

WE GOT TO CONNECTICUT

Never bet on the wrong horse
Amazed at the people who not only get in the way
They get off at being oppositional

Bumped around the Americas
That is me

Haydee came from Mexico
That is her

Laid up for dead in the mountains outside
Santa Marta, Colombia-1972

Said that I was going to continue to make this a better world, then
Never won the race.....never stopped running, now

Dad used to call me "The War Horse"
Beat down and knocked around....never gave up

Came back to Connecticut to start all over
Or begin again....or both

Haydee wants to write a novel about the trip
Semi trucks and cars piled up

Blood on the highway

Drove straight through with the biggest load
Ever carried in my life

We are still unloading
Meet people who do not believe in me

I believe in people

Will Rogers said he never met a man he never liked
I never met a person-who doesn't interest me

This trip was the hardest drive on my life
Never thought that I would get through Highways
And potholes.....carrying a load

The way I drive says a lot about me



I continue on and never come to the end

If I were betting on outcomes,
I would bet on myself

And

Our life starts, anew



HOW THEY HIT

When I was young, played football with a force
Watching the game yesterday
Thinking about how I got away without injuries

In the end, the war got me
Was never able to play football, again

Maybe, for the better

Now

I am able to wander around
Write some stuff, see some stuff and hear some stuff

Live to life to fullest and watch sports events

That day at the game,
How they hit

HOW HE PLAYED

Like the old days this guy wailed on the streets
Just like the old days-music in San Francisco

We walked by They walked by
Everybody in motion

There was a tune that soared
Could hear the music from afar

When we got close to see and hear him
How he played





THE PLANTERS PEANUT FACTORY

The broken windows, the closed plant, the empty building
Kind of sign-what is wrong with America
We became an empty shell

First, we did not care for this one or that one
We abandoned small groups of people-to save money

We had no plan to use our space
We had no plan to develop our people

We got left with the Planters Peanut Factories
All over America



GOING DOOR TO DOOR

People with Mental Illness shut away
Inside homes....Some say... We are the only ones to visit
Passing time and living life...Who will visit?

Fought hard my whole life for these services
For me to be of services to others
Is my greatest honor in life

To care for others is my calling

Be good to each
Is my motto