

## He's Breathing My Air!

David E. Carter © 1969

"He's breathing my air!"  
I cried to my mom,  
As my brother boomed in,  
As loud as a bomb.

Her face turned so scarlet,  
It almost turned blue,  
As she shouted quite simply,  
"You're breathing mine, too!"

So the next time he does,  
From then and thereafter,  
I won't say a word,  
I'll do something better.

I'll walk away quiet,  
Do nothing absurd,  
But I'll beat him up later,  
I give you my word!

### Author's Note:

I wrote this poem in the 6th grade, and it may just be the finest work I've ever done...

## **Without You There**

David E. Carter © 1983

The year your brother left the nest,  
He faced tough times like all the rest,  
Became a man, though ignorant,  
How deep your sense of vigilance.

And though not twenty months had passed,  
Before you reconverged at last,  
You knew his humor had survived,  
From the moment he arrived.

Pounding his shoulders, testing his frame,  
Absorbing all he spoke at the same,  
You were shocked by all the progress made,  
Without you there to offer aid.

But later, when in your direction,  
He looked for silent recognition,  
You caught a glimpse, became aware,  
Of where you'd be without him there.

### **Author's Note:**

I wrote this one about my younger brother, Bruce, but I doubt he will ever see it.

## The Hidden

David E. Carter © 1993

Wrought by winter's hellish gloom, mid-August's screaming heat,  
Contumacious spirits shackled, marching to the beat.  
Clasped of steel a trove resides, buried deep though unobscured,  
At reveille its face is guileless; plainly viewed and thus ignored.

Take heed lest final leave's thy fate, near where the hidden lurks,  
Trust is marred with cold despise and serves to guard the works.  
Near five empyreal orbs it rests, just eighty paces east,  
And when the Hudson's on the rise, steam issues from the beast.

Once a plebe, always a plebe, no man unscathed escapes,  
Surrendering the right to choose, one's soul emaciates.  
Yet instinct long ago forewarned: resign from an existence  
Where walls of stone eclipse the mind and curb one's walking distance.

### Author's Notes:

I had fun filling this one with double and triple entendres about West Point:

- What is hidden is the truth that every cadet knows in their heart, and which is particularly hard to ignore on mornings when the wind chill factor is -40 during reveille. **The place is simply not sane.** In our country's bastion of honor, cadets lie to themselves in order to get through a four year ordeal that does not prepare them for the real Army any more than it does the real world. West Point is its own world. Ask any graduate.
- Gloom Period is the two weeks after cadets return from Xmas break but before first semester exams begin, when the sky is grey, the buildings and uniforms are grey, and even your roommate's face is grey. It is utterly, overwhelmingly gloomy. Many a cadet considers suicide during these weeks.
- Beast Barracks is what plebes go thru during the heat of August. Lots of screaming and marching going on...
- "Five empyreal orbs" refers to 5-star General MacArthur's statue, which is "plainly viewed" from a parade field called The Plain, of course. Even MacArthur had to surrender his right to choose and follow orders from the President. When he finally couldn't stand this any longer, he took final leave (and woke up, in my opinion).
- "Eighty paces" is a private joke (no pun intended). I was in the Class of '80, which is pacing east perhaps.
- "Steam issues" from 130-year-old underground steam tunnels that heat the buildings during the winter, just like firsties (fourth year cadets) issuing commands during Beast Barracks.
- Because the academic curriculum is so tightly regulated, free thinkers don't typically stick around. Trying to change the U.S. Army is an insurmountable opportunity. Unfortunately, the people who remain are often ones who end up commanding missile silos and may one day decide the fate of mankind for the rest of us. Good thing JFK was a free thinker...

## The Axe

David E. Carter © 1994

Standing near the entrance,  
You seemed aloof, preoccupied,  
As from a distant vantage point  
Your countenance I spied.

I pondered what to say to you,  
Perhaps a quip or joke.  
I almost didn't have the nerve,  
But finally I spoke.

And though ten years have come and gone,  
I'm struggling once again  
To choose the words to say to you  
So that you'll comprehend.

