

Classic Poetry Series

Harold R Hunt Sr

- 332 poems -

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Harold R Hunt Sr (Jan 14 1954)

retired Cashier, went to Gowanda Central School lived in perrysburg ny and springville ny moved to sc in 1996 and have lived here in union since 2013. have * children And 25 grandchildren. begin writing poems on 9/9/94 After my mother past away. First poem was a phone call to heaven. Was published in a paper in springvile ny, A good friend just kicked me one more time to get me to write. I thank you Jayne. enjoy

11 Days Before Christmas

11 Days Before Christmas

Twass' 11 days before Christmas, around 9: 38
when 20 beautiful children stormed through heaven's gate.
Their smiles were contagious, their laughter filled the air.
They could hardly believe all the beauty they saw there.
They were filled with such joy, they didn't know what to say.

They remembered nothing of what had happened earlier that day.
'Where are we?' asked a little girl, as quiet as a mouse.
'This is heaven.' declared a small boy. 'We're spending Christmas at God's house.'
When what to their wondering eyes did appear,
but Jesus, their savior, the children gathered near.
He looked at them and smiled, and they smiled just the same.
Then He opened His arms and He called them by name.
And in that moment was joy, that only heaven can bring,
those children all flew into the arms of their King.
And as they lingered in the warmth of His embrace,
one small girl turned and looked at Jesus' face.
And as if He could read all the questions she had
He gently whispered to her, 'I'll take care of mom and dad.'
Then He looked down on earth, the world far below.
He saw all of the hurt, the sorrow, and woe.
Then He closed His eyes and He outstretched His hand,
'let my power and presence re-enter this land! '
'May this country be delivered from the hands of fools.'
'I'm taking back my nation. I'm taking back my schools! '
Then He and the children stood up without a sound.
'Come now my children, let me show you around.'
Excitement filled the space, some skipped and some ran.
All displaying enthusiasm that only a small child can.
And I heard Him proclaim as He walked out of sight,
'in the midst of this darkness, I AM STILL THE LIGHT

Harold R Hunt Sr

13 bars and 50 stars

13 bars and 50 stars
Old glory is my name
I'm over 200 yr old.
But yet I fly above the rest of them.
I do not run when I'm shot at.
And I do not back down from none.
Red white and blue are my colors.
I go to school and to war.
I fly high on buildings top.
13 bars and 50 stars
How can anyone not like me?

Harold R Hunt Sr

A bean

A bean

One day I found a bean it was a funny looking thing.

As I looked I seen it jumps across the floor.

I watch as it rolled out the door.

This funny looking bean.

I ran after it as it jumped down the steps

Not missing a single one.

As I followed it down the road I was joined by a crowd.

We watch as it jumped side to side and back and forth on the street.

Soon to the middle of town where a policeman said stop and watched the bean roll to a stop.

He called in a voice that's a Mexican jumping bean.

Harold R Hunt Sr

A child's letter

A child's letter

Dear Lord,

I'm writing you because I have some questions for you.

I want to know if my daddy is in heaven?

I want to know if you took him there to be with you in your army of angels.

I want to know if he is a hero there? Like he is here in the U.S.A.

If he is lets him stand among the best you have. For he is my hero also.

Love you Lord,

Johnny Smith

PS Tell Daddy to stay strong I'm taken care of Mommy for him!

Harold R Hunt Sr

A Christmas Drunk

A Christmas drunk
Twis the night beforeChistmas.
And all through the house beer bottles was scattered.
While the panties were hung from the five strippers we had.
The kids are locked in their bedrooms While Lady ga ga sang out loud.
When I stagger to the window to see.
Old Grandma was getting a Christmas kiss from the pizza boy down the street.
Old Santa drove right by in his new Chevy truck saying you all are a bunch of drunks.
As he drove out of sight I did hear him say. 'have a Bud for me and I'll see you on
NewYears night

Harold R Hunt Sr

A Day in heaven.

A Day in heaven.

A day in heaven with God, in the early morning he hands all the angels a list of names of people he wants in heaven with him. By noon, he stops at the gate and welcomes the new comers. A long line that takes him to the early evening, Then it to the gates of hell to bring the good people away from there. A job that runs the whole night. Then it to sleep he says, with one eye open to watch who is coming soon. To spend a day in heaven with him

Harold R Hunt Sr

a hug

A Hug

Hug is need for a family member to
Let them know you love them.

A hug is needed for a friend just to let them know you care.

A hug in the time of need is a special thing for you to give.

A hug will make you feel good.

So hug somebody to day and get the joy of making them happy.

Harold R Hunt Sr

A jumping bean

A bean

One day I found a bean it was a funny looking thing.

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I watch as it rolled out the door.

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I ran after it as it jumped down the steps

Not missing a single one.

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He called in a voice that's a jumping bean.

Harold R Hunt Sr

A Kiss for advice.

A Kiss for advice.

A kiss is the upper pervasion for lower invasion.

So keep your legs cross and your mind on your manners.

This is my advice

Harold R Hunt Sr

A letter to a soldier.

A letter to a soldier.

Dear Solder:

I saw you the other day. You had on a uniform so neat. With shinny buttons and shoe.

I like the way you carried the flag. Nice tall For all to see.

My dad says, You fight for our freedom and for me to be able to write this letter.

My dad says freedom doesn't come cheap. And many of your friends. Have gave their lives?

He told me about the American wars and how the first war was for our freedom and rights.

He told me how a man tried to kill us all and take our country. How the soldiers stop them all.

We solder, . 't time for me to go to bed. But I'll say a prayer for you tonight.

Thanking you for my freedom and my life.

Thankyou American solder,
Johnny

Harold R Hunt Sr

A letter to Santa

The Letter To Santa

Dear Santa,

I'm very sorry I said i 'm mad at you.
But mommy told me why you did not show up this year.
She said my daddy died in something they call a war.
He was fighting to keep me safe and free.
Mommy said she did not have any money left after working two jobs to feed the three of us.
I thought you forgot me because we live in an old car.
I hear my mom cry at night and now I know the reason why.
I saved you some cookies I got at school. Nevertheless, I gave them to little johnny as a gift from you.
I hope next year will be better, but if not I still love you and thanks for not forgetting me.

Love you Santa,
Alisa

P. S. I hope everyone had a MERRY CHRISTMAS

Harold R Hunt Sr

A letter to you

A letter to you

Dear daughter of mine,

 Please don't cry! Please don't ask why.

For I have gone to heaven to play my banjo. For the great Bill Monroe.

It will be not a song of sorrow that I play tomorrow.

For I will play on the stage with a lady named Patty Page.

I will not play to bitter, but with the great Tex Ritter.

So the music you hear in the sky will not make you cry.

For God only wants me to play my banjo.

 Love,

 Your dear old dad

Harold R Hunt Sr

A phone call to Heaven.

A phone call to Heaven.

Ring, ring, Hello God, I'd like to talk to my mother please.'

Why? Who is she?

Well, God, She is the one who gave me birth.

Who raised me when I was little. She is the one who had all the answers when I needed them.

She is the guy who stayed by my side when I was sick.

Well, God, she is the one that cried when I went to school the very first day.

She was here to pull those off that fought with me.

She was the for the high school years.

To see us walks the halls with our former love.

Also, God, she came to see us marry the love of our lives.

She liked to see the first and all her grandchildren to be born.

AS proud as she could be!

She was still there when we needed her.

So God, wonders if you know who she is \$

I know I do! And what you try to me to tell her?

Well God.

I ask you to thank her for being our mother.

And though she is not here. We all love and miss persons her.

Say to her that things are fine and not to worry.

That she did a great job. And to face all of us.

Can you do that?

Why sure I Can For You. She Is Great To Me

Click, Buzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

Harold R Hunt Sr

A Racers Words

A Racers Words

Oh shed no tears it makes hard to steer.

As this racer comes so dear.

As I enter turn one I see what I have done.

On to turn two this is something new.

Racing in to turn three is now no breeze.

I come to turn four there will be no more.

I now stand at the wall that has taken
those to fall.

I watch the new racer who will set the pace.

'So on to the finishline, Oh son of mine

Harold R Hunt Sr

A recipe for a poem

A recipe for a poem

Paper or computer of any kind.

Pen or keyboard which ever you have.

A good thought of mind. Which may be blocked by some silly word you might forget.

A very little skill. Which will improve if the mind doesn't go blank.

A good closing if you needs to get out quick.

And don't say goodbye because you will write once more.

Now go to work and write.

O, Don't forgot to spell words right might help.

Harold R Hunt Sr

A trip to Mars

A trip to Mars
A trip to Mars will it be really far?
Should I bring something?
Should I take my roller skates?
Or just some more close to wear.
How about a change of underwear?
When I get there will I see a pink man.
Or just someone that stinks.
Will i see anyone i know from a far?
On this trip to Mars

Harold R Hunt Sr

A trip to rotgut

A trip to rotgut

I rode my horse in to a town called Rotgut

As I rode up the main street I looked at the old saloon.

The doors was closed to traffic for some odd reason it wasn't noon.

I notice at the front of the sheriff's office a hang mans plank.

For today, they were hanging billy boy Taylor.

Rotgut was a mean town hanging was a weekly thing. But today there would be no.

For my guns would blaze to save a man in rotgut

Harold R Hunt Sr

After Christmas

After Christmas

After Christmas where does Rudolph go?

Does he get to go to the mall to buy hay for his stall?

Does he go to the reindeer games to take part in the snow?

Does he take a vacation to the south pole?

Does he go to the doctor to get his nose shiny to glow?

Where does Rudolph go I would just like to know?

Does he stay in bed and dream?

In those foggy nights.

No, I hear Santa loans Rudolph to the Easter Bunny.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Am I Near Heaven

Am I Near Heaven.

A little boy and his went for a walk on Wednesday.

They came up on a big mountain that touch the sky.

The little boy said, ' we are going to climb up there today! '

The dog barked.

They climbed for miles and miles. Up and up. Towards the sky

When they where almost to the top. He looked down to see the town.

As they climbed higher and higher the town became smaller and smaller.

When they got to the top. All they could see was clouds.

He could hear the birds below but no trees he could see.

He turn to his dog, a friend indeed, he asked with a look of need, ' Am I near Heaven? '

For just days ago his mother had died. and he wanted to be near..

Harold Hunt Sr April 6,1997

Harold R Hunt Sr

America

America

Some people have forgotten what America is.

The country was founded in 1776.

After many people fought for, for its freedom.

Freedom which we have today!

America has passed through many wars.

From the first gun shot to start our freedom

To the gun shots our men and women do today.

We have 50 states today that is 37 more than we began with.

We have united as a country for the freedom of our fathers and bothers, uncle and new sisters and mothers have fought for.

Today in this land of Ours we fight to ensure that freedom from within.

Freedom that only you and God know can't and will not be beaten by my one man.Or a thousand.

For this AMERICA AND GOD BLESS IT AND OUR FREEDOM>

Harold R Hunt Sr

America will be back

America will be back.
We the people have fallen once more.
To the trouble of todays world.
Just a small step we have done.
But we say that I'll be back strong and tall.
We strive to live our lives freely.
They launch a curve from all direction.
Nevertheless, we say I'll be back to swing a bat to hit them it out.
We will stand tall once more when I mean I'll be back.
Life will change here he america as we the people will be back
And America Says I'll be back strong once more.
Because I will be back

Harold R Hunt Sr

American red

American Red.

For many years, we have struggled for our freedom.

Starting with England at Bunker Hill.

We have fought even with our own neighbors.

We have been in Two world wars.

Wars in korea, Japan and viet nam.

Today we continue to be fighting a war.

But the American red is the blood of every American that died for our freedom.

American red that stands for the love they gave us.

We put this red together with white and blue. And you have the American Flag.

Long may it wave! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

Another Day

Another Day

One Mothers day without you brings a tear.

Two long years, Mother dear, That we don't have you here.

Now that it is three years that pass.The tears will always last.

It's just another day we all do say, mother dear.

We cry these tears for it is another day without you near.

You left so fast that we couldn't have one last laugh.

So today is just another day.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Apple Pie.

Apple Pie.

I wake to such a clatter.I did not know exactly what was a matter.

I smelled something sweet to my noise. So I put on some close.

I ran to the kitchen and almost tripped on a pan just to find out what it was.

There she stood with a knife in hand cutting something without a bother.

The smell was great I knew that it was a treat that could not be beat.

There on the window ledge was to apple pies.

So golden brown.I soon had a frown.

I heard mom say none to supper time.

Oh, I can't wait for those apple pies

Harold R Hunt Sr

Around The Corner

Around the corner
The old black cat he's taken a nap.
At the house around the corner.
Getting ready to play his game this very night.
For he'll hide out of sight around the corner of the house
Ready to scare you in to a fright.
He'll hide out of the light in the dark of night.
Then jump, at you with a scary meow.
Then off he runs around to the next corner to hide once more.
You hear the dog bark to warn you but out the cat comes like a bolt of lightning
To scare you as you round the corner to yell Trick or treat.
The old cat he plays this game this Halloween night at the house around the corner

Harold R Hunt Sr

As the summer ends.

As the summer ends.
As the summer ends. The cold begins to flow in.
With the color of the leaves they really start to fall.
We know that it won't belong it will be winter.
Summer has ended and the pools are quite
As the geese begin to fly south.
Be it a snow flake I see?
No it's just a dream that summer will end.
Now happy, the sun is willing to set.
Now tomorrow the day may be not with the summer sun that never ends

Harold R Hunt Sr

Bad luck day

Bad Luck day

Fell out of bed and broke my arm.

Cooked my lunch and burnt the soup.

Went for a ride and got a flat.

Went to the store and got a ticket.

Took a shower and slipped and broke my leg.

Went to bed and knocked the light over and started a fire.

Just a bad luck day and the week just began.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Bad luck day kid

Bad Luck day
Fell out of bed and broke my arm.
Cooked my lunch and burnt the soup.
Went for a ride and got a flat.
Went to the store and got a ticket.
Took a shower and slipped and broke my leg.
Went to bed and knocked the light over and started a fire.
Just a bad luck day and the week just began.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Banjo-man

Banjo-man
Banjo man
Banjo man plays all day long.
Plays music that can make you cry.
Plays music that makes you always wants to sing.
Banjo man has played with the best.
Playing his music from the east to the west.
He plays with Patty Page.
He been on every stage.
He plays his banjo proud and tall.
Banjo man plays a great banjo

Harold R Hunt Sr

Be Kind

Be kind.
Be kind to your family
Be kind to a friend
Be kind to a neighbor
Be kind to god
And he'll be kind to you!

Harold R Hunt Sr

Beat o matic.

Beat o matic.

Yes you can clean about anything with beat o matic.

You can clean a rug full of bugs.

You can clean a mat full of rats.

Beat O matic you can buy it at your local tennis shop.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Beautiful Lady

Beautiful lady
March 4,2013

Beautiful lady
March 4,2013

Beautiful Lady

A beautiful lady with eyes on fire,
That sparkle and laugh, that can smile and cry,
I love your eyes so clear and true.
Beautiful lady I adore you.

A twinkling look that bubbles bright,
With a heart to care, and a heart to love,
With hands to hold, and hands to help,
Beautiful lady there to give.

Beautiful lady, a smile so bright,
So warm and gentle, so soft. A delight.
A voice so clear,
That calms and soothes, a voice that wipes all fears.

Beautiful lady,
I'll give to you, my thoughts, my prayers, my hopes,
I offer you my heart, my strength.
My love is yours for ever.

Beautiful lady,
I love you as you are.
Beautiful.

Written by Rodney A Hunt

A beautiful lady with eyes on fire,
That sparkle and laugh, that can smile and cry,
I love your eyes so clear and true.
Beautiful lady I adore you.

A twinkling look that bubbles bright,
With a heart to care, and a heart to love,
With hands to hold, and hands to help,
Beautiful lady there to give.

Beautiful lady, a smile so bright,
So warm and gentle, so soft. A delight.
A voice so clear,

That calms and soothes, a voice that wipes all fears.

Beautiful lady,
I'll give to you, my thoughts, my prayers, my hopes,
I offer you my heart, my strength.
My love is yours for ever.

Beautiful lady,
I love you as you are.
Beautiful.

