a soul throws away a love so true,
For temptation and a moment of lust
Their dignity is gone, along with their pride
And also that need of want and trust.
Stupid person do you know what you have done
To yourself and your family and friends about
They will look at you in a different way now
In the way you, they try to figure you out.
Oh trust it is the hardest thing to gain,
Something that is given to us upon our birth
But when we don't want it to live, we let it die
And we bury it, or should I say hide it in the dirt.
Oh soul can you count the fingers upon your hand,
Of the number of people that you can trust
And can you also be counted among them too
Or are you just washed away, in the dust.
Time will come when bodies will decay
And trees will rot, and metal will turn to rust
Who knows what else will be blown in the wind
I wander though, could it be or will it be your trust.

Randy McClave

Trusting

I once trusted you with my all
I knew that you would never let me fall,
Whatever you said or did, I did believe
Then that spider's web began to weave.
You gave me your word and I took it as steel
It was the sword that protected my very will,
Unto you I had placed all of my hopes and my belief
As I am the tree, and you are the leaf.
But, now those thoughts are with me no more
My spirit is now broken and now I am poor,
So, when will you again I be able to trust;
When the swords rust.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Trying To Create Beauty

I gazed upon it in both splendor and awe,
Knowing that GOD didn't create what I just saw,
The beauty was created by either a woman or a man,
It proved what GOD didn't create; a woman or a man can.

I then sat down as I too wanted to create
Beauty was in my mind maybe that would be my own fate
I then bought some paint and I grabbed my pencil and a pad
I was going to write or paint which would make my soul glad.

I sat and I pondered, but neither word nor pictures came into my mind
Wonder and aspiration was lost, and that creativity I could not find
I then abandoned my quest with both sadness and frustration
I then realized, GOD and man created with both faith and inspiration.

An Artist doesn't create because they can, they do it because they must
In their veins flows a passion and in their soul there is a lust
They suffer and they hurt, while pain and suffering is their weight
Maybe that's why I can't paint or write, so suffice to say art I cannot create.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Turning Left

My parents had always taught me
The difference between wrong and right
They also sat down and also told me
To always to keep GOD in my sight,
I truly do love this great country
And I always want it to be better place to live
But since Eve took the fruit from that apple tree
People want to take and take and not to give,
I now see the strong and the wealthy
The people and corporations' and their might
They ignore the starving and the unhealthy
When I always look towards my right,
I cannot see what my parents had taught
Sadly I see such a different sight
And what I see is not what I had sought
When I always look towards my right,
Though I still follow those few sacred rules
That my parents had bestowed upon me
They are now my spiritual and conscience jewels
And I am their protector and their trustee,
In life all I want is goodness and not deceit
Nor lies or bigotry, hate or theft
So now when I go down to morality street
I never turn right; I will always turn left.

Randy McClave

Turning Of The Screw

As I walked down a lonely street
With a bit of winter still fresh in the air
Strange faces I suddenly do greet
Then I remembered about someone for whom I did care,
I once was passive, but then I became a fighter
Just because of the deeds and acts of one soul
Oh how I wished instead I was still a writer
Then that pain and anguish more easily I could let go,
Some men are forced to do either wrong or right
But then they seem to carry not much of a load
They surrender their ways and also their might
But then not none of us will walk the very same road,
Now sadly when I look into a mirror
I will see a person that I thought I never knew
But then I will reflect back to that hate and fear
I then will be wearing another man's shoe,
From troubles I wish I could just walk away
As to no one do I have anything ever to prove
But still I will fight and my ground I will stay
And all because, of the turning of the screw.

RANDY VE

Randy McClave

Turtle Laughed

In the eyes of a fly I am an immortal
I live for years and it lives for just a day
I then kill it, and I give a slight chortle
It should have been faster and flew away,
I pass a slow crawling turtle upon my path
In the eyes of that turtle I am just a fly
It then stops its crawling so it could laugh
It pities me, because soon it knows I will die.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Two Sides To Every Story

There are two sides to every story
Not just the side of them or theirs,
So never judge or hold a grudge
And when you listen, please listen with care.
Listen to one side and then always the other
Not just one side and then walk away
If you pick that route, sad you'll turn out
And never will you ever feel or be the same.
You will hate yourself as truth be told
If you listen to only one side of the story
You'll live in disgrace, when you see your face
And never will you fill satisfaction or joy.
As time will come, and of course time will tell
Someday the truth it will all come out
And when it you do hear, will you shed a tear
As you found out you took the wrong route.

There is two sides to every story
Not just the side that you want to hear
And not from their soul, that you do not know
And not from someone who will cry you a tear.
When you listen, please listen well
No matter if they be friend or foe
Look into their eyes, then you might realize
And then the truth might just be known.
To condemn someone is such a terrible act
Which you must live with the rest of your life
You will live in shame, for someone you falsely blamed
And always you will question yourself why.
A pretty face or a sad sad story
Guilt either begins or ends with that line
As a pretty face, it can mask lies or hate
Then the truth through deception is left behind.

There are two sides to every story
I must preach that statement once again
Listen to both sides, then the judgment you can decide
And happy you will be in the end
As you cannot judge a book by it's cover

No matter what you might hear or what might be said
As so many will lie, so that to get pity on their side
While untruth and deception they will had led.
A saddened face is just a saddened story
There is more to the truth to one persons story
Don't falsely judge, if so even GOD will hold a grudge
Then far away you will be from his glory.
When you listen to a story listen with your soul
Never be afraid to ask a question or even ask why
And always seek the truth, as you would seek out good fruit
And remember to every story there is always another side.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Tyke

When I was just a tyke,
I would never walk I would hike,
And if I needed to travel far,
I wasn't taken in a car.
I would always ride my bike.

When I went to play,
Out in the yard I would be all day,
In the house I would seldom be,
I'd rather be in the grass or climbing a tree.
Happily outside in the yard I would stay.

The pants that I wore,
They were clean, but they were tore,
Except for my Sunday clothes,
Which my mom chose.
We weren't rich, but then we weren't poor.

When I went for a drink,
It would be water from the kitchen sink,
When I wanted something to eat,
I ate at home and never down the street.
Of my youth I reminisce as I sit and think.

Randy McClave

Uncaring Politicians

Our forefathers once clasped their hands in a prayer
When they prayed to God for sickness, he was there,
But, now our politicians, who none act like Christians
Want us to pray to them for our health and care.

God is in heaven and he is watching us one and all
He doesn't want us to be needy or to suffer or to fall,
We are given a sister and or a brother, to help one and another
Then one day for our judgement we all will hear the call.

Many wants the poor and the needy to starve and cry
They want them to get sick and then to die,
Then for those acts, they will be judged by those facts
When in the grave their soulless bodies one day will lie.

Politicians believe that they must wear the finest fashions
Then they all want to live in the largest mansions,
Their shoes I have never wore, my hardships they never bore
And my prosperity I live it in only small rations,

One day each one of us will be up high in the air
Then at the poor and the needy we will be forced to stare,
Peace I have sought, to help the poor and needy I have fought
Our sins unto man and unto God will all lay bare.

All my sins can be carried in a very small pail
I quench my thirst in moralities never ending well,
What politicians get for free, for the same they want us to plea
Uncaring politicians will surely rot and suffer forever in hell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Uncle Sam

They say that he is my uncle,
I say that he is not and it's a scam
As I have never seen him at our family reunions,
This man that they all call Sam;
He never came to any of our family picnics
Maybe because I heard that he was a narcissist type of guy,
He never celebrates mine, or any other person's birthday
But; everyone must celebrate his every fourth of July.
I am told that he wears a white beard and a mustache
And he is always dressed in the American flag,
Whenever he needs help he always seeks me out
And about America and her freedom he always does brag;
He always takes money away from my paycheck,
He had sent my father and my brother off to war
If he truly is my uncle;
I don't want him as my relative anymore.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Under The Moon

Tonight I am outside and the moon she watches;
I am alone and she sends a smile down to me,
She does not like it that I am all alone,
She cries, as she says loneliness is not my destiny.

I look up at her for a while and I give her a smile;
And I speak to her with a tear while she's in my sight,
True man should not be lonely, but he should be happy,
That is why I am alone, and under your glow tonight.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Unhappy Valentine's Day

It is a day and time for lovers;
When a husband and wife rekindle their love,
With gifts and sweets they give to each other;
Showing each other the love they are created of.
Jewelry and sweets to my wife was my gift;
That I presented to her with love and glee,
Her gift though it was intimacy and a card;
But that gift, it wasn't presented unto me.

I had loved her from the day that we met;
I did everything for her that I could,
As she was my heart and she was my life;
I was the bad, and of course she was the good.
I wrote of our love to her in a poem;
And when I finished it I reread it and I sobbed,
And then when I went to present it unto her;
She had run away, but first I was robbed.

Valentine's Day it comes just once a year;
When a husband and wife remembers their spouse,
I will always remember that one faithful day;
That was the day when my love left my house.
I had come home with cake and jewelry;
Excitedly at my door I waited to be greeted,
But, my wife she never came to the door;
That's when I found out on me she had cheated.

About my house I then looked for our love;
But, all I found was her pictures and her love letters,
But, not one of them was meant for me to see;
She had left me nothing, except for her debtors.
She shares her love now with a fellow cheater;
To love and happiness, I was its prey,
So, now I search or look for love no more;
As I know only of an un-happy Valentine's Day.

Randy L. McClave

Union

I am not one, but I am many
If you look about me, I am many more
I am strong, I am not weak because I am plenty
And when I speak; you can hear me roar,
I do not ever take one single footstep
But, instead I take many steps at the same time
And they are with different depths and also widths
So, no adversity is too steep for me to overcome or climb,
I will never fight any battle or altercation all alone
If you look I have support on both my left and my right
Because there stands all my brothers and my sisters
They give me my confidence and also my might.

I will as easily defend as I will protect
I too will watch out for my brothers and my sisters
Never will I allow gossip or lies to attack them
As we all share the same sweat, and blood and blisters,
In troubled times I will never ignore or forsake them
Never will I allow greed or power to get the better of me
I care and we are here to help one and another
We are the brothers and sisters and we are a family,
I will live and die by this belief that I have
Though some will say my beliefs are just a delusion
But, I will walk in pride and in honor wherever I go
As I am not one by myself, I am in the family of the union.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Until Death

Until Death till we part
From each other we wont depart
As we will share the same heart
And in the end we will again start.
We will always be at each others side
Through GOD's law we will abide
As I am your husband you are my bride
And through our love we will never hide.
We will have each other in our thoughts
The same roads now we will had sought
The same battles we will have fought
The same same values we will have taught.
We will share the very same dreams
Together we will sew the same seams
As together we are the the same team
And never from our past will we redeem.
Never will we ever violate our vows
No matter the situations that might arouse
Our love to each other we will allow
And to that fact I will always avow.
Though we might argue and might fight
Though we might laugh and also cry
We will be truthful and will never lie
We will live and we will also die.
We will have eyes only for each other
And never could there be another
You will be my blanket and I your cover
You will be my best friend and my lover.
From each other we will never be apart
And this wisdom to you I will impart
You are my revelations and my art
Until Death till we part.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Until Death Do We Part

I spoke to my ex-wife the other night
I felt so sorry for her sadness and blight,
She talked to me in such a timid voice
I felt so sorry for her, I had no choice.
Her path it had taken such a different road
From the one to me that she once had showed,
She was the one that I once chose as my mate
I felt so sorry for her misdirection, and fate.
She just stood there, just talking and smiling
But, I knew that worries upon her soul was piling,
Then I thought to myself what have I done
She is still the mother, of our son.
But, then she was the one that sued for divorce
She was the one that pushed and maintained that course,
And I was the one that kept on asking why
And all that she said to me was, "Goodbye";.
I haven't seen or spoke to her in many years
But, I can still sense her unhappiness and tears,
Her life now it is with another man
But, I don't believe that was in her ultimate plan.
Now her dreams are all crumpled papers
They became transparent and disappeared like vapors,
Sometimes though I wish with a sadness in my heart
That it truly was, until death do we part.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Untraveled

As my world had slowly unraveled,
From taking a road that was untraveled,
Narrow up ahead was the way
I had only my belief and I did pray,
Forward in front of me was the only gate
I took nothing to chance, or even to fate.

I now know not to walk with sin,
Never will I walk with it ever again,
So all alone on the road I did walk
Without sinning or immorality so to myself I did talk,
No other person was in my thoughts or my sight
As no one was at my left, or on my right.

Another road I noticed not very far away,
I saw liars and sinners and those ready to betray,
Their road was long and it was very wide
People walked it with a happiness and also with pride,
Their upcoming gate was crooked, rusted and bent
Sadly not one soul was sorry, or wanted to repent.

As I walk the road that is seldom traveled,
My life in front of me then became unraveled,
It shows the life that I have lived and also led
Now my life and my redemption is on my head,
As I headed for the final entrance gate
To find my hereafter, as heaven will await.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Upon The Stage

We are told to act our age
When we walk upon the stage
Then we recite our lines then, we act
We become someone else to the abstract
We disguise ourselves to whom we meet
Pretending we are someone else when we greet
Then we get induced into our role
We change our act, but we can't change the soul
But when we meet God in our own time
We can change our clothes, but never our line
Wearing different clothes or a new uniform
We will become the calm waiting for the storm.

Randy McClave

Us Together

I don't want death to bring us together
I want that motive to be life,
I want her to be my children's mother
But, first to be my wife.

I don't want her to be my mate
Only because her husband had died,
Death would had then been called our fate
If he were living, from me she would run and hide.

I would hate to look into her eyes
And not ever to see me there,
As though I had become her late husband, in disguise
That! My soul and I could not ever bare.

Until death do us part the bible does say
In heaven our final judgement will be told,
As a Christian that I believe and in that I do pray
But, in heaven whose arm forever will she want to hold.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Using The Toilet

If someone is at my home and they need to piss
Whether they are a mister or a miss,
Maybe it's my father or my mother or my brother or sis
To allow them to use my toilet, I will not ever dismiss.
Whether they stand up or if they need to squat
When they need to go they will use either a toilet or a pot,
But, for me to go to another gender's toilet, I will not
The rules of decency and gender, I have not forgot.
If that urge ever hits anyone whether in a house or in a store
Or maybe during a battle or even in a war,
They need not run away and hide as they have swore
All they need to do, is lock the bathroom door.
Whether a person is wearing pants or a skirt or a dress
And that urge comes upon them which they cannot ignore or suppress,
To a toilet or any bathroom they should not be denied access
We should not see yellow streaks or puddles from a nervous distress.
If a female is sitting on a toilet inside a stall
Maybe she is at a store or at a restroom inside a mall,
Then she spies a muscular woman or hears a man's call
Isn't she protected by a locked door and the stall's wall.
I would hate to use the toilet if a female is on her period
I would hate to be in a bathroom if a person was having diarrhea,
If any man or woman don't like the transgender bathroom idea
Maybe they should carry urine buckets labeled either "Hank" or
"Thea".
In nature all animals and beasts and insects are free
Even in the beginning when there was also only Adam and Eve,
There was never no doors or locks on any pond or bush or tree
People now just need to lock the door, when they need to pee.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Valentine

I wish to thank you O' Valentine
You are the happiest time of mine
Love and happiness is now in the air
Because of you, and your presence there,
So, in salute I drink to you this glass of wine
I wish for love that I could build it a shrine.
To all the lovers I will give my highest regards
I hope they too will receive their gifts and cards.

This day of ours is filled with happiness and joy
Angels with their arrows you will deploy
Every man as myself must find his own sweetheart
And every woman to find her true counterpart,
So, upon this day let us reminisce and also enjoy
To just be in love, and love not to betray or destroy.
Let us then eat and drink and give our thanks
To all men and women in all their ranks.

I wish to thank you O' Valentine
And all your secret magic I will not decline
You bring a smile and joy upon my face
And in return there is a kiss and also an embrace,
Because of you my heart it will shine
And because of me your love I can define.
So happy I am this one time of the year
When love and joy is both known by a tear.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Valley Of Death

As someday I will head towards the valley of death
I will not head there with any sorrow or regret
I will head there with a joyful and a peaceful soul
While knowing that in my life caring did flow.
I will not had lied or cheated any woman or man
When it came to those traits I made my stand
I was loyal and devout to all whom I did meet
And from sadness or pity I caused no one to weep.
I never blamed my problems on anyone else
As I knew what was mine and my pride was my wealth
I never stole or robbed, never took what wasn't mine
As my promise to my soul I would commit no crime.
To my family and friends I will bring no pity or shame
If they ever think about me by remembering my name
I will not be remembered as a boastful or bragging man
On my own two feet alone, is how I always did stand.
The commandments of GOD I always did keep
And his truth and his ways I truly always did seek
Though sometimes a weak minded man I truly was
But those were the days and times, when I was in love.
When it will becomes my time to die I wont be scared
As Into the eyes of eternity I will smile with my stare
I will remember my pride and honor that I had left
As I take every mans journey, into the valley of death.

