

The Beauty Of The Mountains

By G David Schwartz

Look and see
now at me
but at the tree
Up out over there
Don't make it into a table
Nor into a chair
Just let it stand
And allow us to stare
The beauty in the mountains
in the trees and springing fountains
Make me glad that I'm still here
And have not down down the hill
The beauty in the mountains
Where deer and vultures are grappling
Yes I'm happy that
I can witness that.

Susan Regret Lived Up the Street

By G David Schwartz

Susan Regret lived up the street
Caroline like down town
Alan, Peggy an Herman Regret
lived elsewhere around
With them all far far far
Away from me and mine
I have no Regrets
And UI think that's fine

Tropical Storm Gilda

By G David Schwartz

In 1973
On the Caribbean sea
There arose a storm
Gusting in the morn
Rained all ore Jamaica
And pushed some trees around
Tropical storm Gilda
It was so forlorn
But my dear sweet wife,
Whose name is ... well
A mean angry Gilda
That storm gave me (up here in Cincinnati)
Quite a bit of verbal hell

They Say I'm Getting Old

By G David Schwartz

They say I'm getting old
Well, that is but a fact
Hair grows in my nose
But I'm glad that it is blank

G David Schwartz bio: Schwartz is the author of A Jewish Appraisal of Dialogue and Midrash and Working Out of the Book. Currently a volunteer at the Cincinnati J Meals on Wheels, Schwartz continues to write. His latest book is Shards and Verse (2011, Publish America).