Written by Rodney A Hunt

Harold R Hunt Sr

Behind these bars

Behind these Bars
I'm behind these bars
I don't know why.
They put me here from far away.
I see others but can't get out.
I'm just going out of my mine.
Being behind these bars.
I get food twice a day.
And that is my pay
I'm a tiger, that's behind these bars

Harold R Hunt Sr

Blessed the gift

Blessed The gift

O'Lord blessed are all your hands that heal.

O'Lord blessed are the prayer your answer.

O'Lord blessed are the gift you give each day.

Want to say thank you Lord for the lives you save.

Blessed Lord that answers thee.

By Harold r Hunt Sr

08/29/14

Harold R Hunt Sr

Breakfast With A Ghost

Breakfast with a ghost
Early on morning traveling down I-77
I saw a young soldier in uniform.
I stop to choose pick him up.
We talked a awhile he spoke of the war.
How he lost so many friends.
We parked in the dinner. I ran in to get something to eat.
When I return to the truck.He finished his story.
He said that he loved America. And the freedom it stands for.
How he fought for each American.
He then told me this was his exit.
So I stopped. He said thanks to my friend>
I said no thanks you my hero.
For fighting for me.
I drove off and I looked back and he was gone.
I thought I just had breakfast with a hero ghost

Harold R Hunt Sr

Breakfast With A Ghost Hero

Breakfast with a ghost
Early on morning traveling down I-77
I saw a young soldier in uniform.
I stop to choose pick him up.
We talked a awhile he spoke of the war.
How he lost so many friends.
We parked in the dinner. I ran in to get something to eat.
When I return to the truck.He finished his story.
He said that he loved America. And the freedom it stands for.
How he fought for each American.
He then told me this was his exit.
So I stopped. He said thanks to you my friend>
I said no thanks you my hero.
For fighting for me.
I drove off and I looked back and he was gone.
I thought I just had breakfast with a hero ghost

Harold R Hunt Sr

Cabin in the woods.

Cabin in the woods.

There is a cabin in the woods.

All are broken down from stormy weather.

Holes in the roof so birds can fly in and out.

No door to shut the air out.

Broken windows from days gone by and a few stones from those that know.

Floors all dirty and boards all torn.

Who own this cabin in the woods.

See if it is a hunter or a slave or maybe even old Abe.

The cabin in the woods may hide stories of Jessie James.

Or it could bring the tale of Betsy Ross making the flag for good old George.

All we know is this cabin sits here in the woods

Harold R Hunt Sr

Can you remember

Can You remember
Can you remember the good old days
When milk costs only 25 cents.
How about when bread was a dime.
Can you remember your neighbor's name?
Or when he said hello.
Can you remember stealing a kiss from the girl
Down the street.
Can you remember playing baseball in the park
Until dark.
Can you? Really can you? .

Harold R Hunt Sr

Car Wars

Car Wars.
You have fords which some people afford
Chevy they abandoned the levy.
Dodge they play that with a ball in some halls.
Honda is for Rhonda as she tries she might cry.
Toyota is just that a toy that runs on pedal power.
This is the car war. Now we have
Cars that run on corn.
Battery cars that even the copper top will pop.
Electric cars that you plug in, but the cord are short.
Car Wars, I believe that we should buy a horse

Harold R Hunt Sr

Christmas Snow

Christmas snow

The lights on the pine tree look so pretty.

The night air was cold as the wind blows.

A snow flake fell from the sky then we want to know why.

The ground is being dealt with in white as those Christmas lights shine so bright.

The roof tops are covered and the smoke really start to rise.

The pine tree is now covered in christmas snow

As the lights shine through the white.

Each flake difference in size and shape as they fell on the trees.

It's Christmas time and with Christmas snow it filles the air with Christmas joy.

So please let it snow, let it snow, with Christmas snow.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Chuckles The Elf

Chuckles the elf
Santa has alot of elves at the North Pole.
But chuckles was his best elf.
Chuckles keep the Merry in Merry Christmas.
He would sing pretty song of joy.
Till one night chuckles had a sad face.
He told the other elves that people didnt believe Christmas and Santa no more.
Told Santa And Santa told him that the joy of Christmas falls on those who believe.
And those that give till they can't anymore.
He told chuckles that to say Merrychristmas to the world and those that believe will
Say it back with joy.
So MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM CHUCKLES SANTA AND ME.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Clouds.

Clouds.

The other day I was looking at the clouds.

I saw so many different things.

I saw a dog and what looked like a frog.

I saw a goat and a boat.

A ball I did see and top with wings.

But the prettiest of all.

Was an angel with a horn.

Her wings were a fluffy white.

She stood there in the sky until the night did fall.

The clouds they change so much

Harold R Hunt Sr

Comments

Comments

It seems everyone has a comment now days

You have a comment

I have a comment.

Your maybe nice and mine maybe bad.

But I'll send mine C.O.D

Harold R Hunt Sr

Cowboys in the badlands

Cowboys in the badlands

They ride their horses coming from everywhere.

To the badlands, they do ride.

They come from cattlemen and farmers and gunmen.

Ready to make a name for themselves.

Either by robbing a bank or killing someone for revenge.

These cowboys in the badlands.

All are gone now, but a few not as bad as the once were.

Have they all gone to a new land to make a new name of a place in beyond?

A new bad land these cowboys do come riding their horses and carrying a gun

Harold R Hunt Sr

Crime Repeats Itself.

Crime repeats itself.

Back in time we must go the time of Jessie and Frank James.
they rob the trains owners that took your land.

Then came billy the kid with guns a blazing.

As we move forward the country grows and Ma Baker she robbed your bank.

Babyface nelson on the run with the F.B.I. not far behind.

Now today we have a new gang high in office we do find.

Hillary and Barrack and Joe.

Crimes repeats it self thou they may not differ.

Just the names have changed for those that do

Harold R Hunt Sr

Daddy are you

Daddy are you
Daddy are you a soldier?
Are you one of them, that marches down the main street?
Do you care a gun to shoot?
Will you go away to war?
Will it be too far?
I want to know if you will come home a hero.
Daddy are you one?

Harold R Hunt Sr

Dear Soldior Hero

Dear soldier hero,
I address you with a prayer just for you.
I tell God to keep you safe, so you can give me my freedom.
I thank you and all the heroes that have to fight each night.
I cry for you as I pray and ask God to send you home.
You're my hero Daddy and I love you
Love johnny

Harold R Hunt Sr

Death

Death
Death is so hard and bad.
We lose so much and gain so little.
We watch as they come and go
Only to say no words that can make them stay.
We fill our hearts with the greatest of pain
But God hears only so few.
We cry before God to know why.
But he only knows the reason why.
The young, The old they walk side by side.
Knowing someday, we shall see them all.
Death is hard. But what can we do.
But just ask why!
God hears us Today as another angel falls
Our prayers we cry go to those that have lost.
Our prayer to God goes heaven bound.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Do you still hear them sing?

Do you still hear them sing?

As I open the gates of heaven. I listen to the sweet music of Johnny cash.

As I board the train, as he sings the orange blossom special.

I take the train for the stage. Where there stood Patty page.

She was singing loud and strong. Beyond the clouds, the sky is always blue.

So true to hear.

As we traveled down the tracks. I have a sound that I member so well.

As Conway Twitty sang Hello darling

As we approached the end of the trail.

I heard the King Hank Williams Sr himself singing to God I saw the light.

As i left the train i could hear them all sing,

I walk the floors of heaven.

Do you still hear them sing

Harold R Hunt Sr

Does Santa Clause live at?

Does Santa Clause live at?

Does Santa live at the north pole

Or does he live at Walmart?

I see him in the parade and then I see him at Kmart.

I go to the fire hall he is there with the fire dog.

I meet him on the streets handing out candy canes.

Then I go to Walmart there he his sitting on a chair with a friend that my picture.

I see him in the toy lane looking at all the toys that are fun.

I see him at the dinner area eating a sub from subway.

I want to know where he sleeps if he lives at Walmart.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Don't cry

Don't cry
Please don't cry I will help.
I see the tear running down your cheek
They run like a water hose.
So please don't cry.
I will help if you will.
Just give me that knife
So I can cut the onion.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Don't Invest In Love

Don't Invest in love
Love is an investment for men.
They invest their time listing to women bi.ch.
They invest their time to spend money they do not even have.
They invest their love with little returns.
So don't invest. Just buy! !
Then you only need to spend it once

Harold R Hunt Sr

Don't look back

Don't look back
Don't look back
As you walk out the door.
Don't look back
You leave you love behind
No more fun and no more hugs
Don't look back.
It's hard for you to go
But you're the one that has to do it.
So don't look back
Just be a good dog and go for a walk outside in the cold
And don't look back

Harold R Hunt Sr

Down by the river.

Down by the river.
Down by the river, there is a little boat.
It isn't much of a boat.
Red in paint and green of moss.
It sets here at the river side.
Next to the boat there is a bridge
Old by ragged in wood.
We play and swim
Down by the river.
The old fishing hole doesn't have many fish anymore.
The old hobo cooks
Down by the river.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Drivers lessons

Drivers lessons

My wife wanted to learn to drive.

I found myself in fear not for my life but for my insurance rates.

My heart beat fast and all I could see was those pearly gates.

She climbs in and said let's go.

First she put the key in to start and turn it on (and grind the starter which will be other bills) .

I told her to put in reverse that is what r stands for not race.

We back out of the spot nice and easy.

Then I tell her right turn so she turns left.

We go a few feet which is a feat. Then left I tell her she turns right.

i then tell her the other right, she almost hits a car that's parked.

All of sudden I see these lights a cop behind us, great what next.

He gave us a ticket which was no surprise.

We haven't left the parking lot.

She failed the lesson with a fling.I'm just glad she doesn't want to fly! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

Ex's

Ex's

You have ex'friends that weren't friends to start with.

You have ex neighbors which moved because they weren't your friends.

You have a ex boss which was a slob so you quit your job.

You have ex family which makes you are glad

You have a Ex wife. Wait a min let's not go there or you may have a ex life!

Harold R Hunt Sr

Fall is coming

Fall is coming.
The leaves are falling out of the trees.
Football season is kicking off.
Schools are filling up.
As the children start their day.
Fall is coming once again
As the cooler weathers returns with a breeze.
The geese they fly to the south.
In a V shape in the wind.
Fall is coming in one month

Harold R Hunt Sr

Firemen Prayer.

Firemen Prayer.

When I am called to duty, God.

Whatever flame may rage.

Give me strength to save a life.

Help me embrace a little child before it is late, or save an older person from the horror that fate.

Enable me to be alert and quickly and efficiently to put the fire out.

I will want to fill my calls and give the best of me, to guard my every neighbor and protect his property life recording to my fate.

plus, with your protecting hands my children and my wife.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Fog

Fog
It creeps across the grass at night
You can't even look at the lights.
Thick as soup without a pot.
You can not see the tree top.
Buildings to conceal from sight.
A foggy night with a strange sight.
You don't want to go out for fear of frightening.
What could this fog bring tonight

Harold R Hunt Sr

FOOT STEPS

FOOT STEPS

I climb the stairs at night.
To hide myself out of sight.
I go to lay down in bed.
To rest my little head.
As I lay there I do hear.
Footsteps that do come near.
I know I'm not taking a nap.
But I do hear those feet that tap.
I know it's not my toys.
For what a joy it was my mom.
May 6th 1997 by Harold Hunt.

Harold R Hunt Sr

From In the mind

From In the mind
Form in the mind.Comes very thoughts.
Thoughts of good and thoughts of bad.
Thoughts of power and thoughts of fools.
From the mind only you can tell the thoughts you may have next.
The Mind a wonderful thing
Or just something that we can play ball with.
No you can't read the mind because it changes all the time.
From in the mind ThoughtS! ! ! ! ! ! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

Ghost town night out

Ghost town night out.
I was passing through this town one night.
No street lights Were on they were old.
The old bar doors was open
I heard a sound of music from inside.
But as I walk to the steps, I could see nothing inside.
When I walked through the door to my surprise.
There was a bar full of glasses all half full.
But nothing was there.
The sound of music coming from the corner.
The old piano was just a playing. With no one at the keys.
The stairs were all but broke.
But suddenly I almost had a stroke.
The curtain on the stage it began to rise.
I heard voice but could not see anyone at all
This was so funny because the sign out side
Read ghost town night out.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Gin Again

Gin Again
On the mountain top
Old grandpa is making his gin again
He presses the corn to fill the pot.
All the way to the top.
The bottles they rattle with the wind just waiting for that gin.
Grandpa he tastes with delight.
Saying it will be gin again before night.
The smell fills the air that might bring the law.
Grandpa is all most drunk.He stumbles and yells
It's Gin again

Harold R Hunt Sr

God's kind of poetry

God's kind of poetry
Gods' kind of poetry is of many kind.
He loves the poetry of the sky and how the birds do fly.
Of the leaves as the fall in a valley so small.
He likes the poems of horse running in the field.
Or the one about the dog that barks all night.
Most of all God's kind of poetry is about the children he loves so dear.
And how he watches over them.
God's listens to the poetry about how the world is today.
How it needs to love and not the war.
These are God's Kind of poetry,
And we write down for him

Harold R Hunt Sr

Gramma's House.

Gramma's house.
Gramma's is a large and brown.
With flowers all around.
Long green steps to the porch.
With chairs three to spare.
As you enter you can smell
All the nice things she does have.
She bakes in her kitchen.
A sweet apple pie for you and I.
It's nice to go to Gramma's house.
She lives at the end of the lane.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Grandma's rocker

Grandma's rocker
Grandma would sit on her rocking chair
Rocking all day long.
The chair was her joy each day.
As she grows old.
She loved to rock on the porch.
As the cars drove by she would smile.
Now the rocker is old.
It sets in the cold of the day.
Now that grandma is off her rocker!

Harold R Hunt Sr

GUARDIAN ANGEL

Oh Guardian Angel of mine. Guide me through the night Keep me safe
From those who fight
Teach me right and wrong. Help me sing pretty happy song.
Taught me how to be happy and not sad. I don't so I would not be desolate.
Pick me up by the hand. Lead me to the promised land.
Show me to love me. That heaven can be divine.
Full of joy and not of sorrow.
Down the lanes that is narrow.
From Earth to heaven. You know the way.
As you take me here to stay.
Just guide me as I make up my way. For all of I know you will be here.
Here my Guardian Angel. And you know what.
So show me the night that you will be there for Guardian Angel of mine

Harold R Hunt Sr

Halloween

Halloween

The pumpkins are all grown at a pace.
They are waiting for those funny faces.
The witches are getting such a itch
To ride those broom sticks.
The ghost will be the host of the party.
As the trolls fills the bowls with candy.
So now it's time to beat it to the streets
To yell trick or treat for Halloween.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Halloween parade

Halloween parade

It was Halloween night and the moon was bright.
Looking to the sky I had a real surprise.
As I saw the moon so bright gain a funny sight.
There on their broom so proud ten witches riding high in the sky.
The first witch had a cat as her co pilot
The followed in line as if they were chained together.
They took a dip towards the ground.123 all ten in a row.
Then all of a sudden the disappeared out of sight at the other end of town.
I ran to find out where they were and to my surprise I saw ten broom sticks all in a row.
Standing as if they were told. The big black cat stood guard.
The light in the old vacant house was as bright as the full moonlight.
It was a sight to be seen for sure 10 witches in a parade.
On this Halloween night under the moonlight.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Halloween tonight

Halloween tonight
Tonight I'll rise from the grave that's right.
I'll walk with my friends in an honorable sight.
Not to have fun on this Halloween night.

I don't drink water or beer that's right.
Only blood that will make you shake in fright.
On this Halloween night.

I'LL'cut off an arm or a leg that's right.
Maybe your head to make you a fright.
Only to have you see look like a sight.
Standing with a chainsaw behind you would be a fright.
For it's Halloween tonight.
So do not fall in the graveyard tonight.
I'm here to scare you into a fright.
To make you dead that would be a sight.
So boo it's Halloween tonight!

By harold r hunt sr and larry b zombie

Harold R Hunt Sr

He Comes in the night

He comes At night
He comes At Night
Who is this man they call Santa?
Is he a crook that just likes milk and cookies?
Why does he dress in red?
So I can't see him from my bed!
Why does he bring me toys?
Is it a joy for him to be given?
He comes at night and not at day
I hear the bells on his sled.
Wonder why he comes at night is it because i ask him why
He comes at night?