Randy McClave

Valley Of Red

The Valley of red
Was once my Valley of green
Before, the killings took place,
No longer do birds fly overhead
For they can't, rest their heads.
The trees are all gone
And so are all the hills
They are now, barren fields,
So now the Valley of red
Is my Valley of green
And that, now is my dream.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Vengeance

Vengeance is mine so said the Lord,
I will destroy the wicked with my sword
Judging and judgement will be mine alone
As what I reap, will first had been sewn.
Hate is like fire it will only consume
First the soul, then the mind will be exhumed
The pleasure of man's victory is so very brief
But in the end there is no satisfaction, but only grief.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Victory

Victory is ours!
Said one crow to the other,
As they soared in the sky above.
For below them they had spied
Golden corn, that was ripe,
From which, they would have their feast.
Tantalizing ears of gold
Laying out row upon row
Though as a river when the wind blowed.
'And no one is there!'
Exclaimed one crow in the air
'To protect that golden hair'.
So victory is ours!
Exclaimed the crows beginning there dive
Upon the corn, coming into sight.
But then shots rang out,
And two crows fell to the ground
As the corn waived in the wind.
Then walked two farmers to the crows
Who were hidden out of view
To observe the birds which flew.
Then one farmer spoke to the other
About the corn they defended together,
Exclaiming, 'victory is ours, over all others'.

Randy McClave

Violent Rage

I have been in a violent rage since the day that I was born
First it began when from my mother that I was violently torn
And then from that day that loss of innocence I still do mourn
I am truly the innocent, and at the world I do scorn.

Violence it is with me wherever that I might be
Where friendship is another man's drink, rage is my cup of tea
People enjoy to anger as though that is there strategy
And rage is that result, and the victim is always me.

I think about my past and the major events in my life
My first kiss, my first hug, my siblings and even my wife
But then those events brought me anger and hate and also strife
I was used and abused, cheated on and then stabbed by their knife.

When I wake up in the morning anger is on my mind
And when I go to bed at night my temper is all that I can find
I think of my rage which was caused by friends not being kind
How I wish that my peace and solitude was never left behind.

My life is filled with its outrages, anger and its wrath
I wish now that when I was walking I had taken a more peaceful path
Seems as though I have walked that road for years if correctly I did my math
How I wish that my rage could be removed, as simply by taking a bath.

I am now so tired my body is so old and worn
I wish again and again, I never came out that September morn
My mother was the rose and I indeed was her thorn
How I wish and pray many times over, that I could of been reborn.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Visit To My Doctor

I walked into the Doctor's office and it is cold
Or, is it just me because I am getting old,
The room is large, but the patients are sparse
I guess for me, it is a laughable waiting farce.
I am now shaking, am I nervous, or am I scared?
Can I be fixed, or can I ever be repaired?
The thought of a deadly illness or disease now enters my brain
And I have not yet signed in with my name.

I now sign in and the nurse says that I will be next
That statement alone causes me to be quite vexed,
I have to be prepared for my doctor's third degree
But, first in a cup I know the nurse will ask me to pee.
So, I sit and I grab a magazine that I pretend to read
While instead secretly unto God I decided to plead,
I ask him to watch over me and please don't let me be ill
Please! let me be fixed not by a shot, but instead by a simple pill.

The nurse calls out my name, it is now my turn
Now the doctor will see me for my pain and my concern,
But, first my height is measured and then I am weighed
That is the only part of my Doctors visit that I am not afraid.
The nurse then leads me back into an examination room
I sit on a paper covered table while waiting to hear about my doom,
The nurse checks my vitals and asks more questions once again
But, before she leaves, she informs me the doctor soon would be in.

With thoughts of dread the doctor shows up with a pad in his hand
He questions me as would a lawyer to a guilty man on the stand,
So, I sit and I answer as my life passes before my eyes
How I wished that I had eaten better, and that I did exercise.
My doctor informs me that my worries and concerns is an infection
So, he prescribed me some pills and not a dreadful injection,
Once I thought my life was worries, and pain, and also bleak
I was then informed that I should feel better in about a week.

Randy L. McClave

Voice In The Fog

The first time that I met you, I loved you
Even though I never saw your face
Your voice was what I heard it was your debut
And that was the day that I began my chase,
It all started out with my usual morning walk
Alone, Just myself and my loyal dog
The weather was a hazy mist so I began to talk
And then I heard your voice, inside the fog.

We carefully walked together down the road
As the fog covered both of our faces
And never did we ask for our faces to be showed
Our encounter was our intimate bases,
Your voice was a delight for me to hear
The conversation stirred the soul and mind
I was in love even though your face did not appear
You seemed so gentle and caring and very kind.

The fog it then began to slowly disperse
Very soon my imagination would become a reality
Still we joked and laughed as we did converse
We knew that our flirting would now be our hospitality,
We discontinued our walk and there we just stood
As we both decided to stop and wait
I wanted to see the woman if only I could
But when the fog lifted, she was gone posthaste.

She and I once walked through a foggy mist
It seemed like so many, many years ago
My daily walk through the fog, it still does persist
But now when I walk, I walk it solo,
I search for that voice that I once had heard
That day that I walked just me and my dog
That memory is strong, but the picture is blurred
As she was just a voice, inside the fog.

Randy L. McClave

Voting For The Devil

If the Devil ran for President
He would surely get my vote,
That is of course if he were a Republican
And if all of our enemies he would smote.
If all immigrants here were deported
And if being gay was against the law,
If carrying guns everywhere was legalized
For him, I would give my last hurrah.
I would vote for the Devil on election day
And I know that my friends would elect him as well,
He would become the leader of our country
As he is also the ruler of Hell.
He would become Americas greatest leader
I would defend every word that he spoke,
His words to me would become the gospel
I would breathe in his beliefs, like sensuous smoke.
If he were a bully and a racist and a bigot
And if he mocked the impaired and the disabled,
If he were an adulterer and a womanizer
"My President";, he still would be labeled.
He would be known as our greatest leader
And as our President I would proudly shake his hand,
In Hell, I would support every command that he growled
And his opponents I hope that they all are damned.
He could put a ring of fire around our great country
And into and from Hell there would be a door,
We wouldn't need to worry about the poor or the needy
The Devil would send them all off to die in a war.
We do not need a Democrat as our leader
Even if they are wearing a crown of thorns,
I most certainly will vote for a Republican as our President
Even if he wears a toupee to cover up his horns.
On election day I will vote for that one person
But, only If they have an "R"; placed beside their name,
The Devil would then become our next President,
But, only if is a Republican, without remorse or shame.

Randy L. McClave

Vow

I made myself a solemn promise
That was committed to a prescribed role
It was a calling and a course of action
I was going to commit my word and then my soul.

To another person I will give my pledge
A bond and a contact will be between us both
Together we both will live by that agreement
As I then I will give my own personal oath.

Not under penalty of law or fear do I give it
It is my own individual word of honor and belief
It is a declaration from my heart and of virtue
I give it with joy and happiness and not any grief

GOD will listen to the word that I will speak
As though to him I will give my own private prayer
So I give my heart with all honesty and truth
As I say that I will be or do, so I honestly swear

The words that I will give are binding
And through them no man can ever plow
This transaction is my own sacred covenant
Under faith and belief I now give my vow.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Vultures

Doves visit people when they are alive
But, when there is death the vultures will arrive,
They take this and they want that without a moan
They pick and they peck, until there is only bone.
Sad it is for the people who survive.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Waiting For A Thank You

Do not ever expect a thank you
When you do a favor for a friend,
Do not seek their gratitude as a revenue
If you do so, then do not ever borrow or lend.
It is always better to give than it is to receive
And sometimes it is better to wish than to believe;
For a reward, don't ever expect praise or a flirt
Then you will not ever be offended with feelings hurt.

When for a friend you do them a favor
Do it, but do not expect any gifts or applauds in return,
Enjoy your kindness, and on that goodness just savor,
But, forget about expecting gratitude and just learn.
A mother goes into labor and gives birth to her child
Someday an estranged husband and wife are reconciled;
Pennies and wishes together in a jar are always collected
Praise is a gift, it should be known and not expected.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Wake - Up

Like a refreshing sip from a coffee cup
You got to accept reality and wake up,
I don't want to hug you in a tight embrace
I just want to stop and slap you on the face,
No one cares or sympathize because you cry
Everyone is sick of your pity and your sigh,
Remember life is a reality and not a dream
Sometimes we all just have to stop and scream,
Accept your situation and don't whine and interrupt
Open your eyes and listen; and then wake up.

Randy McClave

Wake Me!

Wake me when the war is over
Then tell me who won the fight,
" hoorah " for us if we have won,
and if we lost, then GOD wasn't on our side.
Then let me know just why we fought
And the reasons that we might die
Refresh my memory of this war once more
So never again must I ask why.
And if anyone asks if I did fight
While I was station way over there,
Thank them all and tell them of course I did
And thank them for keeping me in there prayer.
And tell them all no medals home will I bring
As I fought just for home and glory,
"MMM", I like how that sounded
I think That will be my story.
I never fought for hate or for love
Never fought for the red, black, yellow or white
I never fought for riches or for wealth
I fought for my leaders, as they told me to fight.

Wake me when this war is over
Or tell me when the fighting is done
So I can discard my gun and put on my boots
And then head home, to my wife and son.
And tell them all I served my country well
Please tell them one lie after another
And tell them all I fought for GOD and Country
And also of course for my friends and mother.
And tell them while I was way over there
I fought hard each and every day
I killed for truth and I killed for justice
And every night for my sins to GOD I would pray.
So much sadness came from this war
Sadness I seen each and every way
How much I miss my family and home
And how I so hate in being afraid.
And when you do tell of my story
Don't tell it so sad to cause any to weep

Because during this war I did not a thing
Because as you know, all I did was sleep.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Walk Of Shame

I think back now of the shame and disgust
Sadly all she knew was how to sin and lust
The mantle of woman-hood she happily did bust
Knowing not of devoutness nor not knowing of trust.

Leaving one man and then going to another
Happily to other women she is like no other
As for lies, sin and deceit, by them she will smother
Ironically she was once known as a wife and a mother.

Out from her mouth comes hatred and lies
Turning others words around, and uses them in disguise
Living for pity and help, and answering with tears and sighs
Doesn't care who she hurts or who falls, or who even cries.

She now walks the road that leads to her grave
Sin and deceit she will always long for and crave
Living the life of a coward, could never be brave
Her soul she has lost, and sadly it she tried not to save

Cheating and using and abusing to her is just a game
She leaves one man for another, and others she will blame
She hides her face, so no one will know her name
Then once again in the rain or snow, she takes that walk of shame.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Walking In My Footsteps

You're walking in my footsteps
From the tracks
That I have left.
You're walking in my footsteps
For now you see
My regrets.
For now you walk
With a limp
From your burdens
Your back is bent.
And you're walking in my footsteps
For now I see
That you're upset
You're walking the road
That I've walked before
The one I swore
I'd walk no more.

And you're walking in my footsteps
For now you see
The tracks I left
You're walking it so fast
Just like a run
Leaving the mud prints
Under the sun
That dries up
and turns to dirt
Which blows away
But stays the hurt.

And you're walking in my footsteps
From your burdens
That I have kept
I see the blood
That I have shed
Mixed with yours
Though it still is red.

And you're walking in my footsteps

For the footsteps now, are the same
With the same depth
From the same tears
From the same old troubles
From the same old fears.
And you're walking in your footsteps
For mine are gone
And yours are here.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Walking In Peace (Heather Heyer)

She did not fire a gun
Instead, she marched in peace,
From bigotry she would not run
Her life then did cease.
She made her final stand
Against bigotry she was murdered,
Now she is holding liberty's hand
But, sadly evil was furthered.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Walking On A Cloud

He is my older brother,
Who just walked through heaven's door,
Today I said goodbye to him,
Now I wonder, will I ever see him anymore.

Will ever again i see his baggy clothes
Or his long brown hair,
Him wearing his favorite tennis shoes
Or the jewelry, that he always enjoyed to wear.

No more will he sit on my front porch
And he won't be tapping on my window,
He won't be sleeping in my house any longer
And he won't be seen leaving Earth in a limo.

He won't ever worry about his next meal
Or if his bills have been paid,
Or making it on time for his Doctors visits
Nor, will he ever again be afraid.

He is now no longer hungry
Or dragging his leg when he walks,
No longer is he tired or is he worried;
Happily, all will understand him as he talks.

He won't see or feel anymore sadness
Those emotions are no longer allowed,
And he won't look to see of any pain or suffering,
Now he is walking on a cloud.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Wandering Eyes

When the eyes begin to wander
The mind will start to deceive
The heart will forget to listen
And the soul will know not what to believe.
The truth will not be heard
And honesty it will be lost
Lies will begin to become the truth
And happening to you, you think not.
Whispers will become continuous
While then rumors all will hear
Shame and guilt will then be followed
Then love will be replaced with a tear.
Devotion will be lost and forgotten
Along with all hope and also faith
Love will then not be remembered
Along with the heart and body being chaste.
The mind then will become confused
And in sadness the heart will ponder
The soul will then become corrupted
And all when the eyes begin to wander

Randy McClave

Wanting Gigi's Ass

Hello my sexy Lass,
I want to do you doggy-style in your ass,
Upon my bed, or on the green, green grass
Where men before were not allowed to trespass.

I want to take away your last holy trinity
Which you had protected as your last virginity,
With my strong and rugged masculinity
To enjoy a part of your structured femininity.

True you are no longer truly celibate
Many men did please you, as you did permit,
But, unto me you never once did submit
Now I want you on all fours to commit.

Though you might keep that desire shut
Even though your husband has called you a slut,
But, maybe in a tent or even in a hut
I want to break that virginity, and do you in your butt.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

War

I would yield, to the shield
If a sword I did wield,
Because I will not kill, for the thrill
An unarmed man upon any battlefield.

I would run, from the gun
Before any fighting had begun,
As I don't want to die, or even cry
Or be buried to early neath the sun.

I will fight, for what is right
With any foe or enemy in my sight,
By using our fist, that I'd insist
As we battle with our own might.
It would be one man, against another man
And that would be the plan,
We might brawl, then we might maul
And that is how our battle began.

I might sigh, and then I might die
And only I will know the reason why,
But I will stay, and I will not runaway
As our battle might intensify.

I might be poor, but furthermore
I will fight upon any shore,
I will endure the strife, I might lose my life
But I do not want to have another war.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Warning You

Did you not see me waving at you
That day when you were walking by
You quickly walked away and ignored me
And you didn't even say goodbye
But what I was doing I was trying to warn you
It had nothing to do with my honor or pride
I wanted to tell you about the hole in front of you
But you didn't see it, so you fell in, and you died.

Randy McClave

Warrior, He

Happy is the warrior he
When he journeys in the world of men
To provide for his family
And no one else, but them.
Happy He is those tired nights.
Happy is a warrior wife.

Happy is a warrior man
When he has shelter to rest his head
And when he uses his own two hands
To bring the food, so his family is fed.
So proudly he stand so strait and tall.
As he Fiercely battles vowing not to fall.
A warrior man is that special breed
When he enters the world of man
As he asks for nothing which is free
And takes what only he can.
Though not by lying, stealing or request.
But by hard work, bleeding and sweat.

Happy is the warrior he
When he greets each and every day
When from his home he does leave
To earn himself respect and pay.
Happy he is when he earns respect.
Happy he is when he tires from sweat.

And when it is a warriors time to leave
And he is buried all alone
He shall then enter heaven proud and free
Happy and peaceful, will be his soul.
For he knows on earth he done his best.
And now he deserves his final rest.

Happy is the Lord he
When he calls away a warrior man
For he shall then plant another seed
To bring forth two more working hands.
And he will sweat, and stand as a tree.

And how I wish I was the warrior he.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Washing Off

When I come upon bullies who enjoy to intimidate
Insults spitting from their mouths like a contagious cough,
I see and hear all of their germs in the form of anger and hate
So, I just turn my head, and I wipe all of their words off.
Words cannot harm me, and to the best they do the contrary
They are the proof of stupidity, and also a lack of their vocabulary.

When I see and hear jealousy in the form of ridicule
When at other people beliefs they begin to laugh and also scoff,
Whether it's because of a social standing, or maybe it's political
I go home and take a shower, and then I wash their insults off.
Then down the shower drain their insults are washed away
My body and soul are clean, and for those persecutors I will pray.

When filthy mouthed people shout out their bigotry and prejudice
They remind me of pigs eating from their food trough,
Filth all around and about them, I just nod my head to their abyss
I then pray to GOD for a thunderstorm, so I can wash their beliefs off.
Then after that rainstorm once again the air and the world is clean
But, then soon enough from hate, people again will become obscene.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Wasting Youth

Sow your oats when you are young
When that taste is still upon your tongue,
Don't wait on time and controllable forces
Soon those oats are eaten by wild horses.

Have your memories for your tomorrow
Plant today, without worries or sorrow,
Tonight be happy and party and or sing
Go out, and then have a fling.

Everyone should enjoy life to the fullest
One day we each will be on someone's bull list,
Years of work and years of going to schools
Now is the time that we break 'some' rules.

Youth is wasted upon the young they say
As they always squander their adventures away,
When you are old you have nothing but your pleads
So, while you are young, plant some seeds.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Watching The River Flow

While Sun shines bright
And the Moon is full aglow
That is the time
To sit and watch the river flow.
For that is the time
To write poems in the sand
And also in the mind
To hold a Lady's hand.
Heaven is above us
And Earth is still below
And not a better place to be
But to sit and feel the flow.
Fishes now are swimming
As the birds they do fly
Up and down the river
To where the bullfrogs cry,
Stars are shining bright
And the Moon is all aglow
While sitting beneath the moonlight
Listening to the river flow.
The shivers are going out
For the rivers flowing in
Up and down my life and soul,
Only to begin once again.
Heaven is above us
And the Earth is still below
How I love to sit and wish
And hear the river as it flow.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Watching The Show

You curse and you swear and you also assault,
But, you blame it on others because it is never your fault.

