

## 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