Harold R Hunt Sr

He Empowers

He empowers the thought of your mind.
Giving you many strange thoughts
He controls your love.And your hate.
He empowers the night and the day
The stillness and the wind.
He empowers us all.To live or die.
The power lies within.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Heaven is too far

Heaven is too far
Heaven is too far to walk
Heaven we can only speak of.
Heaven is too far to fly
Even if we try. Heaven isn't close at all
It's just too far.
So let's do an overhaul.
And move it close for all.
So I can visit heaven.
When i want

Harold R Hunt Sr

Help, help! !

Help, Help! !

I lay in bed one and to my ears I hear a scream, Help, Help! !

I wonder if it was a scream of distress or one for fear

I run to the window and saw there a bright light in the sky.

Oh, what could it be i ask, to me

Help, Help, I hear once more then a great roar.

I know I wasn't snoring.

I jumped in my car to see what it was.

All the lights in the night.

When I got close, I did see a roller coaster and people yelling help

Harold R Hunt Sr

Hillbilly Music

Hillbilly Music

Grandpa got the boys to gather at night.
Grandpa on the fiddle is so sweet.
Old Pa on the big bass can really make it sing.
Uncle Joe plays a mean wash tube.
While I slap the knees with my spoons.
The sound of old rocky top
Brings the valley to the hills.
We play all night long
As the sing the songs.
The hills do rock to the hillbilly sound.
Of nothing can be finer the being in Carolina.
Hillbilly music is the sweetness of the hills.

Harold R Hunt Sr

How do I Love thee

How do I love Thee?

How do I love thee, let me count the ways.

It stops at one because I'll love you to the day I die.

No words can tell you how much I love you.

No numbers Can be given to you for I'm the only one that will love you.

So how much do I love thee, just remember you're my Number One

Harold R Hunt Sr

How poetry began

How poetry began

Late at night the day my mother passed away.

I could not stay away from the keyboard long.

I sat at the computer and thought of words. But nothing came to thought.

I felt a hand on my back and I got a chill as I started to write.

A phone call to heaven my first poem a call to God requesting him to let my mother know we would be ok.

This poem was my first until an old girlfriend from school took and gave me a kick.(in the leg, like always) .

Now I try to think everyday of at least one poem for you to enjoy. Words are hard but I hope you smile

Cry, and laugh. For the comments I thank you all and Keep coming with the contest and I'll write for you all

Harold R Hunt Sr

I bleed.

I bleed.
The other day I was looking at a book.
But I had to watch twice. With a sign of confession.
The book said your blood was blue.
No green or yellow or even red.
But just blue.
I looked more than I thought.
I cut myself and bleed. I bleed red.
When I get a bloody nose. I bleed red.
Blue I can say brush my teeth too hard and I bleed red.
No it's not blue I can say.
For I bleed red

Harold R Hunt Sr

I can't find Elvis

I can't find Elvis
I have been looking everywhere for Elvis.
I told his ma'am that it would be alright.
I found his teddy bear and returned it to sender.
His blue suede shoes are in his bedroom.
And the pink car is located in the driveway.
The jailhouse isn't rocking
So don't get all shook up.
He 'll be home for Christmas
But right now i'm a hound dog
That can't find Elvis

Harold R Hunt Sr

I can't sleep at night.

I can't sleep at night.
I can't sleep at night and I don't know why.
Toss and turn the whole night but just can't sleep at night.
I close my eyes I don't know why. I can't sleep at night.
Can't count sheep they make me want to eat.
But I can't sleep at night.
I close the blind to keep out the moon. Because I know, it's not noon.
I can't sleep at night. Do you know why?
Could it be I didn't turn the lights out!

Harold R Hunt Sr

I Can't take you with me

I can't take you with me
As I ready to died I find my self needing your smiles.
I can't take the with me for missing them will be such pain.
I can't take the joy of you for there is no joy missing you.
I can't take your heart for missing the beat would not be fair.
Needing you is what keeps me fully going. But I can't take you with me.
I can't take your love because that's all you'll have for me.
But I'll take the memory of use. To hold.

Harold R Hunt Sr

I Fly

I fly.

I was born a flag red white and blue in color.

13 Stars And 13 strips.

I have been in many places. But still fly for only one nation.

I have seen many wars and been fired on and full of holes.

But I still fly high.

I fly on just about every building and many of home.

I fly in some places only for the hero's that are dead.

I bow to no other and will never do.

I fly because I love you

Harold R Hunt Sr

I found god

I find God.
In the path of darkness
I find only one friend
That can lead me to the light of day.
God, I find is empowered to take me places.
I give my hand heart and my soul.
He gives me the answers, life and yes even death
In a peaceful place.
I know God is beside here and everywhere.
In his in my heart and I can feel his joy.
I can feel his sadness.
But as long as I found he will not let go!

Harold R Hunt Sr

I got writers block.

I got writers block.
I got writers block
I can't write no more poems tonight.
The pen just can't flow
For what words might be poor.
I go to bed to think some more.
Writers block just got me beat.
In my brain, I am drained.
I think this poem really stinks
For I got writers block

Harold R Hunt Sr

I love you

Love
I love you
You love me
That's all the love there shall be.
I miss you
You miss me
That's the love that is intended to be.
Glove you now
You love me how
Being apart is not to be.
Love

Harold R Hunt Sr

I love you no matter what

I love you no matter what
No matter how you treat me, I will love you.
If you hate me, I'll love you more.
I love you now and i loved you yesterday,
And I will love you forever more.
You can't take my heart and break it.
For I love you no matter what.
I have I will and still do. No matter what.

Harold R Hunt Sr

I never get lost

I can't get lost.
I never get lost.
I find out where I am at all times.
I know if i'm at the store
I even know if I'm upstairs.
I do not have lost.
If i'm at the corner and don't know which way to go
I just turn around and go back.
I don't get lost.I just get misplaced
Wonder if you know where you are? I'm right here

Harold R Hunt Sr

I Walk

I Walk.
I walk through the valley of death.
Not knowing which way it will be.
I carry only my rifle to protect me.
Knowing death may come from him.
I live to serve those that I protect.
Like so many have before me.
I love my job and my country.
I'm an American soldier.
So I walk through the valley of death only for you

Harold R Hunt Sr

I Walk Not Alone

I Walk Not Alone

I walk not alone

I walk not alone. But with many of my brothers and sisters. I watch them fall. Knowing I maybe next. I carry my head high knowing what I doing was making my nation proud.

I stand up for freedom in the world. So I can see little children grow. This land that I serve has been free for over 200 years. Many before me gave their life. Now it's mine to do the same. As the bombs drop, I see out in the distance a flag. It has many stars and red and white stripes ripped but not fallen. I just think about only one thing this flag is mine and I helped keep it flying. So not only we serve a nation. We serve those that have died before us. So God blesses America And my brothers and sisters.

Harold R Hunt Sr

I will not be taken down.

I will not be taken down.
Strive to uphold my rights. To keep my faith in God.
And stand my ground.
For I will not be taken down.
I do not hate those that fight for the things they have great faith in.
For if I did they would take me down.
I stand for freedom love and joy
But I will not be taken down.
I am an American And no body will take me down! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

I write

I write
I sit all day writing away.
Thing that makes since and some that don't.
A joke I write or one to make you cry.
One to make you proud.
One of a cloud.
One of a cat and a bird.
Trees and maybe a flea.
Writing is a joy to me

Harold R Hunt Sr

I write poetry in my sleep

I write poetry in my sleep.
I lay down as to close my eyes.
I see letters marching one by one.
Onto the paper they do go.
I know from my dreams I write them in my sleep.
A poem of sadness and one of joy.
One of trees and one of being free.
Each word goes in to place to forma poem you do read.
I write poetry in my sleep just to put it here

Harold R Hunt Sr

If

If
If I was to take you to the moon.
Could we be back by noon?
If I was to take you to the fair.
Would you really care?
If I was to buy you a hat.
Can I have my cat back?
If the small word with big meanings.
If you know what I mean

Harold R Hunt Sr

If It Wasn't For Country Music

If it wasn't for country music
If it did not belong to country music, there would be no music today.
The sounds of the good old country are what sad music.
the sounds of hank william, johnny cash, tex ritter, conway twitty.
Even elves sang country.
Rap would not manage without the upbeat sound of what is country.
The stars of today they love that old sound but some do not see.
Country music will never die

Harold R Hunt Sr

If You Are Asking

If you are asking

If you are asking if I need you the answer is constantly.

If you are asking if I'll leave you. The answer is never.

If you are asking what i value the answer is you

If you are asking if I love you the answer is I do.

If you are asking will I marry you the answer is in a heart beat.

Harold R Hunt Sr

I'm A Soldier

I am A soldier
I am a soldier I stand proud to honor my country.
I refuse to take second to any other nation.
I love my country. It's flag and it's people.
I will defend my country and all which it stands for with my life.
I will say no and bow to no other leader or it's rules.
For I'm an American and a hero to those that believe in it.
Thank you all for honoring me and the many that serve this country.

Harold R Hunt Sr

I'm alone

I'm alone.
I'm alone sitting at my home. Nothing to do because I'm alone.
I walk the floor to the door. But I'm alone.
I don't hear a sound all quiet as can be. Because I'm alone.
I decide to get the door to see if I can hear a sound at all.
But I'm alone.
No lights are on now I can't even hear a cow.
Because I'm alone.
The woods are dark as they can be. I'm alone as can be.
Just as I turn to leave, I hear an owl say who.
So I'm not alone.

Harold R Hunt Sr

I'm Heaven Bound

I'm Heaven bound
I'm heaven bound after visiting hell
I have been to hell and did see him.
In his suit of red.
I watched the fire and did not burn.
I just told him I'm heaven bound now.
I'm not coming back. The visit was not all that great.
The heat made my feet stink.
God will show me the way so now I'm heaven bound.
A glass of water on the way so I can let off a little steam.
I'm heaven bound after visiting hell. And that is no thrill

Harold R Hunt Sr

I'm Perfect

I'm Perfect
I saw you were perfect so I loved you.
Then I saw you were not perfect.
So I looked again then I saw it wasn't you.
It was me! I'm seeing in a mirror.
So being a Cat I'm PERRRRRRRRRfect!
So love me more?

Harold R Hunt Sr

i'm sorry

I'M Sorry
I'm sorry that it rains
I'm sorry you're in pain.
I'm sorry that your love is'nt true
I'm sorry that I made you blue.
I'm sorry This is wrong
I'm sorry I just don't belong.
I'm sorry is just a word
That true love is misunderstood.
I'm sorry let's just be friends.
I'm not sorry that I still love you.

Harold R Hunt Sr

In the dark dark room

In a dark dark room
In a dark dark room
They gather to make their Halloween brew.
Mixing frog legs and bat wings to a tasty treat.
The room of witches and troll they do dance
Getting ready to take your soul.
The moon is full, but no light does shine in the dark room.
The part is wild and as the door does open nobody shows for a minute or so.
Then they come one by one on their brooms heading to the sky.
You hear the yell Happy Halloween.
Let's party in the, dark dark room when we return.

Harold R Hunt Sr

In the Deep.

In the Deep.

I get ready to go into the water. Ready as I can be.

As I get in to the water, I splash a little on my face.

I jump around like a fish. In a dish.

I put my head in the to see. What kind of thing I can find.

In the deep, I go like a rock to the bottom I do fall.

I get to the bottom real fast.

I think to myself.

This water really isn't deep.

I'm in my bath tube in the to water chin

Harold R Hunt Sr

In the scream of the night

In the scream of the night
I wake in the mid of night
With the sounds of siren screaming through the night
I look out the window and didn't see nothing
But could begin to see the lights racing towards me.
I run to the door an open it
There next door was a blaze.
I heard the sounds of fright coming from the scream of night.
Young children crying for their dog who no one seen even in the door.
As they work on the blaze, a tiny sound came to my ears.
As I heard the bark and the scream of joy of the night.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Income

Income

A little old gave me a dollar.

I gave her two in return.

The little old lady gave me two.

I gave her three in return.

The little old lady gave me four.

I gave her five in return.

The little old lady gave me five.

I gave her five in return.

The little old lady Ask me why i only gave her five.

I said 'the Government would declare it a income and I would be taxed.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Is There golf Course in heaven

Is there a golf course in heaven
Is there a golf course in heaven
O'lord of mine.
I have Cheated
I have lied
I have killed
I have steal
I have made people sad
I have made people mad.
But I just want to know one thing before I go.
Is the a golf course in heaven?

Harold R Hunt Sr

It calls your name.

It calls your name.
You are set by the widow still so quiet.
Listening to the wind blow as it hits the window.
You hear the sound so humble against the pane
As the wind calls your name.
As you sit on the pouch
The chimes do blow.
They play the music of your name
Recalls your name as it blows
Saying Some day you will hear
Good calls your name.

Harold R Hunt Sr

It's that time of year

It is that time of year.
It's that time of year
As the cold starts to settle in these days.
I begin to think it that time of year.
Watching the leaves fall to the ground
As the birds fly south, they will be gone.
The ducks are near the pond, but the water too cold to swim.
People fill the stores As toys leave the shelves.
Main St is all lit up with lights of the season that is about to come.
The wind brings the cold of snow. As it covers the leaves on the ground.
Children are playing on the hill. A snowball fight is always the thrill.
Smoke from the chimney fills the air and your nose.
As you put your sign in the yard
Saying Merry Christmas To All.
Yes, It is that time of year.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Joe

Joe

Joe was a man in town that did pretty much of everything.

He was the sheriff, and the butcher, he hauls food to the neighbors.

Joe also was working on cars and trucks, pumped gas if you needed some.

Joe had an old tow truck, red in color to match the fire truck.

The tow truck was joes pride and joy.

He made money at the county fair.

He would be tow for miles around. But on race at the fair is where you would find old

Joe

They say old Joe died the other day. Just days after he parked the old tow truck.

Joe the handy man.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Jury Duty

I get a letter in the mail the other day.
It said I had to appear for jury duty.
I was scared that I didn't know what to do.
I called the court house to see if I could get a leave.
But, they told me to appear tomorrow at 4.
I go to court all shaking and scared.
They called my name and I said.
Which case is it.
Then I laugh because I'm the
Defendant!

Harold R Hunt Sr

knock knock

Knock knock
Knock on the door I do hear.
Knock Knock who could be there
I'm not ready to be a host.
I just wonder could it be a ghost.
I go to the door, but no one is there.
Now should I be scared.
Knock knock i hear again
Where is it coming from i do dispose
I hear it but don't see it.
Knock knock goes the rocking chair

Harold R Hunt Sr

Last letter

Last Letter

Dear Former love,

 This is my last letter to you.

You have made me blue just one too many time.

I can't sleep thinking of all the heart aches.

This is the only way.

Goodbye and good luck for this is my last letter to you

Harold R Hunt Sr

Laugh And Chuckle

Laugh And Chuckle
I laugh and i chuckle
I chuckle and I laugh.
I rolled on the ground.
I laugh And I chuckle.
You may want to know why.
I saw a clown and he was funny.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Leaving feels right

Leaving feels right

I leave you because the walls are closing in.

I feel your love is wrong and I know living is right.

I feel now that I am gone I can be free once more.

To find a love that will be right on so wrong.

Tightness of our love was wrong but was so right.

Touching you was like a whip that ripped my heart when I was wrong but doing right.

So good bye my love maybe wrong but it does not feel right.

Harold r Hunt sr 08/1014

Harold R Hunt Sr

Let the music play on

Let the music play on
I sit here holding the violin.
Grandpa that you gave me.
Dreaming of the sweet music it plays.
I miss the sounds you made with it.
Songs you filled my ear with.
Today I hold this violin ready to make some sounds.
I try my best to play like you once did.
As I step on to the stage, I hear someone say let the music play on.
I did just that making it sound like your's.
So my dream of you being here came true in your violin.
I let the music play on as if you were here to hear it sing.
Now me and my violin Lets the music play on day by day.