You lied and you cheated and you also stole,
Still you go to bed with a smile and a very happy soul.

You take advantages of others to get what you want,
Then when someone you've hurt is suffering, them you will taunt.

You do bad unto others and dare them ever to do it unto you,
Compassion or pity unto others, you have never had a clue.

You pretend that you are someone and that someone you are not,
Morality and pride are the lessons that you have never been taught.

You think you are a good person who is cursed with only bad luck,
All I can say about that, is that you and your beliefs really suck.

Someday of course, you will reap what you did sew,
And when that day comes; I will be eating popcorn while watching the show.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We All Are Brothers

We all are brothers from a clan
We all are siblings every woman and man,
In this world are we not all just one family
Don't we all want to be loved and also to be free.
Worthy is none! when we believe that we are better than.

I have traveled to Japan
Where I befriended Asians and my skin is tan,
Even though I was from a different country.
We all are brothers.

Life to some is just a simple plan
We go to work or we open a can,
The world and the family of man are from the same tree
Nothing in this world of ours is ever a guarantee,
Who knows of a short or even a long lifespan.
We all are Brothers.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We All Die

I will not plant a flower because I know that it will die
I will not have another relationship because I hate to say goodbye,
Though the nature of man is love, and with him beauty to surround
But, for me to anyone or anything never again will I ever be bound.
I once planted myself flowers, but then they all died
I was cheated on by my spouse, so for love I gave up and cried,
On beauty and love no longer will I even hope for or even try
Sooner or later everything I had known or loved; it will die.
I bought artificial flowers which I placed in my house
I gave up on relationships especially wanting another spouse,
Everything that is living about us someday surely dies
In my yard are rotting dead leaves, I wondered what is their prize?
I know that my artificial flowers will outlive me
I know that being alone sets myself lonely, but sadness free,
Someday everything dies and all books will be left unread
Even when I pray to GOD, I know that someday he will want me dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We All Hear A Merry Christmas

We all hear a 'Merry Christmas! '
During this time of the year once again,
As we all pray for peace on earth
To replace all of our evil deeds and sin.
Families are now sitting at their table
While watching their father doing his turkey carving,
Scraps of meat is given to the family dog
And the children in Syria, are starving.

We all wear our new Christmas clothes
As our children's toys we help build,
While houses in Syria have been destroyed
And the children in Syria, have been killed.
But, we did put our change into a bucket
After we bought our walnuts and pumpkin pie,
'Merry Christmas! ' we shout to all strangers
And still, the children in Syria die.

So, a 'Merry Christmas! ' to us one and all
And also a very Happy New Year,
But, only to our friends and our family
And not for the children that are bleeding, with a tear.
The children here sing their songs together
As they all stand beside their Christmas tree,
With a statue of the new born baby Jesus
While they're whispering, 'More presents and gifts for me'.

Now we all sit and we wait in anticipation
After the turkey has been carved,
Then we pray to God for our blessings
While the children in Syria, have starved.
Joyful sounds are now being made
As we all sing to the sound of a Christmas bell,
But, that is the music that the egotistical's hear
As the children in Syria, hear only Hell.

Our children are excitedly waiting
And wishing for a new snow upon the ground,
While most children in Syria are terrifyingly anticipating

For the bombs, terrifying sound.
Parents and children here are still smiling
As they thank Santa and the child born in Bethlehem,
With their new toys and gifts received
As the Syrian children wonder, what about them?

Families are warm as together they snuggled
While singing in the Christmas choirs,
Though many children in Syria are still struggling
While listening for bombs, and dying in fires.
We watched our children stand in line
So, that they could sit upon Santa's knee
While orphans are praying, and Christmas wishing
That from Aleppo in a line they could also flee.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We Are A Christian Country

We are a Christian country
But, we all must own guns,
Then we teach hatred to all of our brothers and sons.

We are a Christian country
But, we won't help the poor and the needy,
Instead we support and help the wealthy and the greedy.

We are a Christian country
But, we don't believe in turning the other cheek,
Instead we intimidate the indifferent and the weak.

We are a Christian country
We say that we put our faith and belief in Christ,
But, remember this, he was denied thrice.

We are a Christian country
But, we hate all those who sin,
We are a Christian country, when does our Christianity begin?

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We Are Americans

We were once known as liberators
From the four corners of the world,
We have destroyed tyrants and dictators
As our flag we proudly unfurled.
We are Americans.

We will never stand for slavery
When it is practiced upon a fellow man,
We are recognized for our pride and our bravery
Towards anyone we are never better than.
We are Americans.

To freedom we are not cowards or a traitor
We stand and we will die for what is right,
We are known as the world's emancipator
Freedom for all we will always fight.
We are Americans.

We are recognized as liberty's sightseer
Whether here at home or abroad,
We are the oppressed freer
For independence and equality we will applaud.
We are Americans.

We will battle with weapons or words or with our fists
So, all man can worship and be free,
We will travel the globe to destroy terrorists
But, we ignore the ones created in our own country.
We are Americans.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We Are Human

They say that life is a bitter pill
That we all must take after every meal
But sometimes that pill is so hard to swallow
As the road up ahead, it is hard to follow,
We all have demons that we must overcome
And it is easily done as a prick of the thumb
First we must redeem our past and sin no more
We must fight those battles and then win that war,
We must seek and wish for virtue and inner peace
A calmness of the soul so our worries might cease
Our past sins and transgressions we must forsake
While acknowledging our past with a wake,
We must bury that pill deep into the ground
Where it will forever stay and will never be found
Circling ourselves with honesty, faith and truth
Surrounded by love and forgiveness of our youth,
Expressing our sorrow and no longer for us to hide
And then ask forgiveness as our past has died
But in the end there is one truth for every man and woman
We are just animals of the world, we are human.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We Are Retired

Al posts trivia on the internet

Mike has become somewhat lazy and heavysset,

Bill takes another puff off his vapor cigarette

As for going to work, they no longer fret.

Roger now aimlessly wanders inside the mall

Danny tells everyone how he misses work in the fall,

Cecil no longer worries about that overtime call

But, still working somewhere, is old George Paul.

Doug listens to music and tends to his garden

Davey happily has already got his work pardon,

Jon is now invasive and bitter, and has become harden

Sadly, Charlie had died after a job he starred-in.

Bob talks about his company time and years

Rodney talks about all of the accidents and the fears,

Tony still brags about his knowledgable peers

Gary is an optimist, he still talks about the fun and the cheers.

To the same company we all were hired

In time we all were hurt, or laid off, or many times fired,

But, we all survived the storm, just to become inspired

Now we all stand alone, bored, and retired.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We Are Scottish

The men they proudly wore their philibegs
Showing off their white and hairy legs
From the highlands they came and they did trot
I wonder when they piss, do they stand or do they squat.
Proudly they all stood while wearing their kilts
Which reminded me a lot of my grandma's quilts,
Then at my remark a Highlander flashed his hairy bum
Then he replied with a shout; "I am a Scotsman! "

The ladies they too wore their highland dress
With sash and ghillie they were ready to impress
Shaven legs underneath their tartan skirts
With pride and delight I released many excited flirts.
The bagpipes played and with a lassie I wanted to dance
She turned me away, she wouldn't give me a chance,
A Scottish woman is the lassie that will not to be outdone
She then shouted and said, "I am the wife of a Scotsman! "

The men they wore the flag of Saint Andrew, the Saltire
To provoke pride and honor and also to inspire
The ladies carried a bouquet of the Heather and the Scottish thistle
I clapped and shouted and then I gave out a whistle.
As I stood and watched upon the streets of Edinburgh
I saw and felt the honor and pride of each Highlander,
I looked and I knew they were not prude or snobbish
They replied to me in honor and pride, "We are Scottish"

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We Are What We Are

A cat might growl and think it is a dog
Then it might bark at people that are walking by,
A sparrow may believe that it is an eagle
While it is sailing up high above the earth in the sky,
A turtle could croak and say that it is a frog
As it sits alone upon a log in a pond,
A woman might say that she is a true redhead
Even though in her hair there are traces of blond,
A man might think and say that he is a very rich person
He might call his home a mansion and his boat a yacht,
But, in the end we all accept what we want to believe
We are what we are, until someone says that we are not.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We The People

We are the people, we are one
Because of us, tyranny is gone
We are the power, we are the strength
Justice for all we'll go the full-length
We are the voters, we are the people
We can clear any hurdle or jump any steeple
Laws we help create, we make them official
We vote in the truth, and not in the superficial
We are the ones who will scream and will fight
To overturn any injustice and make it right
Look out the windows we are the taxpayers
The voters, the citizens, our country's surveyors
We are the strength, and we are the brawn
Because we are the voters, and we are one.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We Were Boys

Let's put away our childish toys
We men we all come from small boys
We run we climb, we cover ourselves with grime
Our screaming and our filth is our joys.

We curse and we spit as we are boys
Fighting and shouting we make our noise
We throw sticks and rocks, we won't wear socks.
Our lifestyle as imps we proudly poise.

We run through the rain we play in the mud
Our merit badges is our scars and blood
We sport black eyes, they are our grand prize
We'll run towards tornado's and we'll swim in a flood.

Girls we see them as our enemy
They are sweet and gentle and they will not tame me
They won't run and play, their parents they obey
We want only friends and they want a family.

Now one day a suit and tie it must be worn
The playgrounds of our yesterdays we will sadly mourn
But for those days we must not grieve, we must truly believe
That one day to us men, a son will be born.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

We Will Die

It is better to make a friend than an enemy
It is better to laugh than it is to cry
It is better to take medicine than a remedy
But who cares, as one day we all will die.

It is better to buy than it is to steal
It is better to tell the truth than to tell a lie
It is better to have desire than a weak will
But then of course, one day we will die.

It is better to stand tall than to walk away
It is better to wave hello than it is goodbye
It is better to be on course than to go astray
But then of course, one day we all will die.

It is better to have faith than immorality
It is better to fail than not to ever try
It is better to live in kindness than in brutality
But then one day, we all will die.

It is better to pray than to make a wish
It is better to inquire than it is to pry
It is better to be generous than to be selfish
But then one day, we all will die.

It is better to create than it is to destroy
It is better to be lost than to lose an eye
It is better to please than it is to annoy
But who cares, as in the end we will die.

It is better to be true than it is to cheat
It is better to confess than it is to deny
It is better to be protect than to mistreat
But then in the end, we all will die.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Wealthy

I didn't want to be wealthy while I am young
I wanted to be wealthy when I'm old and gray,
That way I don't have to save and save and save
And I won't have to put money away until a rainy day.
The money I have I will spend it the way that I want
The rainy day has come and I am enjoying the rain,
As my future is now and my youth has passed
Now I spend and I buy what I want and I never will complain.

I didn't want to be wealthy when I was young
I don't want to be wealthy yesterday,
Being wealthy I would rather be as an older person
That way I would know I wouldn't throw my money away.
I won't need to worry about the finances for my future
Spending and wasting money I wouldn't raise an eyebrow,
Enjoying my life and not worrying and wasting my money
I could do it worry less because I am old and gray now.

I didn't want to be wealthy when I was young
Being wealthy and smart comes with the knowledge of age,
When we were young we are used and tempted with cash
But, when we are older we won't work or make a weekly wage.
I will then have no worries or no debts or any bills
Those are the memories and nightmares of a youths past,
I will be older and excited as looking for my golden years
Being wealthy when I am older, I am an enthusiast.

I didn't want to be wealthy while I was young
I just want to be wealthy in the twilight of my life,
My running around and spending will already be finished
And so will be my worries of the youths strife.
I will be ready to enjoy my new found wealth
But, only if they give it to me while I am old and gray,
Then I will be levelheaded with my finances and thoughts
I then will not curse my youth, from the money that I threw away.

Randy McClave

Wearing A Mask

May I just ask?
Why do you wear a mask,
Is it just used to frighten
And your sense of power to heighten,
But, of you or your mask I am not afraid
It isn't you that is portrayed,
Even if you wore a robe or a hood
To me that doesn't mean if you are bad or good,
All that you are doing is just hiding your face
But, I can still see the shame and guilt and disgrace
Go home! and look at yourself in a mirror
Then tell me what you see, bravery or fear.

Tell me, do you wear a mask just to terrify
Or do you wear it hoping only to mystify,
Maybe the reason behind your disguise
You are hoping only to decriminalize,
But, what over your face that you might wear
To tell you the truth, I don't really care,
It isn't a mask that says who you are
To me on your soul there's an ugly scar,
Of a mask I will not ever be terrified
I am here, so that one fact I have clarified,
So, if you don't mind that I ask
Why not take off that silly mask.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Welcome June

I am so excited that once again it is June
When the sun is bright and the birds all sing in tune
Winter is finally gone so no more shoveling of the snow
Now there are hedges to trim and also grass to mow,
Just think, no more slipping or freezing or falling upon the ice
But, though now we must worry about the mosquitoes and the lice
In my youth and in my past I once loved the snow and the cold
Changes though will come, as with seasons and I am getting old,
The flowers they are awakening from their summer sleep
We now again have gardens to tend to and also yards to keep
We can now go off to the park and then off to visit the zoo
At night in the yard we could light marshmallows or have a barbecue,
It is the best month for parties and birthdays and marriages
So in June you had better be prepared to see baby carriages
And out in the yard and parks the children are eager to play
Only thing better than a June night, it is of course a June day,
Children can chase and catch lightning bugs late at night
While we all can sit around the yard with only a porch light
Winter was long and cold and finally here comes June
It again came right on time, not too late and never too soon.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Wendy

As we talked and began to discuss
She told me that she did not cuss
Even though her daughters both cursed and swore
Those deeds of theirs she tried to ignore
As it would only cause bother and a fuss.

She told me how she raised her girls
With religion and dresses and pretty pearls
But instead those gals they wanted to be boys
Spitting and fighting and making a farting noise
Now she said her mind it just twirls and twirls

Now they smoke and drink just like a sailor
Many times she said she was their jailer
What has become to her lovely baby daughters
Maybe she must wait until hell or high waters
She spoke as she breathed with her inhaler.

She said in her next life if she is not a nun
Wendy told me she would rather have a son
That is what gives her desire and hope
To survive her daughters and help her cope
Then she left, and our discussion was done.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

What A Man Becomes

When a man falls in love he becomes a lover
Above his woman he puts no other
And when he closes his eyes, she will materialize
And never does he want to be with another.
He thinks about his love every day and night
As he wants to always keep her in his heart and sight
And when he is alone, To the world it is known
That she is his life and also his light.

When a man is cheated on he becomes a cynic
His love and their life he will then mock and mimic
In his heart there buns a hate, which he cant forsake
As his soul and mind seems as though to forever ache
She stays in his thoughts every night and day
He wonders what she did to turn herself that way
Then when he's with his friends, they too confirm her sins
And for him and not her they will sit and talk and pray.

When a man is cheated on by his wife he becomes a poet
Then of their life and relationship to all he will show it
He will write down in rhyme, of her dirty sinful crime
So of her sin no man or woman will ever forget it.
He still thinks about what she did all the time
As against him and God he knows she committed the crime
And now all he wants is peace, and the pain to cease
So he becomes a poet and his pain he writes in rhyme.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

What Do I Own

Do I own my home or even my car?

I wonder what in this world what I truly own so far;

I know that if I don't pay the government a lucrative tax

They will take away all that I own, so how can I ever relax.

Now I wonder when I die, and to my eternal reward I am sent,

Will I find out only then, I never owned my soul, it was just for rent.

So, what do I own? Is that up to the government and God,

Or am I being tricked, and this scheme of ownership just a fraud?

I will always pay my taxes and I will always say my prayers

I want what is mine to always be mine! And, not ever to be theirs.

Now for ownership I will pay taxes, and for passage I will pay a Toll,

I want to always to keep my house, and also my eternal soul.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

What Does It Show

What does it show
When a cold wind does blow
And a robin, sings you a song,
Are you in love
Or are you just a hug
Looking for a love for so long.
So what does it mean
After that you have seen
A robin singing a song,
Do you think of the past
And the love you thought would last
And think of the love that ran away,
So when you listen to the robin
And do you feel your heart throbbing
To a scene, you have received.
And while the cold wind just blows
And while the river still flows
Your feelings just grows and grow,
And if your sitting by the river
To a cold wind you begin to shiver
As you think of the things you've seen,
And the robin only sings
And in the mind her heart rings
To the feeling that you have been,
So sing her a song
And with you she'll sing along
With you, and the world aloud.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

What Happened In Paris

What happened in Paris
The city of love,
Were they all careless
Wasn't God watching them from above;
I heard that the city died
Then they prayed and they cried,
What happened in Paris,
The city of love.

Wickedness had arrived
With their religion and their faith,
Now not many survived
No love shown, but only hate;
Music it is for the dreamers
Then they became the screamers,
One thought still persists,
What happened in Paris.

Now there is only grief
No romance or amour,
Hatred came like a thief
Truly the Devil's allure;
They arrived without a reason
Their religion a lie and at treason
To all the tears that still exists,
What happened in Paris.

The city of love
It became the city of terror,
What were the people thinking of
Who were evil's bearer;
There were shots fired
Death was all that was desired,
Now the world is in an abyss
What happened in Paris,
The city of love.

