

March 2018 Celebration of Poetry – Highlighting local Poets

MAKE LIFE A TURNOFF

Ed Gray

A simple basic problem has arisen,

Affecting daily human interaction.

It hurts the way that each of us will listen;

And causes us to feel dissatisfaction.

There's televisions ev'rywhere we go,

That dominate when we're in public places.

There's also cellphone use that overflows...

They all are taking over human spaces.

Devices seem to hurt the way we care;

We're focusing on places where we're not.

We're missing those around us and to share:

The "here and now" reality we've got.

Let's all declare that we have had enough,

Turn on to life by turning off your stuff.

About Ed Gray - By my early 60's I had written three books of poetry. My interest changed dramatically in 2007 when my wife died of ALS and both of my parents died as well. Using journaling as a means to deal with these emotional losses, my poetry writing increased dramatically. Poetry has become a routine and deeply satisfying way to express feelings, sharing with friends and family, and focusing on many important aspects of life. I'm in my early 70's now and have lived in Bonita Springs since mid-2015.

ego
Kathy Edmeyer

Here comes my noisy ego again.
I can feel it breathing down my neck and shoving me from behind What is it this time?
Maybe it just wants me to listen to it whine about everything that is wrong with the world.
Perhaps It wants to be praised or stroked.
Maybe it just wants a cheeseburger and a Coke.
It's so demanding,
like an annoying relative who keeps showing up for dinner!

About Kathy Edmeyer - I was a triage nurse. I have no background in writing and I have never had an interest in poetry. I had two life changing events back to back. My husband was paralyzed and my mom had a massive stroke. I held vigil at my mom's deathbed for seven days to the hour. During that time I started writing poetry. It came right of the blue. This was two years ago. I have written hundreds of poems since. I do all my writing between the hours of 1:00am and 4:00am. The poetry fairy drags me out of bed, entices me with a cookie and milk and then we are off and running. She's so insistent!

I write for an audience of one. If others like my ramblings it's frosting on the cake!