Harold R Hunt Sr

lets

Let's
Let's hold hands in the park.
Let's hold hands in the dark.
Lets hold hands in the hall
Let's hold hands so we don't fall.
Let's kiss in the park.
Let's kiss in the dark.
Let's kiss in the hall
Let's kiss now and let's kiss then.
Let's say we will lets say I do.
Let's just say let's and let it be done.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Lockdown

Lockdown
It's on to the floor and out the door.
In the hall and to the wall.
Over the wall to the fence.
Over the fence, we go. Freedom not far away.
We hear the horn blow to enable them to know a jail break is on.
It's back go to our cells.
Lock down it shall be.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Look up to the sky

Look up to the sky
Look up to the sky
Look up in the sky and what do you see?
Is it an airplane flying by me?
Look up to the sky what do you see?
Is it the sun shining down on me?
Look up to the sky what do you see.
The moon is smiling down on you.
Look up to the sky what do you see.
The rain coming down on you and me.
Don't look now to the sky for birds are above.
And you don't know what will come down.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Lost In The Desert of Love

Lost In the desert of love
I'm lost, can't find my way to you.
I'm looking for you, but you are gone.
I'm alone here with a broken heart and no sign of life.
Even from your heart.
I'm lost in the desert of love without you

Harold R Hunt Sr

Lost In Time

Lost In Time
We were friends for years in school.
Who held hands and walked in the hall.
Those days just pass away.
We lost some time over the years.
As we grow old. We didn't
Know we were so near.
We finally we met once again
A friendship we do have
For it was just lost in time

Harold R Hunt Sr

love

Love
I love you
You love me
That's all the love there shall be.
I miss you
You miss me
That's the love that is intended to be.
Glove you now
You love me how
Being apart is not to be.
Love

Harold R Hunt Sr

Love for grandma

Love for grandma

True Love for Gramma

I said to my mother I want to go to Gramma's house.

She said, not today!

I was attempting to walk but with no luck.

I would ride my bike, but it's just a trick.

I can't drive a car it's too far.

I took a box and went inside to cry I want to see Gramma's house.

Momma heard the cry.

When she just opens the box, I said mail me to Gramma's house.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Love Poison

Love Poison

Love is just like an abscess that forms in the head and bust in the A.

Love is it poison for you or me?

We fall in love so they say so we can be here with you and me.

But love is poison if you are not around with me!

Love Is an abscess that just busted in my a!

When I say I love you! !

That is love poison.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Love You Mom

Love You Mom
I look I see, I touch I feel
Just to see if this is real
So much pain I should not have to bear
If only I knew that someone cared
You were always there, always so aware
Yet problems of yours you never would share
If my life holds just one regret
It would be that your suffering I could have erased
I miss you Mom, your love I will never forget
My life now will never be the same
Your phone calls, your visits, the thoughtful things you used to do
No one could ever be quite like you
But i'm a mom also and I have to pursue
You are my inspiration to be loved like you
Good bye now I love you, take care

Harold R Hunt Sr

Loving you

Loving you
Loving you for years is the only goal my heart can have.
Loving you is not race to determine who it is.
For only, you can be the one that I love.
Days, months, years still to come.
I will love just you.
Loving you today looks a lot like yesterday.
For no change in loving you will ever happen to me

Harold R Hunt Sr

M. (MY) O. (OLD) M. (MOM)

M. (MY) O. (OLD) M. (MOM)
My old mom: Has gray hair.
My old mom: Can't climb the stairs.
My old mom: Has a rock in chair.
My old mom: Really cares.
My old mom: Doesn't drink no beer.
My old mom: Has lots of tears.
when I say, 'I LOVE YOU DEAR'.
My old mom: Can't dance the latest.
My Old Mom: She's the greatest! ! !
Wrote May 11,2014

Harold R Hunt Sr

Main Street U.S.A.

Main Street U.S.A.
Every town has a main street.
Some Short and some long.
But in this town on main street
We once saw clowns.
They dance and ran around as they went up the main street.
We saw the bands coming from all around.
Play a Yankee doodle tune.
All the way downs our main street.
No more do we hears that band.
For in some towns, they have forgotten the good times on our main streets U.S.A.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Man Needs

Man needs

Confucius Said 'Man cannot live on bread alone'

No he needs an Ipod, a computer, cellphone, Tv, suv.

Did Confucius really know that man needs more than bread?

Harold R Hunt Sr

Meeting Hank Williams Sr

Meeting Hank Williams Sr

I was setting in a store back 20 years ago.

When a car pulled up to the door.

A tall man in a cowboy hat came out and came in.

He sat down and began to tell us a story.

He ate a piece of pie and drank a coke.

Then he asked if he could play a few songs for us.

He sang I saw the light and your cheating heart like no one else could.

Then he got up and walked to the door. Tipped his hat and said tell them old Hank was here.

All you viewed from the door was the dust that rose from the ground.

Then we looked at each other and stated that it wasn't him. For it was Hank Williams and it was 1973.

Old Hank he died in 1953 Was this the ghost making someones day.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Misunderstanding of Christmas.

Misunderstanding of Christmas.

Do American's misunderstand the meaning of Christmas? We Do! We give gifts of toys, video games, tv and yes even guns. We don't say Merry Christmas anymore for the thought it might offend someone. The Joy Of seeing young children face's light up has turned to tears of death and fright. No long does we say to our neighbors Merry Christmas and how are you today. We run in the house and hide in fear. In 15 mins, it will be Christmas God gave us his only son 2014 years ago. Today as you share your family's joy thinks of those that lost love ones here and afar. My God blesses all my face book friends AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!

Harold R Hunt Sr

Moonshine Runner

Moonshine Runner

Old grandpa is at it again. The is still up and cooking once more.

He fills the bottles so carefully. Not to spill a drop

Loads the old pickup truck with boxes of shine Ready to make a run to the bars.

He goes so fast the Fed boys can't catch him in that old truck of his.

Running down the road to the bars not missing one with a jar.

The hills knows the old moonshine runner as he runs the shine tonight.

So get your or

order in now for tomorrow will be too late for the moonshine runner.

Will be right at his still.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Mountain top

Mountain top

The leaves are all but gone as they fall from the trees on the mountain top.

The breeze blows the last few away making way for the winter snow.

A few flake start to fall with the help of old mother nature

Fall as if God had taken them from her and places them here on the mountain top.

Soon it will be covered like a white cap on your head. Snow is blowing here and there.

Each mountain top covered in its own way. Snow flying from tree to tree.

As the tops are white and ready for the long winter storms.

The cold will blow and the snow will fall until the birds do fly once more.

But the mountain top snow will remain till the warm summer breeze.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Moving on

Moving on

You left in a hurry and I felt sorry.

You did do not say good bye. And I felt like I would die.

You looked sad, but I thought and I was glad.

Glad that I could move on.

Pass on to better things in life and someone that would not give me grief.

Proceed to a love that I can share and not one of despair.

Now you are gone I can say to you.

Move on and don't look back. Don't look back because there is nothing there.

No love, no happiness, because I'm moving on.

Harold R Hunt Sr

My Bird

My Bird

My bird is a parrot.

He is funny as can be.

He hangs upside down in his cage. Like a bat.

He squawks and screams to let you know that he is there.

But he is the funniest when he says get me the hell out of here.

Woody is his name and he'll tell you he's a good boy.

He flies through the house without a care landing on your head to let you know he cares.

Harold R Hunt Sr

My Deck

My deck
My deck is a nice place.
You can see for miles away.
The trees on the mountain tops.
Leaves that is starting to change.
To the right the city, I do see.
What a pity to the green trees.
Cars and trucks the sound do pound their ears away.
To the left the woods I see. A deer standing as still as could be.
As if he belongs there at the edge.
Over the rail in front is the pool for a place to get real cool.
My deck the place I want to be. How about you?

Harold R Hunt Sr

My feather friend

My feather friend
My little feather friend is a bird.
He sets on my head.
He likes to scream in my ear
Hello or good boy.
He can be a pest at times.
When he wants to play with my pen.
He puts his head down for me to rub.
Sets so still till I'm done.
My feather friend.Says hello to all from woody

Harold R Hunt Sr

My heart was in an accident

My heart was in an accident
My heart was in an accident when I met you.
It bleeds the love that I can offer you.
My heart is beating slowly now. Just one beat at a time.
The corner says I was the result of a broken heart.
Cause from an accident when I met you.
Now in heaven looking down on you.
Wonder why my heart didn't stop before I married you.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Naked

Naked

I into the woods to town i go. I ran around a tree and rip my shirt.
on the branch.

I ran to the fence where I ripped my pants.

As i jumped.

In to the field I went as fast as the shortcut could take me. Right pass a cow That i
though said meow.

On down the hill I ran in to a bull Where I mess my pants which was no bull? ? ?

Now to town I came when I stopped to see. That I was naked as could be.

There i stood as the police car pulled up. And as i watched the bull run away with my
pants on his horns. I was just naked looking funny.

In the middle of the street

Harold R Hunt Sr

Never say goodbye.

Never say goodbye.
Never say good bye to the one you love.
For a goodbye means you shall never return.
A sweet kiss and a later my love. Is just a reason to see you once more?
Never say good bye to a friend.
Friends are hard to find. But keeping them with a later my friend
Is never saying good bye!
Later my friends! ! ! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

Newsflash

Newsflash

Newsflash: There will be not any Christmas this year.

Santa's elves are on strike for better pay and no Obamacare.

The FAA has grounded Rudoph. So Santa has to use Twikle toes for more light.

Santa's doctor told Santa to lay off the cookies because he won't get off the ground.

The other reindeer wants more feed because they don't like carrots.

So no Christmas this Year Boys and Girls

Harold R Hunt Sr

Night Owl

Night owl.
I sit on my pouch at night and hear the night owls hoot.
First one then another call back and forth
You can hear them far away. Another here and there.
Hoot hoot they cry just to see who answers them.
A coyote off in the far distance answers with a howl.
Hoot hoot at times I think they are talking to me.
The night owls up late like me

Harold R Hunt Sr

No Body Tells Me

NOBODY TELLS ME

NOBODY tells me to take down my flag.

I will die to keep it flying high.

We don't tell them to come here.

They come with changes on their mind.

We would be gun down if we went there with telling them what to be done.

So nobody tells me to take it down.

Nobody tells me just what to eat.

Beacon and eggs are just the start.

I'll kill a pig for Sunday dinner O, what a joy.

That is because nobody tells me what to do.

Harold R Hunt Sr

No honor given

No honor given
American people honor many things.
We honor soldiers, fireman, policeman.
We honor football player, baseball players
But we don't honor the american Indians
The way we should.
The is running bear, Cochise, and many others.
This land was owned by them before our father took it from them.
No honor is given to them or even a thank you

Harold R Hunt Sr

No lights.

No lights.
What happens when the lights go out?
It gets dark and you can't see.
It gets scary and you become afraid.
You can't walk because you'll bump your head.
So what happen when the lights go out?
You go to sleep for its bed time

Harold R Hunt Sr

No more bullets

No more bullets
The guns have stopped.
The wars are over.
No more killing in the streets.
No more robbers
No more crime.
There are no more bullets for my gun

Harold R Hunt Sr

No Time

No Time

My wife asked me to mow the lawn.

My wife asked me to wash the car.

She then tells me to take out the trash, As I walk the dog.

She says to me 'please clean the grill'.

After you, take the kids to school..

She says 'don't forget to go to the bank' pick up the food for tonight.

My wife tells me. 'Hurry or the food will burn'.

I shout, I have NO TIME!

Harold R Hunt Sr

North vs South

North vs South

The war between the states didn't end.

In the north, we say Hello, in the south it's howdy.

In the north, we say you can go down the road a little way.

In the south, it's down a road a piece.

In the north, it's potatoes. In the south, it's taters.

In the north, it's turn off the lights. In the south cut the lights off.

And the best one yet is.

In the north, It's goodbye see you later.

In the south it's see you all later and you all come back now you hear.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Nothing Wrong.

Nothing Wrong.

Putting yourself down is wrong. There is nothing wrong with you. You are yourself and if the others don't like it. Well they are just wrong about themselves. You are you and that's how it is! ! So believe in yourself.

Because there is nothing wrong. keep your head held high

Theres' nothing wrong! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

Oh No Buffalo

Oh, no buffalo
I was headed to buffalo, ny,
On a sunny day.
I got to the start line then a nightmare took me by surprise.
I started to snow a flake here and there.
The closer I got the more I thought.
Oh No Snow in Buffalo.
Then I got to the city line I could see a wall of snow.
I turned around and headed back.
But oh no buffalo snow hit me like a ton of brick.
Now I'm stuck in Buffalo.
Dam and it's only the 4th of July.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Old House

Old house

The house looked old from the weather for years.

It bring tears to my eyes.

The windows are dirty from the dusty roads.

The mailbox was rusty from the rain it held.

The porch was falling in the boards are rotten.

The door was stuck it had to be forced open.

A chair covered with a sheet had cat feet prints in the dust.

The old house had so much mistrust.

No paints on the wall in the hall. At this old house.

It brings old times to your heart.

This old house.

Harold R Hunt Sr

On my shoulder

On my shoulder
On my shoulder you do set
Like a king within his glory.
Next to my ear you do cheap
Woody good boy I hear so low.
As you get ready to fly away
To the next time you're on my shoulder

Harold R Hunt Sr

One autumn day

One Autumn day

One Autumn day I watched the moon fall.

One autumn day I watched the leaves fall from the trees.

On Autumn Day, I watched the twin towers fall to the ground.

On this autumn, I saw tears fall from so many faces.

On this autumn day, we remember those that died.

Harold R Hunt Sr

One rainy night

One rainy night
One rainy night there was very little light.
The road was wet with mud
The corners I started to dread.
Rain was falling as hard as could be.
I could not really see.
I had to reduce my speed.
I looked to the left and then to the right.
Just then, in my sight there he stood.
I hit my brakes and tried to stop.
The rain kept me from doing so.
As they drove away, they drove away I heard them say.
He saved her life on this rainy night.
The bridge is washed out and it would have been a sight
On this one rainy night

Harold R Hunt Sr

Our First Day

Our First Day
When you was born. You did cry.
Why am I here?
Who are those people over there?
Are they very near?
Will they be a bother to me?
Is it my mother and father?
I don't want any food!
And I don't want to look at the moon.
I will rest my little head.
Shall I go to bed?
Man, What will I say?
It's need only my first day!

Harold R Hunt Sr

Out of the mouth of babies.

Out of the mouth of babies.
A three year old sets on a potty
He looks in after he's done.
And says, my poop looks like a hot dog!
He jumps off the table and cuts his head.
Blood was everywhere.
He looks around to see mom and says. The Champ is here!
He goes to bed and his mother says
Good night. He says it's not night time til you shut off the light

Harold R Hunt Sr

Pizza Again

Pizza again
The turkey was placed on the table.
Pies in the oven baking.
The football game on tv.
Grandma yells'dinner on'
Went all of a sudden the turkey is gone. Can't be found nowhere.
The back door was open, but no one was there.
When grandpa yells pizza again!
There was no Thanksgiving dinner this night.
For the dogs on the corner had a joy.
While we sat and gave blessing for the pizza boy
It's pizza thanksgiving not turkey this year.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Playing at the County Fair

Playing at the county fair.
The bus pulled up to the gate.
All you could see was the ferris wheel.
As we rolled through the gate, we could see people all around.
Cowboys and cowgirls and old and young.
At eight pm, we rolled out on to the stage.
Ready to sing our hearts out.
When in the group we hear play Flowers on the wall.
They all screamed as the song finished then we broke into another
How Great Thou art. The crowd went slightly and they all stood still.
As we played at the county fair

Harold R Hunt Sr

Praise Thee

Praise Thee
Praise thee that has hands that heal.
Praise thee That kneels to him.
Praise thee who ask in prayer.
Praise Thee that answers them.
Praise God that serves us all.
Praise God that gave us life.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Press1

Press 1

Press 1 for English is the song we get today.

Every phone calls we make.

It's not a human we speak to.

But just a machine.

They give you more numbers to press

But you always hear press 1 for English.

I often wonder if America moved and we all lost our English talk

If your from the south a howdy, would be nice..

Press 1 for English press 2 to find your number, press 3 if you know your number.

Press 4 if the number is not listed. And you go on to o which then they have a human on the line.