Randy L. McCave

What I Own

I have myself a car and I own my own house
But, no longer am I married, so I have myself no spouse,
My car takes fuel and my house always takes repairs
The spouse took my heart which left me broke with despairs.

My car gives me transportation to where I need to go
The house gives me shelter from the wind and the snow,
My spouse went with me nowhere, and she always cold
Too bad she couldn't be repaired, or traded in, or even sold.

When my car has no fuel it cannot move it refuses to run
If I didn't own a house, I wouldn't be protected from nature or the sun,
Without having a spouse I feel not needy or contrive
So, with a smile on my face and a song in my heart; I happily will survive.

Fuel is in my cars fuel tank and my house is fully repaired
For a cold long winter or a long or short trip I am ready and prepared,
I still have no spouse, but I know I could always do worse
I could be broke and living in a tent, and be driven in the back of a hearse.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

What If She

What if she had never lied
I wonder if she still would be at my side,
Still holding my hand and also onto her honor and pride
But, who knows the secrets that she kept inside.
When I spoke to her I always thought she spoke the truth
But, then I was relying on the beliefs of the youth.

What if she had never cheated
And my heart and my soul was never mistreated,
Next to me? I wonder would she still be seated
But then as I think, she was uncaring and also conceited.
When we had met I did not know that she had deceived
And then when I left her, I cried; but my soul was relieved

What if we had never divorced
And I never had allowed our destiny to be enforced,
Would my voice be not stressed, and not coerced
But, her past and her living, she had once again endorsed.
I sometimes think what if we had stayed together
But, now I know that storm of lies and cheating I could never weather.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

What Is The Meaning Of Life

What is the meaning of life
Is it to just have a husband or a wife,
Or is it to buy, and then to comply
Maybe it is to combat boredom and strife.
Perhaps we are here to build
Or maybe to watch and maintain a field,
Possibly to work and try, and not to question why
I definitely hope not for a weapon to wield.
Could we be here to just create
Feasibly that truly could be our exact fate,
Our soul is to satisfy, and our mind is to justify
Or maybe we are meant to serve and to donate.
Perchance we are here because of luck
And all that we care about is making a buck,
That rumour I would deny, and I hope that evolution is a lie
I don't want to think that my family came from muck.
God willing we are here and it's not by chance
Hopefully we are here by love, and then for romance,
To that revelation I would cry, with a cheerful sigh
Knowing that was life's true circumstance.
Maybe our existence was for the Almighty to rest
Then we are watched as we take life's quest,
Our race is over when we die, as we say goodbye
Then God, will give us all our final test.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

What Is The Point Of War

What is the point of war,
Is it that people are evil and they just want more.

Why do people want to go and fight in a different land,
Why not stay at home and build, as they had once planned.

Has people become so hateful and greedy,
That they want to kill and destroy and make other people needy.

I wonder why these same people always put God in their equation,
Does God want his children to kill, and then to ravage a country or a nation.

When people say that they knew not what was going on,
Did they just turn their heads, as though loathing and gluttony was gone.

I wonder why they despise that country way over there,
Is it because of what they own, or maybe how they say a prayer.

Children are walking about with sticks and rocks and their little trifles,
Tomorrow they might be wearing uniforms, and carrying rifles.

People that kill and steal they are judged and then sent to jail,
Then when they die, they will be judged again, and then sent to hell.

If of war people say that they are truly ashamed,
Then who fired the bullets, and who has been blamed,

If people are indeed so mortified of war,
Then who had asked, and wanted, and screamed for more.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

What Type Of Man

What kind of a man goes after a married woman
What kind of a man does it and proclaims his faith in GOD
What kind of man does the things that he shouldn't
Does that type of man think that he will never be caught.
What type of man leaves his children and his wife
What type of man puts his needs and his wants first
What type of a man is scared to fight his own fights
Does that type of man cares whose soul that he hurts.
What type of man talks behind other peoples backs
What type of man lies to make himself look tall in front of others
What type of man is scared to admit the guilt that he has done
Does that type of man think that we are his brothers.
What type of man will not work for a living
What type of man wants others to take care of him
What type of man thinks he is something but he's not
Does that type of man thinks that manhood is his friend.
What type of man cannot be used as an example
What type of man does not keep promises that he's made
What type of man should not be father to any child
Does that type of man know the price that a real man has paid.
What type of man thinks but he cannot think
What type of man looks but he truly does not see
What type of man hears but he does not listen
Does that type of man know that he could never be me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

What Would Jesus Do

She calls herself a Christian,
And he calls himself a Christian too,
Then they always protest this and that,
So I wonder, what would Jesus do.

They are holding their protest signs
Screaming that all should work to be fed,
I guess that they forgot about Jesus feeding the poor
And also that he raised the dead.

Would Jesus be allowed in our country
Or would he be on a banned list,
Would they hate him for hurting money changers
By showing his wrath with his fist.
I wonder what Jesus's thoughts would be on immigration
As he and Noah and Moses were ones as well,
Would he forget about us and our country
Saying Christianity here had fail.

They distance themselves from the needy
As on faraway beaches their world relaxes,
While the poor get hungry and they freeze
I wonder what contributions they claim on their taxes.
They hate other religions and beliefs
And they don't care about others pain and flight,
They believe what they want to believe
On their Bible they stand hypocritically as they fight.

It is easy to call oneself a Christian
By going to Church several times a week,
And then to carry a gun as your Lord and protector
So, to never turn the other cheek.

As a Christian I walk in Christ's steps
The Bible gives me and all more than a clue,
And I will never judge either him or her
As I always ask myself first, what would Jesus do.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

What Would You Do

What would do
If it happened to you
What had happened to someone else,
Would you be surprised
Or would you sit down and cry
Or could you, even live with yourself.
Tell me how would you react
Being truthful to that fact
If someone had did you wrong,
And it you never expected
So the outcome you just ejected
Tell me, could you be that strong.
Could you joke and laugh
If you headed down the path
That you thought, that you would never go,
Were you expected it not to be you
And truthfully you never had a clue
That you, were the only one that didn't know.
What would you say
Or maybe to GOD what would you pray
If the same had happened to you,
As now you are looking through the eyes
Of the person whom once you had criticized
For doing the things that now you do.
So take a look at that life
Then feel the pain and the strife
And please walk in their shoes,
Do you now feel their pain
And tell me, now who will you blame
And also if you were them, what would you do.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When A Female Is 16

When a female is sixteen
She is at the crossroads of in-between,
Shorts in one hand and in the other a dress
Does she want to play, or will she impress?
The metamorphosis of the female
Some call it beautiful while others call it hell,
In puberty a boy's voice will just merely change
Now he has a more mature shouting range.
From the cocoon she has emerged
The butterfly by nature has been urged,
Tomorrow now she has a determined plan
But, as she evolves, a boy never truly stays a man.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When God Was Man

Once on the earth there was only Adam
It was a long time before he had his madam,
The creatures of the world he would daily greet;
As he walked alone in his bare feet.
Then upon the earth with man he walked in tandem
To be equal and not better wasn't a thought random,
Then daily the creatures and Adam he would meet;
He met them also in his two bare feet.

He lived in the time when true hate did begin
He died on the cross for our every sin,
In his time the youth were well known as vandals;
Wearing their flowing robes, and their sandals.
He didn't wear the clothes of the rich men
With the poor and working class he wanted to fit in,
There was crime and also there was scandals;
He too wore a flowing robe, and sandals.

He now looks upon the world in this modern time
With all of its corruption and greed and crime,
For the poor and the middle class he will always clap;
While still wearing his robe, and now also a ball cap.
Upon a social ladder he needs not to climb
He enjoys to save and also to protect and to rhyme,
He now enjoys to dance and also to rap;
Jesus in a flowing robe, and now wearing a ball cap.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When I Am In Japan

When I go back to Japan, I will become Japanese
I will become part of that country when I go there overseas,
No longer will I be a tourist when at that land I have arrived
I will then be known as her native, my soul will then be revived,
My heart will become their culture my soul will be in their breeze
As I think about it now, I can smell the cherry blossoms in the trees,
When my plane is in the air and I am heading towards the rising sun
I know that many hours from now my great adventure will have begun,
And when I arrive in Japan I will convert my dollars to the Japanese yen
Then in my therapy buying state, another adventure will begin.

When I am in Japan, I won't shake hands; instead I will bow
I will also convert my eating habits to ramen and fish and not a cow,
And when I am at the restaurants eating tempera, rice and pork
I will eat them with my chopsticks, as I will have forsaken the fork,
While there I will never overfill my soy sauce bowl, or my sake cup
And if I am asked if I am tourist? I will say that I am, as I stand up,
When I receive any phone calls I will be answering it moshi moshi
And if I call to order take out food, I will order green tea and sushi,
I will always remove my shoes before I enter anyone's home or residence
I leave the world outside, and inside I bring only peace and not offense.

When I am in Japan, I will become their culture and their way of life
And if I bring disgrace to anyone I will remember seppuku with a knife,
And when I write a poem I will write it in Japanese verse of haiku
I will give my thanks to compliments bestowed, by always saying arigatou,
There is so much for me to learn when I return to that beautiful land
The way that I dress and the way that I talk and of course the way that I stand,
I enjoy seeing the Japanese people as they proudly walk down the street
And to see the rickshaws pulling tourists, it brings to my eyes a happy treat,
To see the imperial palace again it will bring a wonder anew to my heart
The Japanese culture it never ends; and to me it just begins to start.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When I Am Laid Out

When I am dead and they lie me out to view
I wish not to be laid out in a suit and a tie,
That is not the way that I want to have my final adieu
So, I hope they do not dress me up after I die.
On my feet I wish to wear some comfortable shoes
And also I would like to wear a nice pair of dress jeans,
My shirt doesn't have to make the mourner's reviews
As I don't want to be known as being better than my means.
Who knows how we are seen the day that we are judged
Maybe, as I think we might be wearing nothing at all,
So, this one thought of mine from which I will not be budged
Will be the clothes that I will be wearing in the funeral hall.
I want to be comfortable when I go to my final rest
No parties do I think that I will be available to attend,
All that I want is to be prepared for my next quest
And the souls that I might meet, them I do not wish to offend.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When I Die

When I die I want to go to heaven
I don't want to end up in hell,
I want to live my life the best as I can
And I do as what my bible does tell.

When I go to bed I want to say a prayer
I want GOD to know his words will not fail,
I live the life as I know it should be lived
And when I die, I will not go to hell.

Randy McClave

When I First Said Hello

When I first saw you,
You did intrigue,
I wanted to pursue
But, you were out of my league.

I wanted to go,
Through sadness and bereft,
But, I first had to say hello
Before you left.

Before I spoke,
Or thought my idea through,
My emotions they awoke
When I first saw you.

Wishes I did collect,
As I had watched you pass,
With your agency and self respect
You were in a different class.

'You are better than me',
Once said this nervous fellow,
Now we're flying over a sea
I am glad, that I said hello.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When I Leave

When my arm is cold and numb
And laid to its final rest,
What would be the last thought they would have
If you could remember or relive one last quest.

When my eyes close their very last time
What would be the last sight for them to see,
Would it be a sight, that gave a delight,
To be cherished by my soul through me.

When my fingers loose their sense of touch
What touch would be missed most of all,
Would it be the roses in the summertime,
Or the many leaves, that I touched in fall.

When my lips quiver their last time to shut
What would be the last feeling for it to miss,
Would it be to say a prayer or speak a thought
Or would it be to perform one last kiss.

When it is time for me to leave this Earth
I know that I must go all alone,
Sadly I will leave and happily I will go
As I live a empty world, to enter a new home.

Before my arm goes they need one last hug
Then it will go with pain and delight.
Before my eyes close shut as surely they'll do
They will see Heaven in sight that night.
Before my fingers loose their sense of touch
A loves hair they would need to brush
They must feel the softness that they once knew,
Then they will leave, with just a hush.
My heart would beat one last time for you
And for my lips, what would be their finale wish,
Would it be a prayer or a poem to recite
Or would it be a last goodbye kiss.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When I Look

When I look into a mirror
I see hopes and I see dreams
My imagination becomes clearer
Sometimes I see my fathers genes.
I see sadness and also frustration
Dotted about the face
I see thinking and concentration
And I see loyalty and also grace.
I see worries and also sadness
When I look deeper into the lines
I see a soul calling out in distress
On many days and different times.
Sometimes I see the future
And many times I see the past
Sewed inside the soul with a suture
Knowing nothing forever will last.
I see hate and a need to avenge
As I look deeper into the mirror
But then I see woe and revenge
As my face becomes clearer.
I then see happiness and joy
And also satisfaction and peace
I see living and not one to destroy
When I look in the mirror I see me.

Randy McClave

When I Meet God

When I meet my creator
I will be Shakespeare in the theater,
I will recite my new rhymes with a quote
Of my life and its tragedy that I have wrote.
My performance it will be prepared
As though to the world, it is being aired,
My life and my existence were my deeds to create
Now the angels will listen and they will dictate.
Instead of an audience that I will need to please
God, will be the one that I will want to appease,
'There is no blood on my hands or in my heart';
That will be Act 1, where I will start.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When I Played War

I once used a stick as my sword,
And the gun I used it was my finger,
Those memories in my mind they still linger,
In my youth, when I played war.

My missiles and bombs they were rocks,
A trash can lid it was my shield,
My backyard it became an enemy field,
And the gloves I wore, they were my socks.

I wore a bowl on my head for a helmet,
My lunch in my paper sack they were my rations,
Fighting and killing enemies were my passions,
Then I smoked away, on a candy cigarette.

When I scraped my knee I went to the medic,
Where the nurse (my mom) gave me a band-aid,
When patched up I went back to my tree base to invade,
All enemies I was ready to fight, and them all I could lick!

Now I think of my youth as I am not a boy anymore,
I now carry real grenades and a knife and a gun,
Battles and fighting and blood, it is no longer any fun,
Now I do not any longer wish or want to play war.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When I Retire

When I retire I am going to learn to play the guitar
Then across the country I will drive in my car,
On my house there is so much work that has to be done
But, now I won't see it as labor, but only as fun.
I will stay up late and not worry about the clock
Never again will I dread about the companies stock,
I might buy me a rod and reel and then go fishing
No more moments will I be daydreaming, or hoping or wishing.
There are so many books that I still want to read
I will be happy as my soul and my body will finally be freed,
I might sit down and write the great American novel
Maybe about a man, who with his work always did grovel.
I am so excited that every hour of my day will be mine to live
No more time of mine to the company will I have or need to give,
One day it will be my dream and hopes for me to be retired
That is of course if I don't quit, or get laid off, or get fired.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When I Say A Prayer

On my knees I will say a prayer;
To show my love and that I truly care,
All prayers they say are answered by God
So, I say a prayer and then I give a nod.

God is alive, and is good and steadfast
He's in our future and also in our past,
To all of our sins we will and must confess
So, I will always say a prayer; God bless.

We pray and we beg and we also yell
While we hope and plead that God will prevail,
We swear him our life and all that we owe
But, sometimes the answer still must be "No"

God is near when I am alone and lost
My devotion, and my love is the only cost,
And whenever I need him, he is always there
So, I get on my knees and I will say a prayer.

On my knees I will talk to God
I humble myself as a child will to a rod,
And when I am sad or hurt or in despair
My hopes are lifted; when I say a prayer.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When I Was A Boy

My parents bought me a toy,
Just to keep my hands and my mind amused,
That way I would never get hurt or bruised;
They bought me clay so that I could create,
So, I made them each a cup and a plate,
Then after awhile of that toy I got tired;
With my sculptures; I was no longer inspired.

My parents then brought be some crayons,
I then went on coloring marathons,
Every wall and piece of paper was my masterpiece,
But, soon again, I got bored so my art did cease;
My parents then bought a book for me to read,
They decided my soul and imagination should be freed,
I read the Bible while they read economics,
They were excited, I was stupefy, so I started reading comics.

The next toy for me that my parents did find,
It was a toy to help stimulate my mind,
I spent hours playing with that one present,
Those memories and times with that gift were unpleasant,
It was another gift that I did not want to receive,
But, with a smile on my face my parents I did deceive,
It seemed as myself my parents wanted to mold;
Why couldn't they buy me a toy; that would just explode.

Randy McClave

When I Was A Young Boy

When I was a young boy I was mean;
My mom said that I was a wrecking machine,
I broke windows and I also started fires
But, of course that was added unto my past priors,
As a young child I always tugged at my mom's skirt
With my hand full of mischief and my face covered with dirt,
She was my mother and I of course was her forgivable son
What she saw as bad and impish, I saw as excitement and fun.
When I got older I then began to tug at my mom's heart
Never did she tell me to leave her alone and depart,
She raised me and taught me the best that any parent could
She was the force and the strength in my childhood,
Because of her I grew straight and truthful into a righteous man
With of course help from God, which was my mom's ultimate plan,
I still remember her shouting and her constant nagging and prayer
Sometimes she even begged God, asking why wasn't he there,
But, then if mom never received any help from the Lord
She most certainly always did, with her switch or pine board.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When I Was Young

When I was a young I was impressionable
I believed everything to me that was told
But then suddenly in miracles I stopped believing
That was the day that I grew old.
I now do not believe in any miracle
As I was taught they do not or cannot exist
From the complex creation of any life
To the formation of a tiny cyst.
So no longer do I walk in amazement
That is created by our world and nature all around
I now know everything can be explained
From a slight touch to the hearing of a sound.
When I was a boy I played with toy soldiers
I played with toy guns and I even played war
But then I grew up and reality it sat in
Now those games I play them no more.
Seashells they do not speak the ocean
The end of a rainbow it holds no pot of gold
Wishes cannot be granted by the first star at night
Sometimes I wish that I didn't grow old.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When The Saints Come Calling

When the Saints come calling
The devil will be falling,
And we will stand-up one and all
When the Saints, call and call.
So, I will tell you all dear brothers
And all sisters and all others,
When you hear the choir singing
The swords will be swinging.
When you hear the sound of battle
Please pick up your Bible,
And then stand-up with a Saint
Without worries or complaint.
We all must stand the ground together
Every proud father and sweet mother,
As we sing to our joy and fate
With love and peace and not hate.
So, let us hold each other's hand
With the same thoughts and demand,
Just to listen and to watch the fall
When we hear the Saint's call.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When To Pray

Some men will get down upon their knees,
And say whatever their mind might please,
While other men will sit upon their chair,
While looking and thinking to say a prayer.

