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Things We've Thought of Enough



David Morin
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You spend your life within the seats,
staring at the stage.
You let your fears run through the years
and never turn the page.
But if you dream of taking bows
before a crowd that roars,
Get up, engage, and join the stage,
and make the show be yours.



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“You shouldn’t make faces, they’ll stick that way.”

A little white lie that some grownups may say.

But watch how you act, for one thing is true –

Though faces don’t stick, personalities do.

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We press on ahead in perpetual youth,
with delusions we somehow mature.
The children grow older, the offspring get bolder,
we lengthen the crawl on the floor.
But ever we flinch and return to our crib,
carving notches with each passing year.
In this coming of age, we turn in our cage,
all alone on a tiny blue sphere.

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From yelling “surprise,” to lifting up rocks,
From rock-paper-scissors, to synchronized clocks,
It’s a question profound, and I just want to know:
When do you start – on “3” or on “go”?

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It really seems doubtful, so how can it be?
I'll only believe when I'm able to see.
Or in view of the way that we often perceive,
I'll be able to see only when I believe.

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From back in your youth, your friends of all kinds
Recall you from memories stuck in their minds –
Some of them pretty and some of them rotten,
But most of them things that you've long since forgotten.

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Shipwrecked but ready, they made a new life
and planted the seeds of the pines.
The children would sing as the trees added rings,
and sometimes they dreamt of designs.
As decades receded, the question was when
the grandkids would make the decree
To harvest the trees, and enter the seas,
in the boat that would set them all free.

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It's rarely enough to have one time existed,
Or pushed for what's proper and two times insisted.
It's great to have stood up and three times resisted,
But real heroes come from the ones who persisted.

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We stressed over this, we obsessed over that,
there were so many troubles in sight.
We struggled and fought to conquer the thoughts
that kept us awake in the night.
But the years bring us peace as we grow to accept –
it's fine if life's edges are rough.
So we raise up our mugs, and sweep 'neath the rugs
the things that we've thought of enough.



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At five years old, she stomped the ground
And asked, “Why can’t I turn around?”
“Just do like this...,” we played a mime.
She said, “No, no, I mean in time.”

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Grams used to sit in the breeze of her porch
in the shade of that giant oak tree,
With Pop and Aunt Claire playing games by her chair
and Uncle Joe perched on her knee.
But the porches are empty, and now we just sit
in our flickering, stacked-up blue tombs.
When a sign of the wise is the bluish glazed eyes,
we know we're just running on fumes.

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The help won't be lasting. It won't make a dent.
There are things more important. I'm already spent.
There's never a shortage of things you can say
To justify joining the turning away.

(Apologies to Pink Floyd)



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If disagreements drag along,
Try your best to prove you're wrong.
If you can't, you're either right,
Or your best is rather light.

Now available on Amazon

The complete book contains 94
rhymes and 33 illustrations.

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