Then they tell you they can't help you press 1.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Put your boots on

Put your boots on
Put your boots on the crap is getting deep.
And there is not any boat to meet.
The crap they dish out.
Won't fit the on a plate.
So put your boots on.
If the crap hits the fan
You want to duck
Because the guy behind you don't have his boots on.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Remembering.

Remembering.

I saw you standing on your porch.

You were dressed in some funny close.

You waved to me and I waved to you.

I asked my dad who you were. He said you were one of the neighbor boy.

I asked him why you were dressed in those humorous close.

Then my dad said to me. He said, That you were dressed in a uniform.

He serves our country as a member of the arm service.

He does his time to protect us at all times.

A few days later I meet him once more.

I get close to him and I said I remember you.

Thank you very much for my freedom And may God bless you

Harold R Hunt Sr

Rose to a rose

Rose to a rose
I pick up a flower one day on a walk.
It stood there all a lone.
A pretty flower indeed.
A rose in was red in color.
Then I was thinking about any other flower she too was a rose.
Hair is so red that you would think the sky sets it a fire.
A rose for a rose I did consider. What a pretty way to say
I love you my rose.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Rumor has it.

Rumor has it.
Rumor has it that people don't like me.
They say that I offended them.
That I stands for war and hate.
And the country I fly for is weak.
Well, rumor has it that I have been here for over 200 years.
That I flies on all buildings that will have me.
I lead every march down main street.
They sing a pretty song in my honor.
So rumor has it I will be here long after you're gone.
So if I offend you that much. Rumor has it you can leave anytime.
The plane has room and rumor has it you're not coming back

Harold R Hunt Sr

Running in the rain

Running in the rain
Your running in the rain
Not to get wet, As the drops fall on your head.
Trying to dodge each drop as they fall.
You keep running in the rain.
You have no umbrella for today.
The rain drops do fall.
Harder and harder. You don't want no more.
Run my friend the rain drops won't stop
They call for rain all week long.

Harold R Hunt Sr

School days

School days

There is something these days

I will see.

As the days become shorter for the year I do hear.

Children now begin to jump for joy.

As they run to their buses not with toys.

Buses here, Buses there now buses ever where.

Traffic becomes just a real joke A real slow poke.

School days are here.

WOW! the quite of the storm

Harold R Hunt Sr

School days #3

School Days 3

Can't find my homework.

The dog must have eaten it.

Missed the bus. So I had to walk next door to the school.

Mom is going to get mad. I got a F for lunch.

The day is almost over.

I watch the clock with care.

Then it happens. I wake up!

Then I think it's only the second day of school.

Harold R Hunt Sr

School days 2

School days 2

Up in the morning, I due dread.
Running and screaming I hear in bed.
Back to school what a joy.
Reading, writing and no toys.
The roar of buses I hear them come.
Schools days prepare to begin.
Buses here and buses there.
When is the buses going to end?
I hear someone one shout 'is it summer yet'
And It's the first day of school

Harold R Hunt Sr

School.

School.

Well one full week of school gone bye. Kids are asking when Christmas vacation starts. Not enough work to keep awake in class. So 1st - 4th period is sleep time. But wheres the teachers. In the teacher's room drinking and being all sorts of fun. Weekend here more homework. Can't watch tv can't play video games can't go to girlfriends house. (Boy) I thought school was from Monday to Friday not the whole weekend too. ! Weekend is over back to school tomorrow. Homework not done. Dog ate part of it the birds ate the rest. Teacher will be pissed but not going to school tomorrow. Have Dr appointment so who cares. Week two of school more homework that will never end. Teacher takes a cell phone because you're bored in a class that you don't need. Football team stinks so bad that even the mascot had to cry why me. So what will next week bring the same old stuff. Oh welcome back to school kids have fun! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

Season Ends

Season end
Baseball bats will soon be quiet.
As football season takes a kick
Golf ball will be put away so a president can go to work.
Hockey sticks will soon hit the puck
And basketballs will go in the net.
The summer season is scheduled to end.
Hello winter let it begin

Harold R Hunt Sr

Second Round Is Better Than First.

Second round is better than first.
Some say getting married for the first time is hell.
I believe they are correct.
Getting married to someone fast or someone you really don't know
Can bring hell to the bells that made her to do.
Now the second time you have a little time to look
Though the book to see what you want.
A girl with a southern smile maybe or a girl from the north with a cold heart.
But the second is better than the first just look.
Some say getting married for the first time is hell.
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Getting married to someone fast or someone you really don't know
Can bring hell to the bells that made her to do.
Now the second time you have a little time to look
Though the book to see what you want.
A girl with a southern smile maybe or a girl from the north with a cold heart.
But the second is better than the first just look.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Signs do not mean free.

Signs do not mean free.
There are numerous signs these days.
Signs for phones and signs for homes.
Signs for toys and signs with joy theres signs to buy gas and signs that give you gas.
Signs for books and signs for a fish hook.
The sign that people look the most is the sign that doesn't say free.
These days nothing is free there is always a catch.
So the next time look at a sign read it carefully.
It might say free

Harold R Hunt Sr

Slang Or common talk

Slang Or common talk

Yay all knows that peoples talk funny

If yous are from the south.

They cut off the lights and jaw jack alls night long.

If youns need to find something.

We cans find it down the road a piece or maybe over yawner.

So if you think I talk funny or in slang.

You alls need to catch the seconds of taters and grits and pig fat.

You alls come back now you hear.

And yes bring granny and the boys well have a shing dig

Harold R Hunt Sr

sleepy town

Sleepy town
The town stores are all closed.
No shopping for today.
The town streets are bare
No movement at all.
The street lights are out
Why isn't there anyone about?
Is this a sleepy town?
No noise can i hear
The sound of birds is not even in the air.
The dust is whipped about
As the wind is about.
In this sleepy town

Harold R Hunt Sr

Smile

Smile
Little keys open big locks
Simple Words reflect great thoughts
Your smile can cure block hearts
So keep on smiling like a rock
With each smile you get a friend
And with each friend you get love in return.
Smile my friend and love will grow
As you can only smile

Harold R Hunt Sr

Someone is watching you

Someone is watching you
there is someone watching you
They are watching you all day long.
They watch you in the morning and even at noon.
They could be on the roof or even in your room.
They watch you take a bath at night even when there is no light.
They see you when you have a dime.
And now they are in your mine.
Someone is watching you.
Look there they go once more

Harold R Hunt Sr

Spring

Spring

The grass isn't brown no more.

The snow has melted away.

The leaves are here on the trees.

As the birds do sing. With great joy.

I seen the children play with thier toys.

As they tell, it's spring once more.

Two lovers they walk hand in hand in the park.

As they wait till, it's dark.

They kiss and say what a nice spring day

Harold R Hunt Sr

Spring time we call

Spring time We call
The snow is gone
The trees a budding
The flowers are showing in the ground.
The birds have returned with a song.
At spring time we call
The rain is falling
Children start calling.
It is spring time once again.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Storms do not last.

Storms do not last.
The rain started to fall on the window sill.
Harder and harder as I sat still.
Thunder and lightning soon turn to wind.
As the night begins.
I look out the window once more.
There I saw snow on the ground.
Blowing and bitter cold.
The storm stopped and the night was quiet.
For storms don't last forever

Harold R Hunt Sr

summer

Summer.
Summer has come with a bang.
Rain here and rain there.
Wind a blowing from the west while a storm in the south comes up the coast.
Then it's so hot you can fry an egg.
But no pancakes to go along.
Summer
People swimming in their pools or setting in the air.
Now we hear these summer days
Why can't we have winter today?

Harold R Hunt Sr

Sunrise Sunset

Sunrise Sunset

Pink sky at morning sailors takes a warning

Pink sky at night sailors delight.

The morning sun gives way to a pink sky mixed with gray clouds.

To let the sailors know a storm may be brewing at sea.

As the sun rises high in the sky, the storm has left high and dry in the clouds that soon will fall to night.

As the sun does set the sky is pink once more this day.

To let the sailors know that the day will be delightful for them at sea.

As they go out to sea the dark gives way to just a pretty pink

Which is a wink for the sailors to see.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Sunset

Sunset

The sun is so bright as it starts to set for the night.

Pink, blue, white and red the colors of the sky this very night.

As the sun says goodbye for another day.

We wonder if tomorrow will bring a pretty sunset like today.

As the sun tucks behind the mountain tops the clouds start to go dark. The Moon raises just in time to send a friendly wink to the sun saying I'll see you another sunset day.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Swimming the Allegheny River.

Swimming the Allegheny River.

The Allegheny River is a beautiful river set in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains.
When I was a kid we would go camping at a camp site in the Allegheny forest.

My uncle would run his boat.

We would swim in the river almost all day long.

From one side to the other side, it was approximately 1 1/2 miles wide.

We would cross the river by swimming. At least three times a day.

So we swam the Allegheny River every year for about ten year.

Allegheny River in the heart of Pennsylvania a river of fun.

Harold R Hunt Sr

T.G.I.F.

T G I F

This God Is fantastic he made the heaven.

This God is fantastic he made the world.

This God is fantastic he made the birds, the trees, the rivers that flow.

This God is fantastic he made the children that sing his praise.

This God is fantastic he made you and me to give our love to each other.

This God is fantastic for gives his love to us each day.

T G I F This God Is fantastic to me.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Tail of Two Buffalo s

Tail of two Buffalo s.
There are two Buffalo s I do know.
One very close and the other very far.
They both have different things.
A football team and tall buildings.
The other has a racetrack and very nice people.
One Buffalo is in the north and the other in the South.
I know of these Buffalo s because I have lived close to them both.
Buffalo, N.Y. Buffalo, S.C.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Taken you back in time.

Taken you back in time.

I have taken you back in time to main street in U.S.A.

Back to a swing on a hill or the old house at one end of town.

While we swim in the old water tower. I have in mind the flag and how it flies.

Back in time to the cabin in the woods or to the playgrounds where children do in play.

To a soldier saying hi to a little boy. While he races his horse to the west.

You look into the clouds and you hear the music of heaven playing with the greatest.

Poetry brings you back in time as well as the present. It is in a good writer that he can put it in words.

So the next time you read a poem asks your self, have I been there or will I go there?

Just remembers the weekend thrill and how on Saturday you may write your poem

Harold R Hunt Sr

Taking cover.

Taking cover.
Bang, bang everyone runs.
Bang, bang can you see.
Bang, Bang I saw no gun.
Bang It's a car backed firing.
So why is everybody taking cover.
Pop, pop does anyone see a gun.
Pop, pop No someone is chewing gum.
So why is everyone taking cover

Harold R Hunt Sr

Teacher Teacher

Teacher teacher

Teacher, teacher I want to know can we go to the moon.

Teacher teacher I want to know can we go to the zoo.

Teacher teacher I want to go to lunch.

Teacher teacher will you please answer me.

Teacher teacher I have to go pee

Harold R Hunt Sr

Teardrops for flowers flow

Teardrops for flowers flow
I present to you a rose and you smile.
I give you two and you begin to woo.
Six flowers are half my heart.
But seven and you think you're in heaven.
Eleven roses make you think.
But a dozen start the teardrops flowing.
Red, pink they bloom with each drop of tears
Only you can make the flowers bloom with teardrops that flow.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Tears

Tears
Tears are here
Tears are there
Tears are everywhere
Cries of tears from men
Cries of tears women
Cries of tears from all the children
They cry tears for peace
They cry tears to stop the wars
They cry tears for help from all of us

Harold R Hunt Sr

tears from above

Tears from above
Tears from above
The sky opens up
A ray of sunshine shines from the heaven above.
No rain round but a felt a drop from above.
God cries a drop of tears for the world today.
Wars here and there. People are dying for no reason at all.
Brothers fighting brothers once more. Blood on the hand of those that kills.
Causes God to cry the tears from above.
Heaven closes to stop the tears.
So the shine can shine another day without tears from above.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Tears may fall

Tears May fall.
For 13years the tears have fallen
They fall for heroes and they fall for love ones.
They crash into three parts of the country.
To remember a day that we now honor them.
A day of pain not of joy a day of lost not of find.
The country is flooded with not of water but of these tears.
Two building falls to the ground. One building left with a hole.
In a lonely field, it becomes not lonely no more.
We honor these people for their love.
We will never forget because that is our love for them.
So don't wipe the tears away because you'll wipe away memories.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Thanks from a mouse

Thanks from a mouse
The gray mouse lives under the stairs.
At night we can hear him go for the cheese
I watched on Thanksgiving night.
As he carried the cheese to please the others that gathered.
As they start to eat they all stopped as if to say like to express my thanks.
The moral of the story is all Gods creatures give Thanks for what they have.

Harold R Hunt Sr

That's no monster

That's no monster
I lie down at night with a little fright.
I like to have the light on to keep me safe from all that lurks
I look a round the room to determine if they are there.
I don't see them anywhere, but I know they will come.
Monsters are always there green ones or ones in black.
All I know it is true so I hid my head so they can't find me.
Then I hear a voice that comes that I cannot stand at night.
It's not at the window but at the foot of the bed.
The like goes out I do dread. Then I take that last one look.
Then I see it's my mom not a monster.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The America Flag.

I have been home since I was born.
I have participated in many wars.
Be discovered in every state and every country in the world.
I march down every main st that will carry me.
As the wind blows i say hi to all and let you know
You are free.
Some say that i am offended, but I say nothing.
I'm the AMERICA FLAG AND THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME! ! ! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

The American Dream

The American dream
He comes from God does not even know where.
Lobbying for change that he sees fit.
A dream of jobs while he robs.
He believes that this is a thrill as he kills.
He's only a fake and his name may be Jake
He can't change our ways that does make him sad.
But we make him mad because We Have The AMERICAN DREAM.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Angel Parade

The Angel Parade.
They come to heaven all dress in white.
One by one at the gates they come.
No flags they fly. no guns they shoot.
No crowds to watch or hear them shout.
no floats to ride with such pride.
No one rides for free there is always a price to be paid.
As the angels march today.
Two by two they fill they sky. Just as we shout why.
The gates they open as they go behind the gates.
All dressed in white, not red or blue. This is true.
No shoes on their feet so we can't hear them march.
In the Angel parade.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The bells do ring.

The bells do ring.
I listen to the church bells ring.
They ring today not to find out the time.
Bells they ring not for a wedding.
They don't ring for someone who has died.
But today they ring for your freedom.
They ring so loud that they can hear
In the next land so near.
Bells of freedom we do cheer.
May we all be blessed

Harold R Hunt Sr

The bike ride

The bike ride

ME on my bike with a thrill until I came to that hill.

I start to pedal so hard I hit a bump and a jar.

Then I knew it was going to be far.

Up I go with no threat you should see how I sweat.

Each pedal is so tough. I knew this road was rough.

To the top, I must go.

Just a few more and I'll be done.

Here I go now it's fun. Down hill, all the way WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Bird

The bird

A little green bird flies to my window sill.

He sits so still that you think he is part of the window.

He watches the other birds fly by just moving very little.

He makes a sound as if to say I want to get out.

He then flies about with a cry so loud.

Then right back to the window sill.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The boogeyman

The boogeyman

Last night I thought i 'd saw the boogeyman.

He was dancing the boogie going up my stairs.

He stayed out of sight be for most of the night.

When the bell jingled, he began to wiggle.

Dancing to the moon light tune I looked and saw his head.

So round I thought maybe it was a clown.

He bounced up and down like a ball.

Then I saw him in the hall.

As the light came on from the boogie man. He was gone from sight.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Cape

The cape
It's a sunny, cold day on the Cape.
I long to be there to walk on the beach.
The air is cold from the north breeze.
That brings the waves that tap the shore.
You can hear the roar of the surf as night will begin to fall.
The birds are gone for the day, will sing another day.
As this day ends here on the cape

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Cat Lady

The Cat Lady

There was a lady in my town that had so many cats

She didn't know their name.

You would see her with at least 10 every day.

She would set food out for the cats and a mess of cats would soon be there,

The lady was old and she liked dogs too.

But cats were her only life she lived for.

The house is gone now and every now and then you will see a cat come from the bushes

Where the House sat.

A kind old lady and a cats best friend.

mewow! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Chicken

The chicken

There was a chicken that would not cross the road.

She didn't care if the others did.