Some men will wait and go to church,
Then their soul for salvation they will search,
While others will wait upon the sabbath day,
And then they will remember and then they will pray.

Some men will lie down upon their bed,
They close their eyes and then empty their head,
Then past their ceiling to the heavens they will stare,
Then with a deep breath to GOD, they will say a prayer.

Some men with only one tear in their eye,
Not knowing that tomorrow that they will die,
Then inside a coffin their body will then lay,
Sad for them that they had forgotten how to pray.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When We Die

Where will we go when we die
Will we be raised up to God into the sky,
Upon the clouds we will float never to weep
Unto this promise; to some, God will always keep,
Or maybe we will find our own eternal rest
When we are laid underneath the world's dirt breast,
Sleeping in the ground with the worms in the earth
Into her womb like a seed hoping for a rebirth,
But then, who knows we might end up going to hell
Maybe that is where we will end up and dwell,
With no more rest or sleep or any solitude
Based upon our sins and our beliefs and our attitude.
In this life of ours we are waiting for the end
Sometimes our sins we ignore or them we forget to mend
So, where will we go when our lives do expire
Into heaven, or in the ground, or maybe in a lake of fire.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When We Lost Our Union

The day that we lost our Union
Was when our Union members cut their own throat,
They were told not to believe in the Democrats;
That I quote!
Their children and themselves now have nothing
While freezing without gloves or a coat,
They believed the Republican's lies that they read
While I knew, that their truths could not float.

The day that we lost our Union
And upon that fact we none would dote,
Was when a Republican ran for President
A wall of defence is all that he would promote.
We now have Republicans standing for right-to-work
The wall now has become a stupid anecdote,
Our Union members are now all laid-off
And for our Union, it has drowned in a moat.

The day that we lost our Union
From the lies that Union members had wrote,
They believed a person because he was a Republican
Now that mistake "FOREVER!" they must always tote.
The wealthy and the greedy had won
"The middle class lost!", the rich once again did gloat,
Our Unions and our benefits are now lost forever;
Proudly, for a Democrat I did vote.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When You Come By

When you come by to think of me,
Please; for me do not weep
Because I am no longer there.
All you see now is a shell,
Where I once did dwell,
So please, for me do not stare.
And when they place me in this Earth
And cover me with her dirt,
Please, do not shed another tear.
Because I have went on
Like the wind and the dawn,
So I am no longer here.
But please remember my laugh,
And remember my smile,
But mostly, remember my soul.
Because it was what made me, me
It gave me life and made me free,
It was what everyone truly did know.
So if you come by again,
To visit me as my friend,
Or even if you want to just say Hi.
Do not look at the ground,
Because there I will not be found,
But look up towards the clouds in the sky.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

When You're Ninety Years Old

She turned ninety years old today
Now at last for her I will pray,
As I think back at her life
As a child, a daughter, a sister, a mother and a wife....

Ninety years old
Memories to unfold,
Stories to be told
Wisdom, which is gold,
A lonely walk down the road.

Old hands to hold
Houses and belongings sold,
Remembrance of moths and mold
Everything is cold,
Actions still to uphold.

Clothes still to fold
Worries have tolled,
People still to scold
Tears uncontrolled,
When you're ninety years old.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Where Are You Going?

Where are you going today my love?
Where are you going my love?
Are you once again thinking of going astray,
Are you going out again to betray.

Where are you going today my wife?
What are your plans tonight my wife?
Are you waiting for me to fall asleep,
So your rendezvous with another man you can keep.

What are you thinking about my bride?
What are in your thoughts my bride?
Are you thinking how easy it is for you to cheat,
On a husband who trusts you complete.

What are you contemplating my soulmate?
What are you considering my soulmate?
Are you thinking again to have another man,
As you had once before, is that your ultimate plan.

Where have you been my woman the mother?
Could you tell me where you have been the mother?
Tell me does your daughters know where you have been,
Can they see your lies and their reflection in your own grin.

Where are you going out tonight my spouse?
Where are you heading out alone my spouse?
With the vows of our marriage you have torn apart,
Are you going out on a husband, with the trusting heart?

Randy McClave

Where I Live

I hate your God, and you hate mine
My religion is the truth and yours is asinine,
I am a Republican and you are a Democrat so we fight
I hate your race if yours is not like mine, Red, Yellow, Black or White.
The rich fights the poor, and the poor hates the rich
And the middle-class doesn't even know which side is which,
Everyone seems to hate and not trust each other
And it also seems they don't care about one and another.
I look out my window and I just want to stay where I am
Sometimes like now, I really just don't give a damn,
Riots and protests from greed and hate we will always give
And this is the country of mine, where I do live.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Where Is Spring?

No school for today,
There was no school yesterday,
And probably no school for tomorrow;
The children they are all glad,
And as for myself, I am sad,
I see nothing but headaches and sorrow.

The wind it is still blowing,
And once again it is snowing,
I now have a cold and I begin to sneeze;
The roads are all becoming slick,
The snow is coming down thick,
And tonight, me and the roads will freeze.

The stores they all are now closed,
Along with many of the roads,
At my house I am here and stranded;
I have a job to which I have to go,
But it is hard because of this snow,
I hate this weather, and I am not being candid.

The children are all out playing,
To my hate of winter they are betraying,
As they run and play and sing;
They all tend to forget about the sun,
With the warmth and the beauty and the fun,
How I pray for the arrival of spring.

Now going to work I cannot think twice,
And now I must walk upon the ice,
Then I must drive through this falling snow;
I miss the sun and the warm weather,
It seems like it has been gone from me forever,
Maybe; I should have been born an Eskimo.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

While You Were Sleeping

Last Night while you were sleeping,
Did you know that I was wide awake,
On my side, at your side
Waiting for morning to break.
I watched as you slept,
As the dreams enter in your soul
Then through my eyes, I realized
That truly, I love you so.
Last night, while you were sleeping.

Last Night while you were asleep
Did you know too, that I was there
On your bed, also laid my head
Along with my soul and prayer.
Lying quietly at your side
As I have done the nights before
To be with you, my love so true
Could any man ask for any more.
Last Night while you were asleep.

Last night while you slept,
As waiting for morning to come,
While at your side, I laid that night
While dreading the coming of the sun.
As always with you I was there
Even when morning began to arise
But then again it came, as so did the pain
As I said goodbye to another night.
Last night while you slept.

Last night while you did sleep
You never knew that you weren't alone,
As when you awoke not one word did I spoke
As on the couch I slept from which I never roamed.
Upon my side there I solemnly laid
Being so still, and quite as a mouse
Not to make a sound that might give my secret away,
I wandered; did you too feel lonely in this house.
Last night while you had slept.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Who Are You

You might have yourself children
Maybe one or might even two
Now think this one thought to yourself
Would you want them to become like you.
As when a child themselves gets older
And to this world they have changed
People will either welcome and greet them
Or put you, yourself to their blame.
So you will stay the way that you are
And sadly that cannot be changed
With all your lies and your little secrets
So why not go by a different name.
As we all know a liar is but a liar
And a cheater will always cheat
As they cant change who they really are
Even to the new people that they do meet.
They will always put blame on all others
Never place the blame upon themselves
As they believe they are right and never wrong
So others, and not them need the help.
So you can change the color of your hair
And you can even change your name
But inside your heart and inside your soul
You know, that you still are the very same.
As a coward will always be a coward
Who will hide when truth comes along
Though they think they're a giant among men
But really they are just five foot tall.
So someday the truth will come out
And from it you know you cannot hide
Then everyone will say, who really are you
And maybe then you will not lie.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Who Could That Person Be

Who is the person that can be saved
When sin and lust is all they have craved,
But, to help another person or soul they have braved
I wonder who could that person be.

Who is the person that has betrayed
And when there is sin and evil their picture is portrayed,
But, for the sick and suffering they have wept and prayed
I wonder who could that one person be.

Who is the person that will curse and swear
And will always deny that GOD is standing over there,
But, they are the person who will love and care
They will pray with you, but who could it be.

Could that one person be a total stranger
Who lives their a life in fear and danger,
The one who we really don't know and is a life changer
Could that person be you, or maybe it is me.

I just wondered as I have walked
Some might have said I ran or maybe I have stalked,
But from the needy or the helpless I have never balked
Maybe without knowing that person was me.

I don't want to speak with a vengeance, but with a lilt
As we have destroyed and we have also built,
We can't remake the past, so we must live with its guilt
That one person I hope it is to be me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Who Needs Marriage

Some men will marry
But, they go into it deaf and blind,
They do as they are taught
They want to add to mankind.
With just mere pennies in their pot.

No man needs a wedding
For his life to be truly defined,
A child truly does tie the knot
And a woman and child adds more to the grind.
I recall the sacrifices of Lot.

Before any holy nuptials
And before any license is signed,
Better first ask yourself why or what
As a woman and children do bind.
Personal possessions no longer sought.

Who needs a marriage
Women you can always find,
Children you can always adopt
And you can keep a calm mind.
Troubles you've already got.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Who Will

Who will want to keep you when you get old
When your soul has been bought and sold
That, I would really would like to know.

Who will want you in your twilight
When you are full of vengeance and false pride
Or would anyone, want you at their side.

Who will want to walk with you done the street
When you have no one new for you to meet
Or will people shun you, that you do greet.

Who will want to be there to hold your hand
When you get old and alone and you cannot stand
And then of your past deeds, you will finally understand.

Who will be with you in this journey of life
When you come across darkness and event light
Will you be alone, and emptiness is in your sight.

Who will forget where you have been
When your heart is still full of evil and sin
Will you remember in life, there is only but one end.

Who for you will cry and weep for you a tear
When you are no longer here
Will they even care, for your sorrows to hear.

Who will even think about you when you are gone
When there life is still moving on
Do you wonder, if you will be remembered as just a pawn.

Who will always think and worry about you
When you live your life and the things you do
So I wonder for you, if there will ever be a who.

Randy Lee McClave

Who Will It Be

Who will take care of you when you get older
When you are walking down life's road
Who will be there, with love and also care
When you, yourself are old.
Who will hold your hand and walk with you
When you are walking down life's road
Who will be at your side, to be your guide
Who, but only you will know.
Who will carry you if you become too tired to walk
When you are walking down life's road
Who will carry your weight, and won't hesitate
Who could be that proud and bold.
Who will stay at your side and will not leave you
When you are walking down life's road
Who will wipe away your tear, and soothe your fear
Who will comfort your mind and soul.
Who will be there with you till the very end
When you are walking down life's road
When you see the mistakes, that you did make
When your life unto you will unfold.
Who will be there to tell you goodbye
When your journey ends on life's road
When you take those steps, with sadness and regret
Who will be the one with love to show.

Randy McClave

Who Will You Blame

When you have no one to blame
Then who will you blame
For your suffering and your pain,
Would you blame it on GOD
Though to me that would seem odd
But would you, or could you, blame GOD.
When you then begin to suffer
Over hate or pain or some other
And you can't blame it on one or another,
Who will you then decide
That made you suffer and then made you cry
Especially, with no one at your side.
When you are there all alone
Inside of your empty home
And no one can hear you moan,
You are just there
And for you no one does care
So no one offers you a prayer.
When you have made a mistake
Maybe instead of giving you did take
Or maybe something, you did break,
Whose fault will it be
In that part of your destiny
When you can't blame someone, or even me.
Then when you are getting old
And you are carrying a heavy load
And then you catch yourself a terrible cold,
Your family and friends are all gone
So now there is just you, the one
So tell me, can you still continue on.
Your cupboards are now all bare
And all you have is an empty chair
And in your mirror, you see an empty stare,
But now then comes that rain
And now who will you blame
For all your suffering, and all your pain.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Whores And Widows

Real power belongs to the whores and the widows
From gold given in beds and secrets told on the pillows,
When life ends or has begun, weeping is a woman
Man takes the applaud's and she stands in the windows,
She inherits man's secrets and all of his riches
Before and after she has ironed or removed his britches,
Power now belongs to her, being transferred from the sir
Now only for herself does she make sandwiches.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Why

Why does my heart keep on beating,
If you are no longer here.

Why does my eyes keep on seeing,
If now they are full of tears.

Why does my ears keep on hearing,
If they cant hear your sound.

Why does my lungs keep on breathing,
If you are no longer around.

Why do I exist without you
I thought for sure that I would lay down and die.
But instead my life, it became meaningless
So I reminisce, then I write and then I cry.
I never knew how life would be without you,
Ever since the day that you first came in,
So I will say again, forever I will love you
But these feelings I know not where to send.

Why does the birds keep on singing,
Don't they know, that my life has been torn.

Why is the sky so happy and blue,
Doesn't it know, that it is time for a storm.

Why are so many souls still in love,
Don't they know that I am all alone.

Why cant the feel the coldness in the wind,
Cant they hear my brain, and my soul moan.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Why Are We Here

I stare at the stars at night,
They've been there for a million years,
Then I listen to the quite
That has been heard by a million ears,
I stand all alone by a tree
That has been here since time began,
Then I wonder what is the key
To unlock the existence of man,
Why do we live if we are meant to die
What is the meaning of our being,
Are we just meant to multiply
Or are we just here for the sightseeing,
Are we to build or are we to preserve
Or are we intended to destroy,
Maybe we are designed to bow and serve
Or maybe we are someone else's toy,
Do we truly know what is our objective
Or for us is their a greater ideal,
Maybe if we had a different perspective
Knowledge to us, the universe would reveal,
But the answers we will never know
Until we believe not in our own insight
We are all small ants in a large meadow
I thought as I stared at the stars at night.

Randy McClave

Why Did I Kill Him

Why, did I kill him
What did he ever do to me,
I didn't even know the man
I could had easily just let him be.

He never brought me any harm
Nor did he every stole or lie,
I guess I just didn't like his living
So, I made him die.

He never stood as I stood
His thoughts were not like mine,
My friends mocked and cursed him
His credence, was asinine.

I remember what friends had wrote
About his belief, or was it lifestyle,
Or maybe it was about his religion
They are the ones who made me hostile.

My friends they gave me the motive
Their words gave me the ammunition,
Their thoughts gave me a direction
Murder, became my mission.

I guess, I just really hated him
How else could I ever explain,
All because of something that I had read
Now a stranger, I have slain.

Because of words I became angry
My soul was consumed with hate and fury,
I happily took a human's life
I became both Judge, and Jury.

My friends they still accuse
And happily they still dish out evil and hate,
Now I wonder whose weapon they now load
And the murders that they will create.

A stranger's breathing it is gone
Sadly, alone I must contemplate in my cell,
I took away someone's son, and a brother
And now I know, that I will rot in hell.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Why Did She Leave

She came unto me like a dream,
Floating on cushions of air,
In my heart I waited in joy and anticipation
But when I looked again, she wasn't there.
Once from her heart, life and love it was seething,
Now her heart is cold and dead and not breathing.

She once was my only true love
Now she is just a remembrance and a thought,
I can still see her and hear her speak to me
But only when I am sad and lonely and distraught.
Life and wonder and her I did adore,
Now that heart of hers, it beats no more.

She was known as my better half
She was my love, my life, my true soulmate,
Now I am lost and alone in this life
And I see no hope, and all that I feel is anger and hate.
My soul it stays in a sadness and in torment,
Why did GOD take her, and why did she went.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Why Do I Live

Did I cure a humans strife,
Or comfort did I give,
These are the questions that I ask,
For why, do I live.
Though I carry not a sword,
Or speak the words of faith,
These are thoughts I have occurred,
For why, do life do I rate.
I never ever stopped a tear,
Or softened a humans strife,
I never had the reason to live,
By holding on to tomorrow.

Why do I live,
Why not I die,
What are the reasons,
For me to live and survive.
These questions kept entering into my mind,
Until I answered back with a tear,
Is it something stored into tomorrow,
Is that, why I am here.
As I stood at the sky just staring,
While the world passed be by,
While making many hopes, wishes and dreams,
Maybe that; is why I am alive.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Why Do We?

Why do we kill, and not heal
Why do we starve and go hungry,
Why do we have poor, and also war
Do we not all live in a Christian country?

Why do we need, and also have greed
Why do we have guns and also bombs,
Why do we judge, must we all own a grudge
Do we not all pray? And read psalms.

Why do we care, about another's prayer
Why do we persecute and then classify,
Why do we hope, and then wish and cope
Do we not notice the stone in our own eye?

Why do we hate, is that our fate
Why do we have jealousy and also fear,
Why do we riot, why not just be quiet
Doesn't anyone ever truly listen or hear.