Thank you for the times we've laughed,  
And thank you for the house,  
But mostly thank you for Alyssa,  
I'm sorry for being a louse.

### Author's Note:

In a state of gratitude, ten years from the day I met my first wife, and three years after our divorce was final, I sent this poem to her with a dozen yellow (friendship) roses.

## **A Valentine's Day Poem**

David E. Carter © 1995

There once was a lawyer named Shawn,  
With buns of steel and eyes like a fawn,  
When asked for a date  
She replied that her mate  
Would have to be rich or she'd yawn.

Then Shawn met a lowly tech writer  
Who pursued and persisted despite her.  
He ignored her decision  
And followed his vision  
Believing he'd one day delight her.

Then one day he wrote a really lame poem,  
Which seriously pissed her off,  
And after that she never spoke to him again  
And he was very, very sad.

### **Author's Note:**

I wrote this poem for a chick I wanted to date, but she never did go out with me....

## The Epic Tale of Cupcake and Buttercup

David E. Carter © 2002

In a kingdom far away, a story lies untold  
Of a subtle glance amid wild circumstance,  
Which led two kindred spirits to dance,  
And destiny took hold.

A dozen generations later, no one had a clue  
Their paths would cross again upon the mortal plain,  
In fact, five years ago today began  
Their kharmic rendezvous.

How far we've come since then, two spirits reunited,  
It's hard with just a simple poem, to paint a picture of our home,  
Where children laugh and play and roam,  
Indeed, The Universe™ provided.

At last I am at peace, the yearning's finally over,  
Mere words cannot convey the joy I feel each day,  
But to my love I want to say,  
It's your turn to empty the friggin dishwasher.

### **Author's Note:**

I composed these lines to commemorate five years from the day Susan and I met. For the record, I am Cupcake...

## **Sshhh, Dottie!**

David E. Carter © 2002

Sshh, Dottie... Dottie, sshh.

Sshh, Dottie... Dottie, sshh.

Listen! Dammit, Dottie! Dammit, Dottie! Listen!

SSHHH! LISTEN! DAMMIT! DOTTIE! SSHHH!

LISTEN! SSHHH! DAMMIT! DOTTIE! SSHHH!

Okay, now I missed it.

Christ, Dottie... Christ, Dottie...

Sshhhhhh. Okay. Sshhhhhh.

### **Author's Note:**

This one is an ode to my father watching the news on tv...

## Pages Turning

David E. Carter © 2004

Pages turning, knowledge transferring, trees burning, customers learning.

When reaching for the mountains farthest, or wondering where the nearest bar is, I hope to someday go as far as, my friend Joan Mitromaras, who cares not who the next Doc Czar is.

Check it, y'all, this here def poetry is a tribute, you see, to an employee, who works on xapps, user guides, and data sheets.

Pages turning.

She served in the Air Force before a change of course brought her to these shores, hopefully without remorse, to edit publication source.

When she joined this company, the stock was up near 93  
What a sight that was to see! Since then utter calamity... but I digress.

She's been busy as a beaver, a real crowd pleaser, but she's no June Cleaver, so you best believe her, cuz she surely is speedier than a multi-gigabit transceiver.

Pages turning.

She was referred by Abusaidi, but now as a retiree, it's time to risk impropriety, tell everyone to climb a tree. Her debt is paid now to society.

No more context switching or insanity, or raising the bar on productivity. Goodbye to endless markup hardcopy from folks in APD and MPD and CTD. Farewell especially to Bodhi and to Jean Louis.

No more hijinx at Xilinx or listening to what some guy thinks while trading sly winks with rye geeks whose eyes blink as they apply drinks. OK, this rhyme stinks...

Pages turning, freedom yearning, wisdom earning, eastward journeying, joy discerning.

A house that is spacious and efficacious yet not austentacious,  
Not in Boston or Kansas but in Austin, Texas. That's where home is.

When reaching for the mountains farthest, or wondering where the nearest bar is, I hope to someday go as far as, my friend Joan Mitromaras, who cares not who the next Doc Czar is.

Author's Note: This one is an ode to Joan Mitromaras, upon her retirement from a tech writing career..