

Kelly Ann Malone



"A collection of poems
written from the daily perspective
of a middle-class white women"

a chapbook

Table of Contents

Tantrums	3
Waiting	4
The start of my day	5
The Arrival	6
Mouths	7
My Mother	8
Faith	9
My Father	10
Milk Cartons	11
Distant Witness	12
Inspiration	13
Pete (limerick)	14
Marsha, Marsha, Marsha	15
Osama Bin Laden	16
Joe (limerick)	17
The Wind (limerick)	18
Throwing Up	19
My dear brother Pat (limerick)	20
Laugh	21

Tantrums

Your hair so blond, your eyes so bright.
Why do you keep your fists so tight?

You throw your dinner at the wall,
then hit the cat and watch him fall.

Your face is red with beads of sweat.
And then a scream I won't forget.

You kick your feet into the door.
Then turn around and yell some more!

I try to hold you, keep you still.
You break away with angry will.

Your mind made up, you will not stop.
Then to the floor, with a dramatic drop.

These fits appeared around age three.
Your face so full of rage and glee.

Its true, I've spawned the boy from hell.
I haven't disciplined very well.

They tell me that it's just a phase,
when faced with a little boy to raise.

But I can't seem to let it go.
God give me the patients to see him grow.

I love this kid, don't get me wrong.
It's just this phase is way to long.



Waiting

All our lives we stand in line. We wait for phones to ring.
We take our children to the park, and wait for them to swing.

We go to church and wait in line, admitting all our sins.
We eagerly wait at the starting gate to see which horsy wins.

We take our time to wait for love, the hardest wait of all.
When first the person seems so right, then leads us to a fall.

And at the store, we wait some more, our patients thinly worn.
The eggs have fallen to the floor, because the bag was torn.

And when we die, I'm sure we'll see at line at the pearly gates.
Then wait to discover, one by one, our own eternal fates.

The start of my day

Up at 6, the day does start, I've gotten 8 hours sleep.
If I don't get up out of bed, the house will be in it deep.

Heaven forbid, I miss my mark, and let the time go by.
The sky would fall, hell would break loose and I'm the reason why.

I take a shower, not a bath. A bath is much too vain.
I Wake the boys, then look outside, predict if it will rain.

In grumpy moods, the boys I dress. A struggle all the way.
They fight, they squirm, kick and yell. It's this way everyday.

On to breakfast, oh my gosh, why couldn't that go smooth?
One kid says, "you took my seat!" and tries to make him move.

Ready to go, pile in the car, this part is really rough.
One kid says, "I have to pee", the other forgets his stuff.

One by one, I drop them off. I feel the pressure lift.
Now in my car, I'm finally alone. This is my daily gift.

Although the mornings try my nerves and tempers always flare.
My husband and I are the lucky ones, to have these kids to share.



THE ARRIVAL

The obvious has arrived. An expected parcel.
Afraid to open, yet I am forced to observe.
Unable to deny the contents, this mirror of reality.

Sickened by my reflection, my transgressions become obvious.
My eyes forever dim. My lips merely a passageway.
The lines on my face are a declaration of sabotage.
But who shall I wage war on?

I am now invisible. This is my secret fear.
Now left to utilize inner gifts, yet unable to produce a pittance of intellect.

Mouths

I'd like to share a word or two on keeping our mouths shut.
The more I age, the more I see how words will often cut.

Words can heal and words can guide. Their power truly strong.
But said in vain or quick in haste are often taken wrong.

"Sticks and stones may break your bones". What a blatant lie.
"Loose lips sink ships", is more an accurate cry.

In our hearts we all possess a truthful inner voice.
When faced with should you speak or not, you'll hear the proper choice.

So listen carefully to yourself, when speaking face to face.
Are you saying something kind, or something to disgrace?



My Mother

I am faced with the difficult task of describing my dear Mother.
I must put down in my own words a love that ,s like no other.

How to describe the ominous sea, and why she always moves?
How to explain to someone blind of yellows, greens and blues?

How do you take a child's laugh and place it on a shelf?
How to convey how falling snow excites your inner self?

How to explain the joy you feel when seeing your baby walk?
And elation felt by "I love you" as baby learns to talk.

Words are few that can describe my mom and all her gifts.
From bountiful grace to saintly face and all the hearts she lifts.

These few words I've just relayed are not enough, I know.
My mother's light is bright and strong with ample room to grow.

Faith

In smoky rooms of silhouettes.
Behind walls of guilt and darkness.
Here lie the lonely souls who weep for light.

Aware of their torment, yet unable to find the key to sanctuary.
They are kept in painful silence.
They search in vain outside of themselves.

Only the filter of faith can release these captives.
Come out of the darkness.
Feel the cool breeze of inner peace.
Let it sweep you up in a glistening blue mist.

Expose your ulcerated wounds.
Let faith cleanse and heal them with comfort, removing the sting.
Transforming you into eternal light.



My Father

A handsome man with hair, of salt and pepper color.
Strong and proud is what he is. He's truly like no other.

Intelligence has blessed him, he's really very smart.
The older he gets, the more he shares his overflowing heart.

His loyalty is something that ,s way beyond compare.
He'll stand up for his children. For us he's always there.

His Sacrifice has always been his daily deed.
Giving up on youthful dreams with children's mouths to feed.