Why do we preach, and not teach
Why do we ridicule and then sacrifice,
Why do we worry of wealth, and not our health
Do we not all know about Christ?

Why do we fight, and not peacefully recite
Why do we act prudish and prestigious,
Why do we stumble, when we humble
Do we not believe that we all are religious

Why do we live, if not to give
Why do we forget and not ever want to bother,
Why do we not save, are we all not destined for the grave
Do we not realize that we all share the same Heavenly Father.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Why Is Everybody Fighting?

Why is everybody fighting
Don't they know that souls are crying
I wish that we all were reciting
Lets all be in love again.
I wish that they all did know
As sure as the flowers do grow
That someday it will be too late
I pray once again that it wont be hate.
So i say it with all my heart and soul
As I hope not to grow to old
Before again I hear the people laugh
Then I will make my final stance.
Tell me why that they do lie
And why they cause the tears for souls to cry
Though stuck in the middle with no return
Like a fire that's needing to burn.
As sure as the cold wind does blow
And as sure as the grass does grow
I pray again that it wont be haste
So tired of all of this senseless hate.
I wish that they all did know
But sooner or later it might show
Like the rain or the snowflakes sent
I wish that they be in love once again.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Why Mothers

Mothers, why forsake your child
Why have them exiled,
If they occasionally go wild
Remember, when they have smiled.
Watch and listen to what they do and say
They are just a piece of modeling clay,
Teach them to be good and to pray
And from your child, never walk away.
Teach the difference between right and wrong
Recite it in a poem or sing it in a song,
A parent makes their child weak or strong
And remember, they won't be a child for long.
In your stomach your child they grew
They held unto your soul, which is true,
You're the first love that they knew
Your child, would never abandon you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Why We Exist

We all were put here on Earth for a special reason
Not just to worship and to be good for just one season,
To God and to the universe I will ask the reason, 'why'
Is it for us to be remembered and celebrated when we die.
We all were born as sinful and petty little creatures
Then we are given the word by both angels and teachers,
With temptations placed in front of us every single day
Do we not learn and accept, or do we just lie and betray.
When we see the poor and the needy do we want to help
Or do we just ignore them as though they are a little whelp,
God created animals, but he didn't want another pet
So, he created man, to choose and to show joy or regret.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Why We Shouldn't

No person should ever commit a sin
Whether it be against a stranger or a friend
No matter their faith or the color of their skin
No matter they be women or they be men.
No one should ever have the right
To sin for pleasure and even for spite
As to think too they have that might
To sin with happiness and even delight.
Nobody should think that it is acceptable
To live in sin and become respectable
As in GODS eyes all sins are detectable
And like a disease to all they are infectable.
No person should sin for pleasure
No one should sin for revenge or leisure
Nobody should have that displeasure
To give away a soul GODs greatest treasure.
Man knows where the devil has been
Woman knows evil starts from deep within
Children are taught immorality is not our friend
So we should never commit a sin.

Randy McClave

Widower

Sometimes I wish that I was a widower
Wishing that death had taken my love away from me,
But, instead I was married to a cheating spouse
Who wantonly thrived on her own infidelity.
I would had rather wept at her grave
Than to sit and wonder at her bedside,
If God had been the one who had taken her from me
At least then for her soul, I would not had cried.

Many lonely nights I still solemnly think
As I wished that death had taken her away,
Instead of her running off with another man, again
I wish and pray that she had never went astray.
It would had been much easier to visit her at a graveyard
Than to see her enter and leave another man's home,
if dead, I would had brought her flowers and sat at her grave
Knowing from her resting place, she would not roam.

I wish that I could look back at all of the good times
Of course before my wife's saddened and sudden death
But, instead I am not a widower I am a divorcee
Now, I just remember the lies that came on her breath.
At her funeral her friends and family would had been there
They would all had remembered the great woman that she was,
But, I am not a widower and she is an adulterer
So, to think or to remember the good about her, who does.

It would had been easier if I were widowed
And my loving and caring wife was resting in peace,
In thoughts someday together we would have been in heaven
But, now that will never be, nor will my agony ever cease.
It is easier to be a widower than a divorcee
That I can say with truth and to my departed wife a goodbye kiss,
When a spouse is dead the pain someday it will dissipate
And if you divorce an adulterer, that pain always exists.

Randy L. McClave

Wife's Wedding Dress

My wife's wedding dress wasn't white
As I thought it wouldn't be right,
To have everyone believe that her virtues were true
So, the color that she wore, was a very dark blue.
There are women though who are entitled to a white gown
Ones who won't get snickers and gasps or a frown,
But, my wife-to-be wasn't entitled to a white wedding dress
So, she just wore dark blue, then to others she needs not confess.
At first, she wanted her wedding dress to be all yellow
Then the guests would understand that I wasn't her first bedfellow,
But, then she thought that the color would clash with my tuxedo
And would also be proof of her own libido.
So, she wore her dark blue wedding dress and we got wed
And then off to our hotel room and off to our wedding bed,
Most women save their wedding dresses for a daughter
But, my wife tossed hers away, and no one could really fault her.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Will I Suffer

Will I suffer
Because you like me to suffer
Just to live in torment and pain,
Where all my sunshine's are dead
From the lies you have said,
So I could live in storm and rain.
Will I give up and not try
And then lay down to die
The way I have done before,
Where I would give up the fight
To say I was wrong and you were right
As just to avoid with you a war.
Will I cry once more
As I have cried before
So you can ridicule me to your Mates,
Then you talk behind my back
And have yourself a hardy laugh
Is that what you see in my fate.
Will I say my prayers
Just to end my nightmares
And the way that I live my life,
And then put my GOD to blame
For my worries and my pain
And forget him in my prayers at night.
Will I live my life in agony
From what you have done to me
In a battle won or maybe lost,
Then I think for a while
And then I bring back my smile
Then I say to you, " I think not".

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Will Not Forget

I was taught to forgive the people who sinned against me
With their lies and cheating and betrayal, but not their blaspheme
Forgiving them of those sins I will not give it a second thought
But forgetting what they did to me, to forget it, I will not.
I will not forget the lies and the times that I was used
When sinning were their actions and they all were amused
They then asked me for forgiveness I gave it to them one and all
But then they did it again, the actions of them I will always recall.

I once gave food to a starving dog that came into my site
It growled at me and then the hand I fed it with, it did bite
I forgave that dog for what it had done to my hand
But I will not feed a starving dog again, that is my stand.
You can always forgive, but you cannot forget a loss or a defeat
If you do, then someday the same incident you might repeat
Man must be forgiving and charitable, which is righteous and true
But he must not ever forget, or he will turned like the screw.

I walked up a street that I have never been to before
Strangers mocked me and laughed at me and at me they swore
I forgave the people for what they did to me that day
But I will not forget that street, as I will not be any-ones prey.
A forgiving person can sit anywhere that he wants to sit
He forgave all of his enemies as no sufferings did he commit
But when his back is turned sinners will find what they sought
To forgive any man I will, but to forget what they did, I will not.

I once trusted a woman with my belongings and my house
She said she loved me, she then robbed me her words were a rouse
The bible said I should forgive her, and I did forgive her of that sin
But will I ever forget or trust her, I will not and never again.
They say that a bad and sinful person will be happy with their own
And a forgiving and righteous person will always be known
Evil is like a worm and like any worm it will crawl any fruit that will rot
I will never eat that rotted apple, and to forget about it, I will not.

Randy L. McClave

Will Not Hold A Grudge

I will not hold a grudge, at any one at all
Even if they ran, so they would not fall,
And if they believe that they should not fight
How can we call them wrong, when they are right,
A person indeed must always stand tall.

Someday soon we all might hear that call
Will we walk or run or maybe we will just crawl,
Only then will we know of our true might.
I will not hold a grudge.

Some people hate and they become Saul
Then through truth and love they become Paul,
They see the world and each other in a different light
Their eyes are opened to a better sight,
Over anyones belief I will not ever brawl.
I will not hold a grudge.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Will Submit

They hate me, and they despise me,
What more can I say;
Unless soon that they will be happy,
On that one fateful day,
Then they will have no more fear,
Or ever a kind word;
And of course they will not shed a tear,
And certainly, my name will be slurred;
But, I do not care,
On the feelings they have about me,
I still give them a prayer,
And also a smile and my sympathy;
They can hate me all that they want,
I will never tell them to quit,
But my ghost, them it will haunt;
Then unto my words, they will submit.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Willy The Bullfrog

There once was a Bullfrog named Willy the Bullfrog
And all that he did was croak on a log
Sitting around and having fun
And when he wanted to, he would soak up some sun.
But Willy knew that those days were almost gone
When he saw a bullet killing a fawn
And then in his pond went cans of beer
Then a bullet killed another deer
Then Willy who was full of fright
He hid away until the dark of the night
Then he gathered all the animals for a meeting
Saying hunters are not killing us for the eating
But because in our body runs blood of red
And because their guns shoots bullets of lead,
Many years ago in this land
GOD gave us life with the wave of his hand
There were foxes and herds, oxen and birds
But now our population is dwindling down to none
Ever since I saw that bullet killing a fawn
Then all the animals began to shed a tear
Because they knew then, they had a lot of fear
They wouldn't be able to play and have any fun
They will always be chased and on the run.
Then Willy sadly hopped back to his pond
The place where he was very fond
Then Willy began to speak again
And behind him snuck a bunch of men.
Willy shouted this kind of life I cannot hack
A spear then came ripping through Willy's back.
There once was a Bullfrog named Willy the Bullfrog
And all that he wanted to do was croak on a log
Sitting around and having fun
And when he wanted to, he would soak up some sun.
But Willy and his friends don't live here anymore
Their home and his pond became a department store
Their homes and their lives they had to give
So people of humanity would have a place to live....
There once was a Bullfrog named Willy the Bullfrog
All that he wanted to do was croak on a log

Sitting around and having fun
And every now and then he would soak up some sun.

RANDY L. McClave

Randy McClave

Wings

If GOD had given man wings
As he did the angels upon their birth
Would Man be satisfied with the Earth below
Or would he neglect all and for GOD he would search.
Would he throw all of his dreams and wishes away
As he would fly towards the heavens and sky
Would his only thought was to find GOD himself
And forever he would search until he would die.
Would his life be forever searching
And never one place would he call home
Neglecting the Earth and soil on the ground below
And always would he roam.

If GOD had given man wings
As he did to the birds up in the sky
Would GOD want man to visit him
Or just to give Man the ability to try.
Would Man then think that he was GODS equal
If he too like the birds had wings on his back
Or would he think that he was one of GODS Angels
And then against creatures he would fight and attack.
But then GOD he indeed knows all
As been preached by pastors, leaders and Kings
So I look up in the sky as the birds soar with content
I am am so happy GOD never gave man any wings.

Randy McClave

Wisdom With Wage

As old as I am
I should have known more,
But, I never did give a damn
Maybe that is why I am still poor.
Some say that life comes with a book
That everyone should read,
But, I was always too busy to give it a look
So, the chapters I never did heed.

Knowledge isn't guaranteed to arrive
Just because you get older,
You are now just happy to be alive
As you have erred and are now much bolder.
They've said to read your owner's manual
Always from the beginning unto the end,
As it is daily and not semi-annual
Then the experience you can comprehend.

I am not any smarter
Than what I was decades ago,
Sometimes I am that martyr
From what that I do not know.
Maybe I should just contemplate and wait
As they say wisdom comes with age,
Until then I will leave my decisions to fate
Which is probably written on the very last page.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Wisdom, My Child

These words of wisdom, I will give you my child
When on life's road someday you must embark
Enter the world with dreams and never be reviled
And when you leave life, leave more than just a simple remark.

Life will not be easy, but never change any of your ways
What you will become only you will have allowed
My child you will have many adventurous and wondrous days
And you will always make me feel so very proud.

These words of wisdom, I hope you take them to heart
As many turbulent and scary days for you will also lie ahead
Be always so courteous and polite and also so very smart
So sleep well my child, as you dream of tomorrow in your bed.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Witches Of Dalkeith (Halloween)

The witches of Dalkeith will fly tonight
And they will fill our souls with their terror and fright,
Underneath the moon, they will sing their tune
'Your soul is ours, you are ours' they will sing to delight;
This is of course is Halloween night.

Look about everywhere a monster is seen
As they search for candy on Halloween,
Boys and girls beware, and you best take care
Beware of the witches which eyes are green;
Let's search for candy on this Halloween.

The witches they will fly underneath the moon
They will hackle and cackle and all in tune,
Searching for the fools, to turn into ghouls
It's almost eight o'clock they will be coming soon;
"Be prepared it's Halloween", the witches softly croon.

You wait and then you hear a knock, knock, knock
You run and you look and it is eight o'clock,
You hand out a treat, you want no trick so you give a sweet
Now you are nervous and scared until you hear the door lock;
Again and again this is Halloween on your block.

The witches laugh as they remember old Stingy Jack
When they all sold their souls to the devil many years back,
Now they live a curse, so they make other lives worse
With the potions and brews they carry in their sack;
This is the wrath of Halloween; it is evil and black.

Now close your windows and lock all your doors
Be weary and careful from the devils whores,
Hang up a wreath, watch out for the witches of Dalkeith
Hide in a corner and try your best to stay indoors;
This is the trick and it could be Halloween evermore.

Look out for the witches and watch out for a ghost
They will curse your body and enter it to take host,
Then you will be possessed, by that ghost your guest

Your life will then be lost and the devil he will boast;
This is of course Halloween so let's give it a toast.

By the full moon the wolves they all will begin to howl
And when the witches chant the wolves they will growl,
Beware you every male, they want to send you to hell
Be careful of the tricks and when the air smells foul;
Of course this is Halloween and the demons are on the prowl.

Pumpkins are everywhere and their eyes are aglow
You listen and you look and you see and hear a crow,
The witches must be near, so you hide in fear
As you know, for their potion they need a finger or a toe;
This is the Halloween that we all truly know.

Small witches are seen carrying their tiny brooms
Along with vampires and zombies escaping their tombs,
Everywhere you look, you see a monster or a spook
Children are dressed up and scary in their frightening costumes;
Of course this is Halloween and around us it blooms.

Tonight it is Halloween for the witches of Dalkeith
They fly together with their stringy hair and blackened teeth,
They are daughters and sisters, looking for males and misters
Pain and suffering to one and all they will happily bequeath;
This is Halloween up on earth..... And also in hell beneath.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

With A Kiss

Life begins with a smack on the ass
Followed by tears or a hardy laugh,
A celebration to a child entering into this world
Whether the recipient of this award be a boy or a girl.
As in this world when my child first arrived
I must admit, for his appearance I did cry,
But when he opened his eyes to this I must admit
I realized everything truly, begins with just a kiss.
And through my life as days did come
Sometimes so slow and many times on the run,
And in this life, be it that or be it this,
Everything truly, began with just a kiss.
There at the alter where I stood with my wife
Now my women she would be my life,
God made us one and that began it
Then everything for us, began with a kiss.
So as I entered and explored throughout my life
Entering with happiness and sometimes strife,
Sometimes my life, it is was either a hit or miss
But one thing again, everything began with just a kiss.

But then came along the sadden deaths
My heart was broken, and was full of regret,
I lost my father, and then my brother
And there left suffering, would be my mother.
And there where I stood I had only one reaction
Then to GOD and my soul, I made this one correction,
And around my bible I closed it with my fist
Everything I said, ends with just a kiss.
My reflection for life as it had changed
As washed away with the falling rain,
Hellos were farther, and goodbyes nearby
Less time for joy and yet more tears to cry.
Around my world It was a saddened place
Life was hurried and at a faster pace,
But one thing I understood, like a cheap magic trick
Everything in this life, ends with just a kiss.
As life comes at one, so fast and so furious
Some take it so easy and some do so serious,

Many take it simply and some take it with a risk
But one think for certain, everything ends with a kiss.

So as years will come and will past me by
I will look back with joy and wonders why,
As when a child is welcomed into this world
Or at a grave site, where a flag is unfurled.
In life's scheme there is either hellos or goodbyes
Along with the tears of joy, and or tears to cry,
And in this journey we understand the plan
We all try to grow to be the perfect woman or man.
But then comes sadness and then the sorrow
As we live for the day and never for tomorrow,
We welcome the plants in the summertime
As we say goodbye to the rain and hello to sunshine.
Life is though is always ending and or beginning
And souls of man are either rejecting or believing.
So when ones life is coming to the end
Will they remember in life where they have been.
But to myself I want to remember everyone in my life,
Whether they have came and or gone or still in my sight.
So now a solitary candle on my mantle I have lit,
As I have realize everything, either ends or begins with just a kiss.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Without A Tree

A world without a Tree
Would be a World without me
It would be a World I wouldn't know
A place where beauty isn't shown.
Where dreams and rainbows are not made.
And every moment is a lifeless day.

A World without a Seed
Not being planted to grow a Tree
To shade the head from sun or rain
Or to stare at it's beauty everyday.
A Treeless life would be a darkened sky.
And would be as meaningless as a hopeless lie.

A world without a Tree
Would be a World without a Leaf,
Rainbow parks would all be gone
Along with the Children dancing on the lawn.
With songs of the birds no longer sung.
While colorful paintings no longer hung.

A World without a Seed
Would be a World without a breeze
To enter the Trees to release the Leaves
Then to enter my soul, then to free me.
A barren World upon a rock.
Where my Soul and I be forever lost.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Without Fear

As I live in this one great nation
I will not live in fear or in isolation
I will not become any braver or any bolder
When I see no one, when I peer over my shoulder.