Getting to the other side wasn't on her mind.

When she wandered about, she stayed away far apart.

When the other asked her why. She didn't cross the road.

She replied I don't want to end up as chicken nuggets at Mc Donalds!

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Chimes of life

The Chimes Of Life
The wind blows each day.
You know your time is in the process of being paid.
The chimes of life they does sing.
As you look and just wonder what it will bring.
The chimes of life plays a song
But it's sweet and not wrong.
The wind it blows to tell you life must continue by.
As the chimes of life plays on

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Christmas Wish List

The Christmas wish list.
In school, the other day.
We had to make a Christmas wish list for Santa
I wished for a doll for my sister
I wished for a rattle for my baby brother
I wished for a better job for my daddy.
I wished for my mom to stop her crying
I wished that all the soldiers would come home.
I wished for the country to be safe for us.
I wished for the president to love our country and not to rip it apart.
So this is my wish list I gave to my teacher.
And with a tear in her eyes she asked me what I wanted Santa to bring me.
I said with a smile on my face I just want him to answer my wish for all.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Dark

The Dark
In the dark, I can't see my feet.
I look around that's a feat.
I look at the windows but don't see no pains.
No moon tonight in the sky.
For the clouds cover it so well.
To make it dark.
I still can't sleep in the dark

Harold R Hunt Sr

The day after Christmas

The day after Christmas
It's the day after Christmas And the stores are full
People are returning those soxes they don't want. That grandma bought.
While at the North Pole the elves do sleep
Dreaming of a day off.
Santa is in the hospital.
Getting his belly pumped away.
From all the cookies and sour milk he drank.
He thinks out loud to himself. Just this one time.
Why couldn't I have been the Easter bunny or that tooth fairy guy!

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Day after grad.

The Day after grad.

The day after you grad. You get home not knowing what to do.

Looking through the newspaper.

A butcher, a baker, a Hamburg maker.

No plans at all but just had to call. Mickey Ds or the cow king. They say jobs are good.

I walk the floor I just can't do it no more.

Dam I want to go back to school

Harold R Hunt Sr

The day after Thanksgiving

The day after Thanksgiving
The turkey is gone from the table.
No football on tv.
The apple pie is gone for good
The grandkids are gone.
Now I have some words.
Who's going to clean up this mess

Harold R Hunt Sr

The day after trick or treating.

The day after trick or treating.
It's the day after Halloween. The kids are all in the bathroom.
They are throwing up on all the candy they ate.
While mom is standing at the door asking if they want another candy bar.
The costumes are all put away until next years candy steal.
The pumpkins are all about to rot so no homemade pumpkin pie.
Witches are on their brooms flying back to where they came from.
The graveyard is quite no zombie party on this day.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Deer Hunter

The Deer Hunter

I grab my gun and to the woods. Thinking today will be fun.

I stand next to a tree not to pee. Just as I see a bear coming towards me.

I drop my gun and start to run.

As I hear my gun go bang. I look to see the bear on the run.

But on the ground under a tree I see. A deer just for me.

So I take my deer and have another beer.

Thinking deer meat for me tonight

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Doctor Visit

The Doctor Visit

I went to the doctors today.

He came in to the room.

He asked do you smoke.

I said 'Why now do you see any? '

He said, 'do you drink', I said, ' Why do you need one? '

Then he said. 'Strip off you close'.

I said, ' I hope you 're not taking off yours'!

Then the doctor said. 'Can I see your ears? '

I said, 'i clean them everyday'

Then he says. 'Broaden your mouth and stick out your tough, '.

I said, 'I only do that a to my wife'!

Then he says.'Why are you here today? '

I said, 'Why Don't you know you 're the doctor'

Harold R Hunt Sr

The drums beat softly

The drums beat softly
I hear far away a drum as it beats.
The beat is like a heart as it beats softly.
The to the right I hears another start to pound.
The beats sound like they is talking to each other.
First one then the other.
Two beat softly playing back and forth.
Then to my left, a sound comes loud as a third drum starts to beat.
The sound is may sound scary.
One beats two beat three beats as they beat the drums softly.
The drums speak to let the natives talk.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Elf

The elf.

Santa was set to come on Dec 25 1901.

But something happens that no one knows.

As Santa was climbing in to his sled. A train fell on his head.

He was out cold and in the snow.

Time was getting short.

And that's when sparks the elf came up with the Idea.

To fill the wishes of each boy and girl.

He jumps in the sled and with a yell off he went in to the night.

From land to land and house to house

He saved Christmas night.

The elf knew what to do and as the sled drove out of sight.

He yelled those words we all know so well, 'MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND A GOOD NIGHT! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

The End

The End
The beginning.

The Middle.

The End

Harold R Hunt Sr

The flood.

The flood.
It began to rain today. I thought that it never end.
The rain fell as it gains more water.
I looked out my back door to see it flow in the brook out there.
The harder it rain the more it gained to a level I could see.
The water rushed over the grass almost to my glass.
It starts to rise with such a hush that I didn't hear it at my door.
The rain was climbing to a high that I knew it was time to say goodbye.
A knock at the door I did hear as a fireman did call. You have to leave.
For there is a flood and we can't let you stay.
The rain that day was such a pain.
There is not any good in a flood

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Flower

The flower.
The flowers they do bloom.
In colors for my room.
Red, pink and a little yellow. Will make the room mellow.
Roses for rose in a room of paper flowers.
So pretty as can be.
The flowers are for me.

Harold R Hunt Sr

the Frog bog

The Frog bog
When you go to the fair today.
Listen real close to hear.
A man yelling as he says,
Flip them and flop them
Slip them and slop them.
Three frogs for a dollar.
One in the lily pad you do win.
Here at the frog bog.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The greatest clown

The greatest clown
The greatest clown would make you laugh.
He would sometimes make you cry.
He would tell you jokes.
But would tell no lies
But always At the end of the night
He would Say 'goodnight and god bless'
Thank you Red.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The green eyed monster

I seen a green eyed monster
I went to bed with a thought of good things.
My belly made a really bad noise I thought it was a possibility that monster.
With everyone to sleep I went downstairs without a sound.
To the cookie jar I went. Then out it came from the dark.
This big green eyed monster.
I just wanted to hide but no place to go. I was caught with the cookie jar.
I reach into the jar and took a cookie out.
I handed the cookie to the green eyed monster.
He took it with a grump then went out of sight.
The green eyed monster looked back at me
He said in a voice I heard before.
Go to bed my son or that green eyed monster might get you.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Hare and The Turtle

The Hare and The Turtle
The hare and the turtle were in a race.
No one was there to set the pace,
The hare took the lead we did see.
With the turtle far behind.
We we all know the story
But what you don't know is how the hare won the race.
He won by a hare when driving a Ford.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Hoedown showdown

The Hoe Down Show Down
Old Grandpa tune his fiddle with pride.
Uncle Joe on the old banjo
Dad he was willing to go on the old washtub.
I had my spoons in my hand ready for the old showdown.
In walked the Matfields with a smile on their face.
Thinking this hoedown was their place.
It all began in one face pace song after song and the dance was right on a faster pace.
Orange Blossom special was the Matfeilds last song.
But old grandpa had one more to be done.
As the cheer rang out old Rocky Top began to play.
The place jumped with joy and began to perform with pride.
Because old Rocky Top Tenn is our home town you see.

Harold R Hunt Sr

THE HOLLOW

THE HOLLOW

In the hollow down below.

Do see trees with shadows of leaves.

There next to the woods I see a deer.

Standing there ready to run. If a hunter was near.

Not far, away there is a barn the red has faded all but away.

The grass has turned to brown.No rain for days.

The creek will have a dry bed.

I must go to play in that sleepy hollow where I stay.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The horror show.

The horror show.
Here I sit down with a box of popcorn.
Waiting to for the movie to start.
I set so relax that I almost pass out.
Then I hear a scream of fright.
I stare at the screen to see a bloody body hanging from a tree.
Then the another shriek I did hear. As I saw a funny thing.
A bike on the roof with a head on the seat.
The movie played on with such a fright I hid my head to the end. Of the horror show

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Horse Race.

The Horse Race.

The announcer says the horse is at the gate.

There is wee willy on your just silly;

Patty shes riding cupcake bite.

Dick hes on hiccup.

The gate open and they are off. It's dick on hiccup, cup cake and wee willy on just silly.

As the get to turn one it's willy on just silly, Dick has hiccup at second and patty riding third with cupcake.

In turn two it's just silly, hiccup and cupcake. Turn four its cupcake, hick just silly

And now at the wire you got hiccup just silly and cupcake.

People we have to stop the race. Wee Willy on just silly ate patty cupcake which gave him the hiccups

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Killing of old Tom

The Killing of old Tom
They all gather in the barn yard.
Penny and poly pig was there with their ribbons of black
Carol the cow and Bucky the bull sang a song of Moo.
Rocky the rooster calls in the alarm with a crow.
As old tom was taken to the chopping block
The Ax was sharp yes indeed. As he raised it and down it came.
Old Billy the goat said off with his head.
Tomorrow is Thanksgiving and he is dinner.
The stove is ready and the killing of tom will be the end

Harold R Hunt Sr

The kings came to perform

The king came to perform.
There is music in the clouds today.
As the kings gather to play.
The stage is set as the gold does sparkle
The King of country is ready to sing. Hank Williams Sr
Walk to the stage as he sings I saw the light.
The king of rock comes to the stage and the clouds began to shake.
Elvis sings a whole lot of shaking going on.
The last king to show was the king of pop as he did his moon walk.
Michael Jackson As he sings beat it.
They all gather for one more song as the king of bluegrass walks to the stage.
The kings of music they came to play.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Ladder.

The Ladder.

I climb the ladder rail by rail. I don't even know why.

Up and up I go towards the top.

Just a few more to go then i'll be there.

To the top i am now. I hear from down below.

You can start painting the house now

Harold R Hunt Sr

The last leaf

The last leaf

The leaves are beginning to turn these days.

As the seasons ready, itself for the season change.

Brown, yellow and some green are falling to ground. Where they will stay.

The wind blows these last few days to carry the leaves to the ground.

There near the top I see one leaf all alone.

Hanging on to the branch as if it wanted.

To be For some reason, the last leaf of the season

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Last words

The last words

Here I lay looking at the ceiling

Watching you all crying over me.

Thinking to myself the joke is on you all.

Uncle Joey said I was a great guy.

After he said I was worthless to my eyes.

Aunt June she bends down to kiss me goodbye.

Sticking her boobs job boobs in my face.

What a waste of jelly. I think.

Now i hope I can get my last wish.

That is to be buried face down

So you all can kiss my God! It's time for me to go.

So goodbye and haha, The jokes on you.

I'm taking my money with me

Harold R Hunt Sr

The letter puzzle.

The letter puzzle.

You find these days you have a puzzle if you need help.

You have the FBI, CIA, NSA, HHS, DEA.

You have DSS NAACP NBA NFL NBA NHL

If you don't have a book to see what each one stands for.

You're screwed

Harold R Hunt Sr

The lighthouse

The lighthouse

It stands on an island all alone.

Shinning so bright at night.

Looking for the ships that go by in the dark of night.

Looking for a friend to wink at is away of life for this house.

A wink in the fog will guide these ship safe and sound to the main land.

When at night you look to the sea you will see.

The lighthouse so bright is sending you a friendly wink

Harold R Hunt Sr

The lights of Christmas

The lights of Christmas

I see the snow as it falls on the trees so pretty.

People they gather in the town to see the lights of Christmas.

Red, blue, green and yellow.

Sparkle under the white snow on the trees.

Santa and his sled are all decked out in lights of Christmas.

Snowball fights and songs of joy fill the air and are a sight.

The bells make a song of the season as the snow falls for no reason.

The town is all lite at night with the lights of Christmas

Harold R Hunt Sr

The little pine tree

The little pine tree

The little pine tree in our front lawn. Is covered in snow this mid Nov.

Dear old dad is outside trying his best to clear the snow from the tiny tree.

Getting ready to string the lights for this Christmas season.

Red, green, yellow and blue all shinning through the snow.

As Dad would work his way from the bottom to the top.

Where He would place a star so bright. For this Christmas night.

White the snow on the lights it make the little pine tree so big in color.

That is my little pine tree in our front lawn

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Mean Man

The mean man he comes from out of nowhere.
Wearing his mask of black.
He does not mean to imply a word. But you dread the sight of him.
He takes you by surprise when he grabs you outside.
He chases you to bed and you want to hide your head.
The mean man all dressed in black.
He'll be back!
TO GET YOU! ! ! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Midnight Racer

The Midnight Racer

The midnight racer comes from nowhere.

Racing the road as fast as he can.

Zig Zaging in and out passing cars like they do not exist.

You cannot see him for the speed he goes. One winks and you miss him.

No one has seen his car. They have no idea what he drives.

Just a word to the wise is don't try to race the midnight racer.

Your fate will be taken and you might get a ticket

With the help of the Midnight racer.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The midnight scream

The midnight scream

The clock strikes 11 and all becomes quiet.

No sound can be heard, but a car so far away.

Tonight is chilly and you would be silly to be out.

Mist in the air to make away the smell of fish.

The clock hit 11: 30 and you see a mouse running the cobble street.

No cats for a dog to bark at.

As you walk, you see the shops all closed down the night.

11: 45 voices from the bar you can hear they are enjoying their beer.

The clatter of glass makes a little music to the ear.

As the midnight clock strikes 12.

A scream you hear that sets your bones to chill

Happy new years is the midnight scream

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Mighty Boxers.

The Mighty Boxers.

I get to the ring as brave as can be.

No fear at all as I listen to the crowd cheer.

I go into the ring with no signs of fright.

Just ready to fight.

They call my name. Now i wait for my fame.

I take steps to the center of the ring as the bell sounds with a ding.

A job here and a job there. As we dance around the ring.

I hear the bell ring and I think the world is prepared to see.

The mighty boxer I can be.

Then I hear the count of eight.

Someone, yells you should have ducked.

. Now there is nothing more to fight

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Moon

The moon
The moon shines so bright in the middle of the night.
I sit and watch as it rises high in the sky.
I open my book as I start to read by the light of the moon.
The moon that is full is the best to read by. So bright, it's better than candle light.
I don't need a flashlight to meet my friend the moon shows me the way.
It's not dark night tonight I have the light of the moon for my light.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The morning clouds

THE MORNING CLOUDS

The break of dawn shows clouds in the sky as they look like islands of gray.

The sun peeks through the clouds with just a hint of pink.

A storm is maybe brewing far a way.

As the clouds now begin to travel away.

The sun is rising high above the trees as the morning clouds are gone.

No storm here today as the clouds go away.

The blue of the sky is just so pretty with a touch of white from the little cloud above.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The morning sun.

The morning sun.

As the morning sun pecked over the ridge.

In to the valley, you could see the fog and the morning dew burning away.

Dew from the new spring leaves.run to the ground.

Down in the valley, the cows were grazing on the fresh cut hay.

The sun brightens the valley with each ray.

The blue ridge mountains stand so tall in the background as the morning sun rises above.

Just another day in the morning sun

Harold R Hunt Sr

The need for healing hands

Need of healing hands.

Dear God,

Lay your healing hands on those that need.

May your hands take what's wrong away.

Don't shy away from this call.

We all pray for their needs.

Lay your hands on the sick

And take the pain from them to fix.

Lay your healing hands on their head.

Bless them as we pray in your name

Amen

Harold R Hunt Sr

The New Years resolution game.

The New Years resolution game.
People each year make a promise that they will do anything.
They say that they will quit smoking or will not drink.
This game gets everyone hooked.
They just want to see who will last.
I'll lose weight while eating a plate of apple pie.
I won't spend anymore money while test driving that new car.
All these resolutions become a myth in a game we play each year.
As they light their smoke and drink another beer.
I'll give you my New Year resolution.
Oh wait that one is taken, no I can't make that one I love it to much.
The New Year resolution game goes on.
I just hope you can play and win this silly game.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The night

The night
Deep into the night I do walk.
Just to hear the animals talk.
The barking of dogs and crying of cats.
Into the night I walk.
Over hills and pass a church
Hear the wind blow, the bell so softly.
As i walk deep in to the woods i hear a owl
Hoot to see if I can hear.
The night grows darker as i walk
But now no one to talk
The animals become quite

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Night After Halloween

The night after Halloween
It's the night after Halloween
Witches and goblins are gone.
No more tricks but a lot of treats.
Candy corn and candy apples are all that is left of the scary night.
No spooks to scream and no cats meow.
Just an old owl that says whooo
Who is out there on this night after Halloween

Harold R Hunt Sr

The night with a ghost

The Night with a ghost

On Halloween night, we waited till dark.