Bright and funny is he. He loves a funny quip
Even though he's serious, into a joke he'll dip.

Most of all he's caring, he'll always take our hand.
How lucky I am to have him, his heart is truly grand.

Milk Cartons

I'd like to explain what I go through each and everyday.
Just a glimpse of daily life, don't ask me why I stay.

The first abuse is with the milk, they drink it from the spout.
Then once it's gone, they run along and never through it out!

Next we go into the john, where many crimes occur.
Oh what I'd give in a place to live that ,s modest and demure.

What's so hard about taking aim and peeing in the bowl?
Must they be so darn carefree and let the droplets roll?

In their rooms, a sacred lair in which I must not go.
I can't imagine what's under the bed, or what they're trying to grow.

Physically unable to turn out a light. I know they never will.
I'll just call the utility fairy. She'll take care of the bill.

All in all, I must confess my house is genuinely fun.
Life's to short and I'm too tired to be Attila the Hun.



Distant Witness

I never thought that I would be witness to such grief.
The horror and pain I saw that day were way beyond belief.

I don't live close, I did not hear the thunder or the crash.
I did not hear the cries for help or see the metal trash.

I didn't witness buildings fall. This was on TV.
I didn't run from plumes of smoke, I know that wasn't me.

I didn't arrive with photo in hand looking for my wife.
I didn't tell my only son his dad has lost his life.

I didn't send my oldest child into a burning tower.
To try and save whomever he could and die within an hour

I cannot say that I was hurt while saving someone's life.
I cannot say I've ever lost a daughter, son or wife.

I do not daily pass this site where bodies still decay.
These people who must get to work must pass it everyday.

I am not brave, I do not grieve for loss beyond compare.
I know I am not a party to the death and the despair.

In some small way I'd like to say I hold you in my heart.
Although this wont amount to much, I hope it is a start.

There was a part inside of me that died upon that day.
I cannot look at life the same or trust in the same way.

I look to God to give me strength, to trust in all his grace.
I look inside, into my soul and find a peaceful place.

Inspiration

What is Inspiration, I ask you?
It is flecks of light entering the mind.
Our souls become giddy with ideas.

It is a presentation of divine metamorphosis.
Changing our mood from sublime to enthralled.
Our thoughts jump from one scenario to another.

Visions of what could be, lend excitement.
Taking us out of the norm to infinite possibilities.

Inspiration is a gift that keeps us curious.
Inspiration breathes life into our imaginations.
While producing miracles.

What inspires us also keeps us alive.
Without it, we are vague, without passion.



Pete

We once had a birdie named Pete.
With love and affection we'd greet.
Enter our son, at the time only one,
thought he had removable feet.

Marsha, Marsha, Marsha

Jan Brady did live in despair.
Her sister seemed well unaware.
To live with perfection, and silky complexion,
and even a room they must share.

"Why can't I be Marsha" she said,
while crying alone in her bed.
"I'd have all the boys, and all of the joys"
Then proceeded to bash Marsha's head.



Osama Bin Laden

Oh what a fun guy to meet.
A beard and no shoes on his feet.
A brand new Dictator, from Kabul to Decatur.
The Taliban thinks he just Neat.

Let's all take the time to enjoy,
the Marines as they plan and deploy.
To launch all the missiles, use all bells and whistles.
And seek out to search and destroy.

Osama's days surely are few.
There isn't much more he could do.
We'll find where is hidden, and say a good riddin'
while blowing his body in two.

Joe

There once was a jogger named Joe.
Into Central Park he would go.
When one day he met, with a viscous house pet
And he ain't gonna jog any Mo'



The Wind

Into the night she flies.
A twinkle of light in her eyes.
Casting a spell from her mystical shell
She rides on the waves of the skies.

Throwing Up

There's nothing that sickens me more,
than kneeling down on the floor.
This act that defies all our senses.
And breaks down our inner defenses.

You're lying in bed and you groan.
The nauseam spreads as you moan.
You have no control, you must get to the bowl.
And eject the food that was on loan.

Your stomach has started the fight.
It cares not of who's wrong or right.
This angry projectile, with remnants of fresh bile
Keeps you up well into the night.

The struggle lasts over an hour.
The taste in your mouth is still sour.
Your reach for the comet to clean up the vomit.
Then clean yourself off in the shower.

In closing I say unto you.
Theirs nothing you really can do
Just go with the flow. It's vial I know.
But everyone catches the Flu!



My Dear Brother Pat

I have a dear brother named Pat.
During the day he dons a chefs hat.
As soon as night falls, all the kittens he calls
"Who wants the filet ala rat?".

Laugh

Oh what a gift god has sent.
The joy of an evening well spent.
Laughter consumes as it fills up the rooms.
And the spreading of folly it lent.

Theirs nothing in life that's more pleasant.
Then laughing with friends over pheasant.
An exclamation of jubilation.
All wrapped up in gold was this present.

The tears that appear are of joy.
A chuckle not meant to annoy.
To brighten your soul, when life takes its toll.
Accept it and don't be so coy!



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published in conjunction with

**children
churches
& daddies**

*the unreligious, nonfamily-oriented
literary and art magazine*

ISSN 1068-5154

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http://scars.tv

829 Brian Court, Gurnee, IL 60031-3155, USA, Northern Hemisphere,

Planet Earth, Solar System Milky Way Galaxy, the Universe

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