I will not be terrified from the people that I meet
I will not lock myself away when people's on the street
Where I want to go, there I will go
Either with my friends or family, or even solo.

I need no weapons to define who I am
As a man is just a man, and a woman is a ma'am
I am afraid of no one and I want no one to fear me
As that is my life, and that becomes my history.

I am no coward so I will live not in fear
I have done no one any wrong, so towards truth I do steer
So where I travel I have no worries or even concerns
But I too have my own scars, and also my own burns.

I will not hideaway as though there is a disease
Locking myself away so no one will see or find me
Being scared and nervous and hiding inside my house
I will not be that way, nor be remembered as a mouse.

I will never carry any weapons including a gun
I will not barricade myself away from people and the sun
Life is not lived if you live it in fear and isolation
I will enjoy the life I have, and I will live it in awe and inspiration.

I will walk any street without fear or being scared
I will go where I want to go without being impaired
I will not live a life thinking someone wants to do me wrong
As I am not weak, I have made myself strong.

I will keep saying my prayers as I do every night
Only to give my thanks, and not for protection from fright
As I will not live my life in isolation or fear
Weapons or more courage from GOD, he will never hear.

When my life is over and I go to my final reward
I will go as I was born, with no guns or knives or even a sword
I won't be looking over my shoulder to see who is behind me
I lived my life not in fear or isolation, I lived it as I did decree.

Randy McClave

Without Laws

Imagine if you could, a land without kings or queens
And also a land without a president or politics or politicians,
A land with only schools and parks and factories and machines
With no lawyers or judges, only scientists, teachers and physicians,
A land without taxes or liens and without bribery or corruption
Where the land each man and woman tote the law the same,
Men and women decide their laws through life and consumption
Without any taxes or politics no one for their problems could they blame.

Imagining if you could, to live in a land or country like that
But, that of course is just a dream and a wish and an insurgent's fantasy,
I live in a county where the poor stays thin and the rich gets fat
Where justice is blind and the truth and the honesty is not for the free,
The honest man follows the law, the wealthy and the guilty man creates the laws
Laws are to protect the rich, and not the poor or the working man's reward,
Each person knows their own truth and worth and their own spiritual flaws
Their Judge and jury is the Devil, ours is that of our savior and Lord.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Without The Dreamers

Without dreamers we would have only the realists
The people who represent things as they really are;
Goodbye, we would say to the fantasizers and the idealists
No longer would we wish or hope upon a falling star.

The moon would no longer be made out of cheese
And the sun no longer would be compared to a lemon drop,
Our children wouldn't know about the birds and the bees
And to romance or to stargaze; they'd be told to stop.

From reality no longer could we run away and hide
And goodbye we would say to all of the visionaries,
To our secret or imaginary friend we no longer could confide
And no longer would we talk about what ifs, or wishes or fairy's.

Stories of fiction would all be dead and forever gone,
Remember; 'cover your mouth so your soul doesn't escape when you yawn',
In the eye no longer would there be that special gleam
Without the dreamers; we couldn't escape or dream.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Woman

In my eyes, as my eyes being but two
Their is nothing more beautiful and
exciting as a Woman true.

GOD has created His flowers and his trees,
But in my eyes He never really created
until He created Woman.

She with hair as long as the grass
blowing in the breeze.

She with eyes as bright and deep as
the sun awaiting for me.

Eyes that can search a mans soul for
his woe, and feels it with happiness.

She with a smile as a rainbow arriving
after the storm.

The smile and rainbow many men had
searched for, so to feel our soul with warmth.

She with a body and walk as an Angel,
That stops mans breadth in His lungs.

She with the gift of life, that gives an old
man the right again to feel young.

She with a scent of Her own that no one
but Her owns.

As the rose and dewdrops has their own
she has hers, but alas theirs can be owned.

GOD created the flowers and trees, and all
the beauty of this world.

And I know I wouldn't be alone when I speak.

Take your leaves, and take your trees.

Take your rose, and take your snow.

But I beg of you GOD please, women to me, leave.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Woman Dear

In my hand I held the rose
As I would a Woman dear,
Within my fingers I held it tight
As I wished it would not disappear.
From the beauty that I had knew
When the kiss of beauty, once did flew.

I held the rose as I would a love
As I had held in memory and thought,
Then the rose I could not let go
For the same as a lover, she became my soul.
The stem became a body and the petals became her skin.
Then I held her softly, within the wind.

The rose held me as I held her
The two of us had became one,
Then the act of GOD prevailed that day,
For he commanded the wind to take her away.
Then towards the heavens I saw her flew.
As though to join the love that I once had knew.

In my hand there laid a thorn,
Though to remind me of the sting of death,
So upon the Earth I then laid the thorn
So the love of life could again be reborn.
I buried the thorn as you would a dream.
Knowing never again, will it be seen.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Woman's Breasts

She told me more than a mouthful is just a waste
Larger the size she said takes away from the firmness and the taste,
Smaller and the firmer is the best way for any man to enjoy
But, then I said to her; If you are too small they may think you are a boy.
Though on the counterpart I know one thing that is a fact
More men like myself like a woman who is stacked,
We men like more breasts to see and more cleavage to behold
Though I am sounding truthful, and not trying to sound obnoxious or bold.
The size of a woman breast is like comparing a melon to a grape
Men sometimes go for the quantity, and not for the quality and the shape,
As a man I will say for grapes and melons I enjoy them both
If I had to chose one over the other, I couldn't, and that's my oath.
The grape is firm and beautiful and it is gone with just one taste
While the melon can be savored, and enjoyed without worry or haste,
Women who have small breasts they do though have one advantage
They are easier to get dressed, as their breasts are simpler to manage.
A woman's breasts are the magnets which attract every hot blooded male
And that is the truth known by every devious man seeking female,
They say all women enjoy it when a man looks into their eyes
That is one reason why some women enjoy the smaller cup size.
Though they show not much cleavage from their small chests
Some men truly enjoys a woman who has very small breasts,
There are some women who must wear a stuffed or push-up bra
As they try to entice men with their new size with excitement and awe.
But, then when the woman undresses to excitedly entice the man later
In his hands he will be holding wishes and hopes in the form of tissue paper,
On a mans point of view a woman's breasts give us all men the fits
And whether they are large or small, man enjoys a woman's tits.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Woman's Favorite Companion

A man's best friend
Is also a woman's favorite companion,
As he keeps her safe and warm every night.
He is her own personal protector
And also her bravest defender,
And he will not ever walk away from any fight.
While a fish swims it goes, "gulp, gulp"
And a hamster will run confused in circles,
A cat, just chases objects on a string.
But, he will always stay alertly at her side
And he will bark and growl at every intruder,
While a bird in a cage, will just sing.
He knows all of her life's little secrets
He receives all of her favorite hugs,
Never does he ask for anything in return.
He never lies or cheats or gossips
He cares not for her wealth or stature,
A place in heaven, he does deservedly earn.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Women And Vegetables

I wish women were more like vegetables
Pleasant looking and tantalizing on dinner tables,
Not kept in the refrigerator hidden to freeze
But, to be tempting and tantalizing and a tease.

I wished women were wild like my garden greens
To nourish the body, by giving proteins
I love the sensation and the touch of a vegetables flesh
Smooth and tasty and always fresh.

I like my peppers when they are spicy and hot
That attitude in a woman I have also sought,
Plus I like a vegetable that is tasty and aromatic and sweet
As I would like my women, to also be that treat.

I like my tomatoes when they are small and firm
Like a woman's breast I will always confirm,
If I could find that woman before I become a sexagenarian
That woman could finally make me a vegetarian.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Women Turning Thirty

When a single woman becomes thirty
She becomes very impatient and flirty,
Her childbearing years are now in high swing
Now she is desperately looking for a wedding ring,
She will begin frequenting nightclubs and bars
Just to find a man who wants to share, 'what is ours, "
She does not really want to return to an empty home
And of course she does not want to ever grow old alone,
To any man, one thing that she will never confess
Is that now she is impatiently wanting to wear a maternity dress,
She knows that she is in her latter childbearing years
Having no children of their own, is a woman's worse fears;
First she wanted a job, then a life and then came a career
Now she feels not complete, now she wants her own child to rear,
And of course there's her mother with her parental nitpicking
'Her maternity clock, " as her mother explains, 'it is quickly ticking, "
Her mother informs her as though gasping at her last straw
Like all other mothers, she too wants to be a grandma
Now the daughter doesn't want to be known as the lady with cats
She would rather be known as the woman with brats,
Now she is at that age where it's a must do now or never
But, to find herself a husband and father she must be very clever,
When women are in their latter childbearing age
They all begin to feel the pressure of their own maternal gauge.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Women, I Adore

Women, I will always adore
From shore, unto shore,
The way that they act, and are
Upon my memories they have left a scar.
I enjoy the way that they dress
As they will always try to impress,
And the way that they always smell
Puts me underneath their enchanted spell.
I love to sit and watch a woman walk
I am excited to hear a woman talk,
And if she happens to have an accent
To paradise, I am truly sent.
Whether I am here in the states
I love all women and their separate traits,
And if I happen to be traveling abroad
The foreign women that I meet, I am awed.
I don't know the reasoning why I am afflicted
To all woman I am truly addicted,
I am a satyriasis male and not a femme
To all women I want to make love to them.
I don't care of the coloring of a woman's skin
Nor does it bother me if she is thick or thin,
I have been married twice in my past
Because of women, my marriages didn't last.
I am always excited when a woman is near
As an aphrodisiac I never need no wine or beer,
Maybe it is something that God put in his recipe
When he created woman, it spawned the wolf in me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Words

I write there, and then you write they're
I write who, and then you write whom
I misspell my words, too me you then curse
Then you call me a stupid loon.
You call me names, from which I refrain
Then I am off to a different room.

I forget punctuation's, It gives you frustrations
I don't use a contraction, you give me verbal action
Then I misspell a word, you call me absurd
I give you my silence it's my only reaction.
You call me a name, my innocence I proclaim
My humility is seems, is your only satisfaction.

I sit at my typewriter, I still am a fighter
As I close my eyes, words still materialize
Words are my friends, rhyming is my sin
Maybe someday that, you will realize.
I finish another poem, to the world I show them
I write another verse, it becomes my universe.

You are my inspiration, my poems your creation
You correct what I write, it gives you such delight
You enjoy to respell, at words which you excel
You tell me they are wrong, I know you are right.
But you still are my friend, I hope it will never end
I am the poet, your a wordsmith and you show it.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Work, Work, Work

You work, work, work
To provide for, and to live,
Then you buy, buy, buy
You constantly spend and you give.
Then you work, work, work
Just to pay your bills and your debt,
You work, work, work
Until you are tired and you sweat.
You work to go on a vacation
For relaxation and some thrills,
But, then when you return home
You have more debt and even more bills.
So, you work, work, work
To find more stuff to buy,
Then you work, work, work
Until the day that you die.

Living, it is just a cycle
Life it is just a quest
You work, spend and buy
Then at the end of the day or life, you rest.

Randy McClave

Workers Of America

Workers of America shout long and loud
As we work together hard and proud
We are the ones that built this great country of ours
From the strain on our backs and our blisters and scars
We were the ones to clear the fields and lay the tracks
We are the ones to build the cities and break our backs
And we are the ones to sweat and bleed and die
As we built this great country, which no one can deny
We work the factories, and the stores and the mills
We dig the ditches and collect the garbage to pay our bills
We are the ones to work in the snow and in the heat of the sun
If it wasn't for us the workers, no work would ever be done
It wasn't the politicians or the judges who built this great land
But it was the workers of America as destiny had planned
Also we are the ones to fight the fires and all the wars
When our elected officials send us away to foreign shores
And we are the ones to feed the deprived and the needy
While the rich man cares for no one, but himself and the greedy
Without us the workers this land or any land would certainly fall
As we are the one that mixes the mortar and builds the wall
We pay the taxes to keep America's heart beating
And we are the ones to keep America always competing
Workers of America look up, as GOD gives us a nod
And listen to the past, as our forefathers do applaud.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

World

World, Oh World won't you worry about me
As I think my time has become my destiny
I wished to be shown kindness and sympathy
World, oh World won't you think about me.
I live for the day and not for the morrow
As I search for the happiness and not the sorrow
I live to earn and not to beg, steal or borrow
And my pride as my soul I will never swallow.
I walk the roads and I walk them alone
To me sadness and woe are on the same road
And there sadly to all I am known
World, oh World can't you hear me moan.
I have done the best that I really could
More than others I think or more than I should
No more than I wished for or more than I would
World, or world are you my ruin.
I look for nothing in exchange or return
My soul and my thoughts they both begin to churn
Someday again I know that I will burn
The tighter the screw which will be harder to turn.
Sorrowfully from many things I have been deprived
But, never do I wish back and question with why
And from the truth from no-one will I ever hide
As someday like all, in the Worlds belly I will die.
I think not of yesterday as that's an empty thought
With the happiness I searched for and the dreams I sought
The memories were here but now them I forgot
I lived once for pain when I had lived in distraught.
Now I live my life by a philosophers degree
I believe only in the truth and that no man is better than me
My soul is my temple and my salvation is free
So World, oh World won't you worry about me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Worried About Getting Married

When her mother got married she wore a white gown
And not to be known, she got married in another town,
Now her daughter is getting married, but she will be wearing a dress
As she is pregnant and confused, and also depressed.
She thinks to herself will this marriage of hers really truly last
When her mother and father were married, it went by really fast,
Then her mother married again and again which all ended in divorce
Now, her mother lived with one man after another, which was her course.
Her mother blamed her divorces upon her very own mother
As she as well divorced her father, and lived with one man after another,
Will she too divorce one day and start moving in with different men
Will she be like her mother, and grandmother divorcing again and again.
The daughter sees her mother as the mother that she has become
As she sees her own mother walking in pity, and also in her shame
Like her mother she is now getting married, but only as a remnant
So, she will be getting married wearing a dress and also being pregnant.
She remembers her mothers marriages and the men that she lived with
But, for her to become like her mother, is just a childhood myth
Now she thinks how the women in her family always blames the man
Maybe they think it is their righteous belief, or maybe just an escape plan.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Worry About Me

World, Oh World wont you worry about me
As I think my time has become my destiny
I wished to be shown kindness and sympathy
World, oh World wont you think about me.
I live for the day and not for the morrow
As I search for the happiness and not the sorrow
I live to earn and not to beg, steal or borrow
And my pride as my soul I will never swallow.
I walk the roads and I walk them alone
To me sadness and woe are on the same road
And there sadly to all I am known
World, oh World cant you hear me moan.
I have done the best that I really could
More than others I think or more than I should
No more than I wished for or more than I would
World, or world are you my ruin.
I look for nothing in exchange or return
My soul and my thoughts they both begin to churn
Someday again I know that I will burn
The tighter the screw which will be harder to turn.
Sorrowfully from many things I have been deprived
But never do I wish back and question with why
And from the truth from no-one will I hide
As someday like all, in the Worlds belly I will die.
I think not of yesterday as that's an empty thought
With the happiness I searched for and the dreams I sought
The memories were here but now them I forgot
I lived once for pain when I had lived in distraught.
Now I live my life by a philosophers degree
I believe only in the truth and that no man is better than me
My soul is my temple and my salvation is free
So World, oh World wont you worry about me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Worth Dying For

Though you might not like who I am
You might even hate me to the core
But one thing I can tell you my brothers
Jesus said that I, was worth dying for.
As when they placed him upon the cross
And then nailed him onto that board
Jesus closed his eyes and spoke to GOD
And said that I, was worth dying for.
So now as I walked down any road
My soul is so happy and my heart is free
As I know that to myself that I am loved
And its by someone, that you cannot see.
I have sinned and been sinned upon
But that type of life I want it no more
As I live my life right, like the bible says
That's why Jesus said, I was worth dying for.
I live my life with a smile upon my face
And also with a happy song inside my heart
As I know that I am loved by GOD himself
And from him I could never or will ever part.
Now when I wake up each and every morning
As no one knows what in life is in store
But happy am I, as I enter each and every day
As I know Jesus said, that I was worth dying for.
So I sing my praise unto you my lord
As I thank you for what you've done for me
You gave me life and you gave me hope
And then you gratefully pointed out my destiny.
So this I tell you all my friends and my foes
As you wait or think from just the day before
Look at your life as you look into your soul,
And now think; were you worth dying for.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Would You Cry

Would you cry.
If I should die,
Or would you just give a weep.
These are things,
That I need to know
And that truth I need to seek.
If I were gone
Would you move on
And I eventually be replaced
By different arms
And a different mind
And sadly; a different face.
Would you be sad,
Or would you go mad,
If you thought about your past,
That is, if I were gone
And you had moved on
And our life together never did last.
Would you weep,
With tears so deep,
If from this life I had left.
Would you think of tomorrow
And forget all your sorrows
And never hold any regrets.
If you should die,
I know that I would cry,
As a river as deep as the sea.
And my heart would be gone,
I could never move on
And I wish that dying; would be me.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Writing

I rubbed the sleepiness out of my eyes
I finally typed the last word on the page
My manuscript is finished the work is done
That ends' part one of my writing stage
I will now go back to read what I have written
I recheck the words and the grammar that I used
I make sure that there is no errors in my story
So I reread what I wrote so others will not be confused
I dotted all of my "I's" and I crossed all of my "t's"
As I rechecked every word on every page on each line
I then check my punctuation to conclude it's proper use
Then I use the proper spelling in the occasional rhyme
I put up my pad and all of my writing utensils away
My frustration is over my anxiety has diminished
I pushed back my chair and clasped my hands over my head
My work is done my writing it is finally finished.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Yearning

My soul is on fire and it is burning
Retribution my conscience is yearning,
Justice and compensation is not what I seek
Revenge; it is what makes a coward weak,
An eye for an eye I wonder is that true
Is vengeance the action that I must pursue,
Must I take the law into my own hand
Retaliation and satisfaction is what I demand,
Another person's life I must condemn
I want them to die because of their mayhem,
Upon this life and living I want them to fail
I don't want them in prison, I want them in hell,
My eyes see red and there is hate in my soul;
But, my heart has not become a piece of coal,
How could I ever live with myself
If I judged and convicted someone else,
My humanity is not dead, and I know not only hate
Do I really want to decide another person's fate,
To look at them do I truly want them to die
Hope for me is not lost and that I will not deny,
Compassion and forgiveness should be my thought
Peace and truth and relief is what I had sought.