The old house was dark as could be with no lights.

As we walked to the steps We saw a flash and heard the deadly scream.

The door is open so slowly without our touch as the old piano started to play.

There was no one in sight there, but at the top of the stairs there they stood.

Three ghosts all in white what a site.

As the clock hit midnight, the party did begin.

A bang and a deadly shriek set the pace as we watched the head roll down the stairs.

We heard that screams as they became louder and the ax flew across the room.

Then the door it opens once more. There she stood all in blood and white with no head
to be able to say hello.

We heard a HaPpy HallOween from the ghostly three

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Old Man

The old man

The old man lived at the end of the hollow. Most of the time.

He had white hair and a white beard.

He had a big barn out behind his house. But you could not see in it.

Late in Nov. He would disappear for a month or so. But would return after the 25th of Dec.

I never saw him myself. But I heard that he dressed in red. And had a big red sled.

They called him Santa clause. I just know him as the old man at the end of the hollow.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The old schoolhouse.

The old schoolhouse.
On the hill next to the creek
Sat the old school house.
Not used today because of the old bell.
The school was built with a large old bell you can really tell.
But every day it rings so loud that it can be heard for miles around.
In the school, there are no books, tables or desk to set.
A big crack in the old floor where he fell to his death.
The old school house is just there to stay

Harold R Hunt Sr

The old water tower.

The old water tower.

The old water tower at the edge of town has many stories they do say.

Like how each year we climb the tower to see old Miss Jones naked as can be.

Or how we see old Tom the postman teases the dogs on goofy Street.

The water is high in the tower now for it rains today.

We strip off our close and dive right in the water just a chill.

We have the thrill of swimming all day.

In the old water tower at the edge of town.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Phone Calls

The Phone Calls

The phone call.

I sit here just waiting for the phone to ring.

In the middle of the night. I hear it ring.

It gives me a fright.

Two rings and I want to scream 'do I dare to pick it up.

I dread who might be on the other end. Or could it be them.

Three rings and I think different things.

Did they make it or are the dead.

I think this is the call that we all do dread.

The fourth ring and I reach for the phone thinking should I let it ring once more.

The phone does stop and I wonder why I froze to this call.

Then it rings once more. I grab the phone.

To hear a voice say. We made it mom and we are alright.

Love you and goodnight.

I start to think this was a call that was of joy but of those that are not.

Should I have answered it before.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The pond

The pond

There is a pond at the end of the road.

no gate no fences just a little pond.

The grass is green but freshly cut.

You see people there fishing all day long.

The water is very clear as it can be. Just ready to swim in if could be.

The pond in real neatly takes care of.

Because it set near the center of town

Harold R Hunt Sr

The quiet of the night

The quiet of the night
The silent of the noise what a joy!
No dogs, barking!
No horns tooting!
No babies crying!
No children are screaming!
The quiet of the night.
It's really great!
Sounds of the rain as it falls.
The sound of it hitting the window pain.
It's quite so quiet I can't sleep at night.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The rabbit foot

The rabbit foot

Walking through the woods one day I spied a thing on the ground.

It happens to be a rabbit's foot. At least I thought.

In my pocket, it did go. Then the trouble it began to flow.

I fell down in a hole and broke my elbow.

Then I ran up the steps and in to the door. A black eye did have for a week I think.

The to the bath tube I went. With a splash. I didn't have time to take my close off.

To bed, I went with a bang as the bed fell apart.

And now I think with a sad face because I found out it wasn't a rabbit foot at all.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The race

The race

We hear the most famous words 'Gentlemen start your engines' to start our first lap.

It's now no time for a nap.

Before we get to move I ask do I need to make this thing run.

As we head to turn one, I think this is going to be fun.

Into turns two I say when is it your turn.

Both hands on the wheel I must steer.

Come on boys let's get into gear. As we make turn three.

I refer to the trees they look like sticks.

Now I'm in a fix.

Cars side by side as we get the hell out of turn four. There ain't no more.

I give more gas the engine roars.

As I snore for I'm dreaming because I'm only four

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Race is on.

The Race is on.
When I was a kid we resided in a big house.
My family continued to be in a hurry.
One day I was going down the hallway. Towards my room.
When all of a sudden my sister came with a charging.
She was running like a jack rabbit.
She yelled out of my way.
I made a dash to the door. As I heard footsteps coming behind.
So the race was on. Down the hall to the door.
I made it and closed it behind.
She yelled hurry up. I yelled I just have to pee

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Red Apple

The Red Apple
There is a red apple in the tree.
It was planted with a seed,
Now put the apple on your head.
With this arrow i will shoot.
Straight and narrow.
Oops, i missed.
Look at the nice red apple

Harold R Hunt Sr

The ring.

The ring.

There are many rings.

The boxing ring, the wrestling ring

There is the high school, college ring

The the best ring of all,

The wedding rings.

This ring means more than any of the many rings there is.

Friendship between two, love for the two.

And happiness only if the ring is not broken.

The ring, a circle more than what it is. So simple it has so much to stand for.

But just gold or silver the ring fits on your finger

Harold R Hunt Sr

The simple things

The simple things

It's the simple things in life that mean the most.

A simple smile, a kiss, a hug, holding hands and cuddling.

That's what makes the heart smile.

Being with friends and family simply sets the heart a blaze. With happiness.

Knowing you are loved by all of them.

That's the simple things in life that make the world turn today.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Sky

The Sky

(pink sky at night sailors delight pink sky in morning sailor take warning)

As the clouds bridge the sky, we wonder why they cover and pretty color.

A blue that shines with the sun so great. That no one would want to break.

Clouds may cover it on rainy day, but the blow will be always there. Changing to pink,
just let us know

How the day will go.

Rainy or sunny that is the issue but with a blue sky we see the answer so wonderful
day ahead.

The sky keeps the birds that fly.

The jets that scream though it're clouds.

The sky that holds a question at all

Harold R Hunt Sr

The snow is pretty.

The snow is pretty.
In the winter time. It does snow so hard.
It falls so pretty one flake at a time.
All different shapes and sizes.
With the wind it blows a pile to the sky.
As it falls on the trees. It' makes me think.
How pretty, the snow can be.
We go out to play and make snowmen.
And angels of every kind.
The snow is so pretty

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Stairway

The stairway is long and dark.
We climb one step at a time.
Trying to reach the light above.
Each step takes you closer.
But it's a trip.
You get to the top and reach the door.
Then you remember that you forgot the laundry basket on the floor

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Sunset.

The Sunset.
How beautiful the sunset:
It's color filled the western sky.
Crimson, yellow, purple and orange.
Watched him change as words go by.
So quickly fade and disappear.
Our earthly lives once the past. And return of Christ is near.
The beauties that wait us in heaven and glory all about.
Far suppress that of the Sunset.
And we will ever be with those we love.
9/9/94

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Swing

The Swing
The old tree is at the top of the hill.
Has a old swing that hangs from its branch.
The swing doesn't see many children these days.
But every now and then you can hear them play.
The swing is mighty still on a claim day.
But if you look at the edge of night.
You might just see the swing movement.
As the wind blows the swing

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Swing Door.

The Swing Door.

Open and close goes the door.

All day long.

In and out goes the people.

No one stopping to think.

Open and close one more time. Ouch! ! I was hit in the eye.

Back and forth goes the swing door

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Thunder And Lighting.

The thunder and lighting.
When I was little I hear a boom and the lights went out.
As we was in the dark my parents sat us about.
We ask what that noise was and why did the lights go out.
My mom, said that was thunder and lighting.
We wondered what caused it.
She said with a smile.
Those are little men in the sky and they are bowling.
That is the thunder you hear.
The lighting comes from the men getting a strike.
Which causes the sky to light up.
I looked at my mom and said with a smile
I want them on my bowling team

Harold R Hunt Sr

The tour bus of heaven.

The tour bus of heaven.
I was told that when I die.
I should take the tour bus of heaven.
They told me I would see a lot of stars.
I would see Ricky, Lucy, Fred and Ethel.
There might be a chance that I could see Roy Roger and Dale Evens.
Riding through the clouds.
They said the bus would go by Andy and Barney with aunt Be.
As you ride down the street they said, look for Curly, Larry and Moe.
Always doing something crazy.
The last stop will be a big one, for there will be a group of stars,
Hank, Tex, Bill and Minnie pearl. Country music finest.
So make sure to take that tour bus to the stars in heaven.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The train.

The train.
I hear a sound in the far distance.
I can't quite distinguish between the sound.
As I listen it becomes more clear.
A sound of a horn I do hear it now.
A train is coming down the tracks.
Don't know where it's going.
I hear it drawing closer. Could it be?
Yes, as it sounds once more it goes pass my house.
My house shakes a little then things begin to be come quiet once more.
The train to nowhere just went by.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The trip to grandma's

The trip to grandma's
The snow has covered the ground.
All the trees are white.
The road to Grandma's house is covered in ice.
Pa gets old tom the horse out of the barn.
To make that trip once more this year.
I set in the sled ready to go as I dream of apple and pumpkin pie.
I can think only of the Turkey and how it must smell cooking in the oven.
It's over the river and down the road the snow blows behind the sled.
I stop my thoughts for just one minute. To give thanks to those that give me this day.
To day is thanksgiving and I give thanks to all!

Harold R Hunt Sr

The twins may have fallen.

The Twins may have fallen but will never die.
They made the towers fall today Just 13 years ago
People scream and people died.
Nevertheless, their memories will live on.
They brought them down with a crash
They shall live together within our memories.
So the twin towers they may have fallen, but they will never die.
We honor those that were there that day with thoughts of why and then we cry.
We tell each other that he was with them as they came into the gate of heaven.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The walking moon

The walking moon
Two lovers join hands in the early evening to go walking.
They walked a round the pond that was still.
You could look at the moon start to shine.
As the walk they kiss one time And looked to the sky
The moon was bright and cloud blew by
And it looked as if the moon had winked.
As they walked along they said to each other
This is our walking moon

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Weekend Bash.

You cut the lawn and clean the garage.
You fire up the grill.Oh, what a thrill.
For the weekend bash.
The hot dogs are cooking the beer is chilling.
The game will appear to be a killing.
For my weekend bash.
The guest are all but here.
I want to drink my first beer.
Can't wait I'm going insane.
O! Dam here comes the rain.
So there goes my weekend bash.

Harold R Hunt Sr

The whooper

The whooper

I went fishing the other day. Caught a fish that I was surprised.

The fish was a least six inches long.

I took my fish and went to the market to look for beer.

Thier I told, the butcher I caught a fish.

That was 12 inches long.

On the way to my house I saw a cop friend of mine.

I told him that i had a fish that was 18 inches long.

I stopped for a few beers at the bar I saw joey the postman.

I told joey that i had a whooper of a fish that was

Two feet long

Harold R Hunt Sr

The Wild West.

The Wild West.

I jump on my horse old lucky.

We take to the hills along the trails.

Across the plains, we do ride. Like wind high in the trees, I do see.

We ride for hours without a worry.

For we are in no real hurry.

Across the wild west, I do ride with the most pride I do have.

Then wouldn't you know it had to come.

Mom yell, ' dinner get off that rock n horse

Harold R Hunt Sr

The witches teaparty

The witches tea party
Tonight is the beginning of a site. You might find myself in a fright.
Tonight starts the witches tea-party.
They fly from near and far just to be there.
Black hats and cats stand in place waiting to start the flight.
Rhonda and Sammi they pour the tea.
That cast a spell on Halloween night.
Look to the sky that very night and you can see
As they ride through the sky.
One by one headed home from the witches tea-party

Harold R Hunt Sr

Then I Had None

Then I had None
I had a tooth ache for three days.
I thought it was from where I ran in to that tree.
It hurt so much that I could not eat lunch.
So i went to the dentist
She looked at my teeth and she had to pull three
I said damn that tree.
She put me to sleep with a mouth full of cotton.
I didn't know my teeth were that rotten.
When I woke there she stood with a smile and all her teeth.
She looked down at me and she said I had to pull more than one.
I looked in the mirror and i did see what a surprise
I Had none! Then I had None
I had a tooth ache for three days.
I thought it was from where I ran in to that tree.
It hurt so much that I could not eat lunch.
So i went to the dentist
She looked at my teeth and she had to pull three
I said damn that tree.
She put me to sleep with a mouth full of cotton.
I didn't know my teeth were that rotten.
When I woke there she stood with a smile and all her teeth.
She looked down at me and she said I had to pull more than one.
I looked in the mirror and i did see what a surprise
I Had none!
She took them all and told me to wait in the hall.
I stood there not to thrilled when the nurse handed me the bill.
\$2000.00 then i had none! ! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

There are heroes

There are heroes
There are a lot heroes out there.
Some are well known and some are not.
But the only hero that there should be is
God. He empowers our needs,
Gives us our life as we see.
God is a hero because. He is with us.
No he doesn't get money for doing so or a march down main st.
But every day he does react to our prayers.
And when answers, he remains our hero.
So to have a hero yes I do GOD Is my Hero

Harold R Hunt Sr

There's a hole in the ground.

There's a hole in the ground.

There's a town in the hole that's in the ground.

There are friendly people. That is positioned in the town. Live in the hole in the ground.

There is a creek that passes through the town. That is positioned in the hole in the ground.

There are trees that are next to the creek. That passes through the town. That is placed in the hole that is in the ground.

This town is Gowanda, New York.

My hole in the ground.

To get to this town. No matter what road you are put on. You have to go down hill

Harold R Hunt Sr

There's no ghost.

There's no ghost.
The house sat on a hill
Old and raged it was.
Some say a murder took place there.
I open the doors just so I could hear.
But no sounds were here for me.
The windows were divided and the blinds were gone.
The old organ sat in the corner blood on its keys.
Then a loud noise I did hear, I jumped and turn and I thought I saw a ghost.
I ran for the stairs to look for. Nonetheless, it was behind me.
I saw a light in its eye than I knew it was not a ghost.
I looked to view and it was my dad. Time for bed there's no ghost

Harold R Hunt Sr

They Flew their Flags

They Flew Their flags

Two armies flew their flags as they fought each other.

Killing one from the north and one from the south.

They flew their flags each with pride in their own belief.

Now today they fight as one for the flag they love.

One from the north and one from the south fighting

Those that want to take away our belief of life.

We fly it high to show we stand as one in a country in love of our flag.

They fly their flags now as one of the land they do love.

Harold R Hunt Sr

They wear their boots

They wear their boots
For over 234 years, they have worn their boots.
They walked the mud of bunker hill
The snow of Gettysburg.
Through the valleys of Italy and France.
They wear their boots with pride across the world.
Each American in their own boots they do march..
They shine those boots to march down the main street.
With their heads all high and tall.
The American soldier fills those boots they wear.
Blood sweat and yes tears drops fall on these boots.
But they are worn with freedom they do design
Each soldier wants to die with their boots of freedom on

Harold R Hunt Sr

This Is the end

This is the end
I saw the look on your face it was one of dismay.
I seen that you seen I knew this relationship was over.
No more happiness, no more joy.
All gone with these last words.
This is the end.
Goodbye is a hard word, it's over is just a tail
So long can't make amends.
This is the end.
Get a taxi.Or take a bus.
Just go anyway you want.
Close the door just don't damage it.
As it hits you in the end, you'll be gone.
So now I can say. THIS Is The END!

Harold R Hunt Sr

Time Marches on

Time Marches on
Old Abe he has die.
That is no lie.
Man has walked on the moon.
But it is not of cheese We must agree.
Elvis, He is dead.
I don't want to go to bed.
For Time marches on

Harold R Hunt Sr

To Many lies

To Many lies

You tell to many lies to be able to tell the truth.

One lie for this, one lie for that.

One lie to cover that lie which was a lie to start.

Lie who you are or a lie where you have been.

A lie what you eat or a lie for what you lied about.