Justice is the answer and it does not make one meek
I must think and pray, and then turn the other cheek.

Randy McClave

Years Do Come

As the years do come
And the years will go
And the years keep rushing on by.
Will you have done for me,
What I have done for you
Or will I just sit and cry.
No limit has been set,
From me to you
As the things my soul say I must do.
So the sky is your limit
Money and work will be no obstacle,
For I, truly do love you.
When you look back
You will look back with cheers
Reflecting back, to me and my deeds.
You will remember them all
As them always you will recall,
liken the Gardener who plants His seeds.
For again they will grow
With each smile and laugh you show
Everyday and every year of your life.
Then you will look into my eyes,
As though to erase tears I have cried,
Knowing mine weren't nourished, so they died.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Years From Now

As I see myself many years from now
I am relaxed and happy as I am retired
No longer tied to work or chained to a plow
Living my life and situation that I have long desired,
I most certainly will still be reflecting and writing
While remembering the adventures of my life
But I will not be arguing or even fighting
As I will be tired of that cumbersome strife,
I will also think of the good deeds I have done
Also I will smile remembering the joy I have brought
As GOD knows I was a good father and a good son
And never pain or dishonor from anyone had I sought,
I will probably also think about my past loves
And truly in my heart I wish them all well
Sadly we were unmatched like worn out gloves
But it wasn't I who discarded them, as I did not fail,
I will remember all the accomplishments that I achieved
When I look back at all those yesterdays
And I will also remember the tears I had grieved
But to my strength and determination I will give praise,
Many years from now I see myself as a happy man
I will had accomplished no more that what GOD would allow
Being happy and joyful though will be my greatest plan
As I see myself, many years from now.

RANDY L. McCLAVE

Randy McClave

You Are My Light

If you need a shoulder to lean on,
Here's mine,
Or tears, for you to cry
Or if you need a smile
To help you feel all right
You can have all mine
For you are my light.,
So if you need an ear
For troubles just to hear
Mine are just for you
Your voice are theirs to hear.
So shine your light on me
Shine your light on me
Shine it day or night
Shine it dim or bright.
And if you are in trouble
And your eyes are full of tears
And no one has came around
But troubles which are fears.
And if no one picks you up
When you are lying down
Everyone has ran away
And no one comes around.
So just shine your light on me
Shine that life of thee
Shine it bright or dim
But let it come on in,
And shine that light on me
Shine it so bright and free
And know by your light
You can finally see,
And if you loose your way
In the valley of despair
Open up your eyes again
For your troubles are mine to share,
And shine your light on me
Shine it bright and free
Be it day or night
But shine your life's light.

And remember and don't forget
That when you are upset
That to shine your light again
For you've got more than a friend,
And shine your light on me
Shine that life of thee
Be it bright or dim
But let it come on in,
And shine that light on me
Shine it out of thee
Be it bright or dim
For you, have more than a friend.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

You Don't Deserve My Love

You don't deserve my love
Those words to me she did speak
Then at that moment I just gave up
As she made my soul and heart feel weak,
I had giving her all that I had
And everything that she owned
And at me she was not happy or glad
She became a person I never known.
I had always put her first
As she was my woman and my wife
But then she always treated me worst
And never was she on my side.
She was giving her love unto others
And their was so many other men
And they all became her lovers
As she began to cheat all over again.
But for her I had tried and prayed
I loved her with all of my heart
But for other men she began to crave
And she tore my soul and mind apart.
She used and took advantage of me
And she taught her daughters to do the same
She planted the see of evil and dishonesty
And to me they all handed out sin and pain.
She was never a devout woman
And she cared for no one but herself
She will always do the sins she shouldn't
As she cares for no one else.
But one day she will be old and gray
And she will hear a voice from the sky above
Then finally on her knees to GOD she will pray
And to her GOD will say.. You don't deserve my love.

Randy McClave

You Gave Me. Keep A Kiss

You gave me a kiss
But, I thought it wasn't earned,
So, you I spurned.

I thought of a bliss
As love is truly learned,
Then you, I knowingly burned.

Now I will always remiss
That affection you had yearned,
Your kiss, I never returned.

But, I should have.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

You Have Done It Before

You have done it before
So you have done it again
With your ways and your sin.
Too you this it is not new
So no-one really knew
Your back to where you did begin.
You are walking the same path
That you walked in your past
That we thought you walked no more.
But then you went down that road
Which is full of shame and woe
You have returned to where you were before.
Again you are lying and abusing
Cheating and accusing
And example for all to see.
You're letting everyone know
That truly you have no soul
Or a conscience for you to heed.

You have done it before
So your doing it still
How weak is your pride and will.
You have surrender to your old way
What else could anyone say
As you run down a sadden hill.
As everyone does know
That when we all grow old
We will change with wisdom of age.
But you will not change at all
You couldn't stand that one fall
As you don't ever want to enter that stage.
I wonder is everyone ashamed
Like i am, when I hear your name
Knowing you had returned to your past life.
Where you don't care who you hurt
Especially your family which is your perk
As your bring sorrow and so much strife.

You have done it before

And you are doing it now
You are undisciplined like a child.
You must have your own way
And you don't care what anyone does say
As you scream " am me", out loud.
I wonder when you commit your sins
Once before and now again
Do you notice who is around or even near.
Do you care where you are
Knowing temptation from you is never far
And away from it, you never do steer.
Do you think of anyone but yourself
As pain and suffering is what you give as help
And the knocking you do at a sinners door.
Do you want your children to be like you
And when they are, it will only prove
That you have done all this, once before.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

You Hid

I collected my thoughts, my few possessions
Inside my soul, my suitcase,
From no one should there be fundamental questions
I am happy, look at my face.

I built isolated walls around my values and character
I protected my own definition of beauty and success,
Now, only I am my life's narrator
Forward, I will now always progress.

I am now that treasure at the bottom of the sea,
No one saw what I saw, or felt the same as I did,
All looked into the chest and they saw a key
I wanted to keep to myself, you hid.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

You Never Truly Boxed, My Son

If you have never stepped into a boxing ring
Or laced on a pair of leather gloves,
And if you have never waited for the bell to ring
Or walked through the crowds, pushes and the shoves.
If you have never tied on a pair of boxing shoes
Or had a used mouthpiece shoved between your teeth,
And if from a sport you never had cuts or stitches, but only a bruise
Then unto you, my sport I will bequeath.

If you have never entered into a ring wearing a boxing robe
Or sat on a stool and spit into a pail,
And if your blood has never been part of your corner's wardrobe
All that I can think or say is, "Oh Well";
If you have never sat and prayed before a fight
And never had smelling salts shoved up your nose,
While worrying about your opponent's left, or maybe his right
And always worrying about the head butts and his elbows.

If you have never had your hands and wrists taped up
And if you have never had Vaseline smeared underneath your eyes,
If you have never practiced with your own followup
While preparing to win your match, your prize.
If you have relied only on yourself in this one sport
And you had brought your own offense and defense, your style,
If you have never needed or asked for assistance as in a field or on a court
You are the one gladiator which many will revile.

If you have never sweated while pounding on a heavy bag
Or hit a speed bag or shadowboxed,
And if all that you did was to rest, brag and or boast
Then you probably were easily beaten and outfoxed.
If you have never fought a battle and then rested and strategize
While knowing more rounds of the same was prepared to come,
And then from your stool in your sweat and in blood, you did rise
Then, you have never truly boxed my son.

Randy L. McClave

You Were Dead

It was a thought in my head
That I thought that you were dead
It was a feeling also in my heart
That from this life you had part,
It gave myself such a happy feeling
And my soul and mind went into healing
When I had thought that you had died
Not one tear for you had I cried,
I forgave you then of all your sins
As my losses were sadly your wins
I forgave you also of your cheating and lies
And all your hate and all your sighs,
But then I saw you standing there
I was in shock and anger at you I did stare
My temper was hot and my face was red
How I truly wish; that you were dead.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

You, My Son

When I was weak
You made me feel strong,
When I was sad
You filled my soul with a song,
When I was depressed
To me you would confess.
That I never did, any wrong.

When I was lost
You helped myself be found,
When I was confused
You placed my feet on the ground,
When I was alone
You would not let me moan.
From my sadness, you were my rebound

When I was thinking
You gave me a happy thought,
When I wanted to be mad
You'd tell me forget the battles I had fought,
When I felt the need to hide
You were always at my side.
You were the calm, that I had sought.

When I thought I had lost
You showed me that I won,
When I saw only clouds
You pointed out the sun,
When I saw negativity
You wished me creativity.
You were my strength, you my son.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Young Once Again

When I was a boy, I thought I could fly
Up with the birds above the trees in the sky
Then when I became a man, I found out it was a lie
If I jumped out a window, I assuredly would die.

When I was a boy, I thought not of death
I lived and spoke of life with my every breath
But then I became a man, all those beliefs just left
Now to lose my life, I am so afraid of that one theft.

When I was a boy, I drank milk and I did grin
I had no worries or troubles I was happy deep within
Now I am a man, I now drink whiskey and gin
I now have worries and bills, I wish I was a boy once again.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Your Conscience

You will remember this day; One day!
Until the day that you die,
Like all the other days that have drifted past
The days that I have sat alone, and did cry.
You will sit back and then you will reflect
Until you are old and gray without any choice,
You will not ever hear me speak again
But, now speaking, you will hear that inner voice.
Your inner voice it will then speak unto you
It will remind you about your days long gone past,
The days when I was there and waiting for you
Now your days too, are coming up very fast.
You cannot ever go back into time
The tears of mine have already been shed,
All that is left of me now is only the memories
And as you know, I lay somewhere faraway dead.
You will sit and you will argue alone with yourself
As you try to build up your own defense,
On the things that you have said and also have done
But, then arrives your own moral sense.
It makes you look and reflect back to your past
And on the days of ours that are now long gone,
Now those days have become memories and shadows
And like a portrait, life can never ever be redrawn.
I have never walked into the steps that you are walking
As to guilt and dishonor I was an amateur,
I did good always for you as I was your father, and gullible
But, then to me it brought forth only your demur.
We all are born both blind and not hearing
Then we see and hear and then comes the quarrels,
We all were given a soul and its strict rules
But, some of us were created without any morals.
My heart and my soul have always been opened
But, some hearts are closed or are encased with ice or a flame,
Some people care about themselves only
And sadly like you, they have no caring or shame.
As I lay in the deep dark ground somewhere, waiting
To your acts and your deeds against me, I did forgive,
You are now left with an empty soul, and a barren wallet

Now at night alone with your conscience, your must live.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Your Daughters (Becoming You)

You committed adultery
And you felt no guilt or remorse at all,
Your feelings they were never for morality
But, I always believed and trusted you, that I recall.
Your daughters slept in our house when you cheated
While I worked hard to keep a roof over their head,
But, that act of sin you just repeated
As another man took you freely to his bed.
Your daughters someday they will become women
So, I taught them to live life with honesty and pride,
But, you are their role model and the caring mother hen
But, you swore, and smoked, and drank, and lied.
I read the Bible and recited to them the Lord's prayer
On the nights that you went (as you said) to help a friend,
Your daughters watched and listened as you showed me no care
Now my trust in other women, it might not ever mend.
Underneath my roof your daughters and I slept
While in another man's bed you continued your sinful course,
You laughed at woman's virtue while both your daughters wept
Then the very next day, I sued you for divorce.
You hurt me more than what any soul could ever express
Shame and pain and sadness from you was all that I knew,
I still tearfully think about the other men removing your dress
Now you'll feel my pain, when you daughters become you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Your Eyes

If you want me to look only at your eyes
Tell me then why do you decorate your face,
Then why must I always apologize
When I look at your body, I look at a different place.
If you want me to look only at your eyes
Why then are you showing off your breasts,
I wonder why you enjoy to advertise
Knowing you will get upset and offended by improper jests.
If you want me to look only at your eyes
Then please give me a reason to look,
Don't make yourself a temptation or a surprise
Be the proof, that the cover does not create the book.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Your Grave

I alone will stand over your grave
And I will not shed a tear,
I will be both proud and brave
And finally my words you will hear.
You will listen to the words that I speak
And every quote that I have to say,
And this time you will not ignore me
Or from me will you run away.
I will be the only person standing there
As no-one else will care for your passing,
As in my heart for you there once was care
But now its full of remorse and laughing.
I will read for you the many bible quotes
Especially the ones pertaining how you lived,
You will understand how you destroyed hopes
Goodness fell out of you like flour being sieved.
I truly hope that you can hear my voice
As that will be the last time I will speak to you,
Where you spend your eternity that was your choice
And this one outcome you cant undo.
I will look on your gave and give you pity
As pity is all that you acquired in life,
And to think I thought you once were pretty
But you were ugly as a woman, mother and wife.
I look around and your families not there
I guess they decided they had better things to do,
Maybe though you are in their prayers
Or maybe they too didn't care about you.
Now my speech to you it has ended
In the end I know you could not of been saved,
So many innocents you have used and offended
So now forever, I walk away from your grave.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Your Life

Be like some other;
But, please do not be like your mother,
Do not do the things that she does
Just because of admiration, or even because of love.
Do not smoke or drink because she says you can
And don't ever believe that you must cheat on a man,
Be truthful and honest and always be caring
And remember this: Your mother will be glaring.
Do not hate, just because to you it was taught
Truth and honesty should always be sought,
Never say, or believe that you should never pray
And never stop believing because your mother says it's okay.
Her mother, your grandmother did the very same thing
She drank and she lied and she shamed her wedding ring,
Then she blamed her problems in life on another as her trait
So, I implore you, do not let their virtues also be your fate.
Take the path that you want to walk
And don't ever take her path or admire her talk,
She gave you life, which is happy and true
But, now your life it is not hers; It belongs only to you.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Your Rings

The rings you wore on your finger
Are now placed inside a very small box
Hidden away inside my dresser drawer
Hoping that someday they will be forgot.
They are the rings I had placed on your finger
Then after that, I took you by the hand
You were going to my woman forever
And also forever, I would be your man.
So I swore to all I would wear your ring
And I did that with a happiness and a pride
But then you took my rings off of your finger
Then inside my heart, a part of me just died.
As when I looked up, upon our table
I saw your rings and there they just lied
Abandoned too, they were just like me
And if they had tears I know they too would of cried.
So I took our rings and placed them together
Inside my dresser drawer inside a small box
So they can be together, for their forever
And from each other they will never be lost.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

You're Not A Lady

So, you say that you are a lady
Well that's hard for me to believe,
As I know the life that you have led
And the life now that you do lead.
You cheat around and you do also lie
And you curse and drink more than any man,
You can't teach virtues to your own two daughters
As them yourself, you don't understand.

You say that you might be a lady
Well that I think could never be,
As a lady doesn't brag on hickeys from other men
Or leave their husband for other men to see.
And while their home is sleeping
A lady doesn't crawl out of the bed of her spouse,
While her own daughters are their still asleep
And runs to bed a man who lives in a broken house.

So, you say you think you might be a lady
I think I have heard that story once before,
As a lady marries for love and then forever
And not for escape, and later to become a whore.
And a lady is known by both woman and man
Wherever she might go or where she might be,
And the people see meets and that she greets
They can tell you, that she is truly a lady.

So, now you say you wish you were a lady
Well that of course will never be,
As a lady is married to the man she is with
And not used by him or by other men in discreet.
And a lady doesn't lie or doesn't cheat or even steal
She doesn't leave from one man to another,
And she won't change her hair so people won't stare
And she doesn't blame her fault on her own mother.

So, you say that you are not a lady
I am so glad you finally accepted that fact,
As a lady is a roll model for daughters everywhere,

And not for advertisement for when she is on her back.
A lady is virtuous and is loyal and ever so caring
And those are the qualities that you never had,
She is also devoted to her man and is a good mother
A lady you never was, or will be, and that makes me sad.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave

Youth

The chair seldom rocks,
The music has been thrown away
All the toys have been broken
And the laughs have gone away.
Across an ancient playground
Where the children once did play
I no longer see or hear them laugh
The Children have all gone away.
The swings they no longer swing
The trees stand ancient and bare
And the birds they no longer sing
For the children are no longer there.
I close an attic window
As I take off a childish mask
And as I think, the tears do flow
As I wished again, youth had last.

Randy L. McClave

Randy McClave