Even a lie about your golf. Or a lie to your wife who else.

Just to many lie about a lie which could be the truth if you just wouldn't lie

Harold R Hunt Sr

Today somewhere

Today somewhere

Today somewhere a gun killed somebody. It does not really matter who it was that did it. It could have taken place on the streets of the USA or in some war hating country overseas. But the question my friends is. Do we give up our rights to bare arms here to save a life or to let some war hater kill us?

Somewhere today we lay to rest. A child, a bother, a sister or our father and mother. Today somewhere a gun goes quiet! A body lays dead, A person cries, ' When will this stop? '

Today somewhere in this world.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Tom

Tom

Tom the Turkey he ran away.

I don't know where he is going to stay.

He vanishes one afternoon when pa went to town.

Tom was a big fat bird.

That followed me through the barn yard.

Now it's Thanksgiving day I ask pa if I could say a dinner prayer.

I asked God if he could make Tom return

Harold R Hunt Sr

twis the night Santa got busted

Twis the night before Christmas and all through the house not a person was up not even a dog.
The soxes were hung on the door with tape just waiting for Old st.Nick.
Mom in her hight gown and me in my long johns.
Settle in for a night of nics.
When all of a sudden we hear what was police cars.
As we watched the tv with surprise.
The reporter said the busted Santa for breaking and entering.
As the police cars drove out of sight.
We hear him say, Merry Christmas to all and call my lawyer.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Two Cats

Two Cats
I once had two cats
They set out to chase rats.
They both were white as snow but would not know.
For they love the mud.
Each was unique in their way.
Ping and Pong were their names.
One had six toes and the other had seven.
They loved to go to bed by eleven.
When the coo clock would strike.
They would attempt to catch the bird.
As their last game at night.
Two Cats strange indeed in the funny way.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Two Sisters

Two Sisters

Two Sisters at the gates to heaven. Looking for someone they know.

They look as they walk, left to right.

Looking to see them soon.

Two sister walking hands and hand.

As they walk a little more. They saw a friend the missed before.

Asking him, 'has you seen '?

He pointed down the way.

Two sisters hands and hand.

One sister tells to the other as she points. There they are.

The fresh looks with a face of joy.

there is mom and dad.

Two sisters being in heaven so the can be family once more.

For My Two Sisters My you R.I.P. Hope you found them!

Harold R Hunt Sr

Two Thumbs Up.

Two Thumbs Up.
My granddaughter she plays baseball.
One day she had a game I went to see her.
She got up to bat and hit the ball hard and far.
She yelled from first that one is for you grandpa.
The next time she came to bat she hit the ball farther than before.
She headed to second I yelled keep going. As she rounds to third
I gave her a thump up.
She headed to home and I wishing so hard.
But the umpire yelled, 'You're out! '
She was looking at me with tears in her eyes.
But I still gave her two thumbs up.
To my MVP

Harold R Hunt Sr

Under my bed

Under my bed

Under my bed, I do see all kinds of thing. You would not know.

Under my bed, I find some sox. And a small box.

Under my bed. I see a fire truck. It was next to the big black trunk at the foot of my bed

Under my bed, I see a book. Tied up in a knot of fishing line with a hook.

Under my bed, I find a bat. And my yellow cat.

Under my bed, there is a red ball. But I bump my head trying to get under my bed

Harold R Hunt Sr

Under the christmas tree

Under The Christmas Tree
Under the Christmas tree I set.
Waiting for my Christmas gifts.
A car, a truck a bike would be nice.
I ate all the cookies and drank the milk
Better for me than old saint nick.
It's getting really late and I can't wait.
I have to go pee, but I don't want to miss him.

Now that I went I just can't believe gone 5 mins.
He was here and gone.
No truck, no car and no bike.
A box full of rocks and a note.
It said, 'better luck next year you drunk! '

Harold R Hunt Sr

Under the stairs.

Under the stairs.

There is a person who lives under my stairs

He has gray hair and long hair on his face.

I know he takes that place under the stairs.

He wears a dark coat to come out to milk the goat.

Do not mean to imply a word, but his smile is a mile.

I see him everyday when he comes upstairs to stay.

He is so funny when he gives me money.

Tells me of candy for Tammy and I

My mom tells me to go under the stairs

To see if he is there.

I bump my head and I do not hear the roar from under the stairs.

Grandpa there is just laughing hard as he can.

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Harold R Hunt Sr

Untitled

Untitled

Up and down, up and down.

Back and forth, back and forth.

Around and around, around and around.

What a fun day at the park! ! ! ! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

untitled 1

Untitled
Off and On, Off and On.
Bright and bright. Dark and dark.
Who's playing with the lights?

Harold R Hunt Sr

vampires

Vampires

Out of the dark, he comes. Following you wherever you go.
He hides in the dark so you cannot see him.
Behind trees, behind building he stays out of sight and the light.
He grabs you and brings you in his arms.
He doesn't want a kiss but just a bite of your neck.
Sucking all your blood until you're dead.
He vanishes out of sight and on to the next he goes
All night long till he is full. Then on to bed he goes.
waiting till the next he can take to fill his needs

Harold R Hunt Sr

waiting

Waiting

I stand here on the corner waiting for you.

I watch as the sky turns to blue.

I stand for an hour and there is no you.

Just my power building is waiting for you.

I've now waited for two hours.

As my shoes turn to glue

I'm waiting for you.

Mad as I can be I say where can you be.

Not here and not there.

So I stand waiting.

The dark does come and it's time I go

Why do I stand here waiting for you?

When I could have walked around the corner to home

Harold R Hunt Sr

waiting at the door

Waiting at the door
Here I stand waiting for you.
Wondering if you're coming soon.
Are you packing your bags or just taking your good old time?
Waiting at the door is really nice.
Hurry I say I want to close the door.
So I don't have to wait at the door no more.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Waiting for the zombies

Waiting for the zombies
Here I stand in the middle of the graveyard.
Looking at all the tombstone. Waiting to see which one will open up tonight.
Will it be Jessie James or could it be Elvis Presley this very night?
Could it be a war hero or so one that I do not really know?
I stand here looking around just waiting and see if they come.
The thought of waiting for the zombies makes my blood run cold.
It's midnight I hear the sound of the old church bells.
There goes something pass the tombstones to the left.
no now to the right of me.
I feel the hot breath on the back of my neck.
Could it be a zombie that is there?
o nooo let me gooo....
I'm just waiting for the zombies sir not the pizza boy.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Walking the river

Walking the river.
As I walk the river banks
The water seems to flow as if it was following me.
The trees with their branches sum the touch of water to drink.
The river is so quiet that it is nice to walk along just to think.
The birds are flying above the trees ready to take a fish they might see.
The sun it sets and the glare makes the water shine in different colors.
I enjoy a walk along the river and to see all that there

Harold R Hunt Sr

Walking the road of life

Walk the road of life
As I walk the road of life
I find many road blocks.
Some are harder to make than others.
Life is at the cross roads when you don't know which way to go.
I see the final road is reached when you try to turn and can't find a road to take.
But if you take that final step. You did n't work hard enough to find a better road.
Choose the right road as there are many.
And life is too short to hunt for the right road

Harold R Hunt Sr

Walking with heros

Walking with heroes
I walk at night in the graveyard.
To see the headstones of those that are there.
I call each name aloud to be understood. And I hear them all answer yes sir.
We walk the graveyard and see so many from different ways but hero s the same.
The join our walk till day light comes each returning to their spot.
But not before I say thank you to each one of them.
Giving thanks for the freedom they gave and the enjoyment of their company.
As I search for those they say was my family.
I walk with heroes till then.

Harold R Hunt Sr

We Honor

We Honor

We honor God, for he is the King of kings.

We honor our mother and father, for they gave us life.

We honor our teachers, for giving their time to teach us the things we require for life.

But most of all we honor the men and women that protect us.

And provide us with the freedom we have.

God blesses them and protects them

Harold R Hunt Sr

We Speak English.

No we do not need to press one for English please!
We speak English here.
Foreigners come to this land and can't speak a word of English.
Why do we need to press 1?
It's no fun to prees one.
And if they don't like they can leave! ! ! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

Weekend thrill.

Weekend thrill.

Friday night no home football game. Video games are a bore. Wrestling the same old stuff. So what good is the weekend.

Sunday is here what a thrill needed to clean. The rotten grill.

Monday can't get here fast enough.

Then only four days to be completed. Then it's back to the weekend!

Harold R Hunt Sr

What are moms made of?

What are moms made of?

They say that little boys are made of shells and snails and puppy dog tails.

They say that little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice.

BUT WHAT ARE MOMS MADE OF?

Moms are made of thunder. As her voice booms to say, 'Stay out of the cookie jar! !'

Moms are stronger than superman. When you want that peanut butter jar open.

But most of all moms are soft and full of tears.

When you hand her flowers and say, ' I LOVE YOU MOM! !'

Harold R Hunt Sr

what If

What if I
What if I stood on my head like a clown?
What if I barked like a puppy dog?
What if I follow you home? >
What if I held my heart and just smiled at you?
What if I bought you a dozen roses?
What if I said, ' I love you'?
What if I gave you a ring?
Would you say I love you too?

Harold R Hunt Sr

What they say!

What they say!

They say I 'm a hero. But I'm not I fight for what I and millions of us believe in. To carry out what this nation was formed on. The belief that every AMERICAN should live free. I'm not the hero I just do what I can to make you and this country free for all...I am a veteran and first of all AMERICAN>GOD BLESS US ALL

Harold R Hunt Sr

What's happen?

What's happen?

As the world is at war in many places.

The earth is kicking up many streams.

Here in japan and the USA

Rain and mud with damaging winds.

Fires in the West as heat bears down.

We want to know what's happen?

As the world, changes it is bringing different things.

Each day a shot is fired And a storm may fall

We want to know what's happen?

Nobody knows!

Harold R Hunt Sr

When God Made Earth

When God Made Earth.

When God made the earth.He had the U.S.A> on his mind. He blesses us with the freedom our soldiers provide us. He watches them and attempts to protect those he can. God has his hands on America just don't let anyone say that he doesn't. So Goodnight Mr and Mrs AMERICA where ever you are!

Harold R Hunt Sr

When I

When I

When I was five I wanted a BB gun. My father bought me a water gun. When I was 10 I wanted a 22. But my dad bought me a cap gun. When i was 15 I wanted a shot gun and I got a bb gun. When I turned 22 I wanted an ak47. And got kicked in the butt and told you're not a killer you're still my child. And you get what I give you or tell you what you can have because I'm your father and God says honor your father and mother

Harold R Hunt Sr

When the angels come

When the angels come
When the angels come I will be waiting.
My time to reach the gates to heaven
I will not shed a tear for he will be waiting for me.
I will walk with those that left before me.
In the joy of heaven, the angels will come together to see me.
So don't cry. I will meet you when the angels come.
Then side by side we will walk the streets of heaven
And we will get our wings so we can be one of the angels that come for those who wait

Harold R Hunt Sr

When the lights go out

When the lights go out.
It rains and thunders
As has as could be.
A lightning bolt hits a tree.
Out goes the lights. Pop and a bang.
Here you set with no lights tonight.
Nobody in the house not even a mouse.
The phone does ring and you jump
Almost out of your bedroom shorts.
Someone want to know why you have no lights.
No fire sticks to burn for light.
And you're scared to call it a night.
When all of a sudden you do hear a knock that makes you
Shout the lights are out.
You're to scared to answer the door but you hear a whisper sound.
That's what happens when the lights go out

Harold R Hunt Sr

When the moon goes out

When the moon goes out
I always wonder where the moon goes
When the sun comes out.
Does it go to bed?
Does it play hid and seek?
When the moon goes out where does it go.
Does it go in the clouds? I really want to know.
If it is made of cheese who eats it all?
I want to know where it says I really don't know.
Does the man in the moon turns off the light.
I know it shines real bright.
When the moon goes out what happens then?

Harold R Hunt Sr

When the wind blows

When the wind blows
When the wind blows I hear the sound of sweet music.
I hear the leaves on the branches move so softly in the breeze.
I hear the tapping of the wind as it hits the window pane.
The season it changes so fast as day and night.
Bring warm air to those summer nights.
Then with a blast, the cold winter air sends chills down to your toes.
I watch as those trees branches dance telling me the wind does blow

Harold R Hunt Sr

When will I grow up?

When will I grow up?

I look at others and think of nothing but another day of being small.

I go to school and there I am I can't reach things like the others.

When I go to lunch to sit with my friends. And I can't see over the table to see if they are there.

I just want to climb the stairs at night. But get told, I'm too little.

I can't reach the sink. To wash my feet. So now they stink.

I need a boost in to bed. However, I bump my head.

I lay awake and really think.

When will I grow up

Harold R Hunt Sr

when you'er gone

When you're gone
When you leave I won't know what to do.
I might miss you so bad that I'll want to die.
But on a second thought.
I just will throw a party and have some joy.
I can have a few friends in to stay.
The blond will stay if she wants.
No I won't miss you when you're gone.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Where frozen ember still burn

Where frozen ember still burn
I find you are gone.
You may not come back.
In my heart is the place where frozen ember still burn.
The love we once had is all but gone.
Even when my heart is burning and even if frozen embers still burn.
The healing will soon be gone, but my heart is where the frozen ember still burn.
For you and only you the love of embers still burns in your cold frozen heart

Harold R Hunt Sr

Where have all the children gone?

Where have all the children gone?
Children playing on the play ground.
Swings going back and forth.
See saws going up and down.
Merry go rounds going around and around.
Children running everywhere.
Now no children on the play ground.
No swings going back and forth.
No see saw going up and down.
The merry go round has stopped.
No children running.
Where have all the children gone?
Back to class. School is going on.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Where would I be?

Where would i be?

If yesterday isn't today, And to day isn't tomorrow where will I be?

If last night wasn't tonight and tomorrow night isn't tonight. Where will I be?

If I cross the road to the other side and go back once more. Where will I be?

If time stops and restarts where will I be?

If I die and go to heaven where will I be yesterday, today and tomorrow?

Harold R Hunt Sr

Who Am I?

Who Am I?

I am many. I come from the rich and the poorest of families.

I sleep in mud, the rain and snow. I eat when I can and where I can.

I only carry a rifle to protect those I am asked to. I ask nothing in return.

I do so because I am proud to love my country. For what it stands for.

I am an American soldier and I will die for you! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

Who Are These Killers

Who Are These Killers

Who Are these killers? They are, bum that want to get their joy off by killing others.1 second of fame can claim one life. Is it really worth the money time and greatness to give them their wishes? 1 sec one life 1 life is priceless when you can see that life grow. They say time will heal. But nothing can heal the feeling of hugs and kisses missing from the lost. You shall not forget the lost. But you also will never forget the horror of what causes a lost. We have sport stars. Movie actors, they should get the fame. Not the killers! 6 secs 6 lives may the heavens cry for what has happened here on earth.6 young angels sending kisses to all of us from above

Harold R Hunt Sr

Who are You

Who are you? You are not rich, you are not famous, you're not a politician, not a movie star, not poor. Who are you? You are not a preacher, you are not a teacher or even a Sunday school teacher you are not a football player or a sports star. But who are you? Your not a Fireman or even a policeman, Your not a soldier or a ring master. Your not a wrestler or a boxer to. Your not a cowboy or a redskin fan. Who Are You? I'M ME! ! !

Harold R Hunt Sr

Why Do You Cry?

Why Do You Cry?

A little boy and his mother were talking one day.

The little boy was having a great time. Asking all sorts of question.

When out of the blue the boy did ask. Why do you cry at night?

Is it because I am mad? See if it is because you are sad?

Is it because you miss Dad?

Oh, why do you cry?

Is it because you are cold or is it because I'm coming old?

Is it because you are lonely?

So mom why do you cry?

Harold R Hunt Sr

Why must i die

Why must I Die
Today I see babies born
Just to be torn and killed.
Thousands of young and old
Yelling why must I die.
I did nothing wrong.
Is it hate or is it joy
They don't know the fate.
Rwanda 's genocide killing all those that stand.
Swing clubs and machetes. Cutting them all down.
But they don't know why i must die they think.
The blood rolls in the streets.
Who can stop it we want to know
Peace is the answer not the dope.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Will She

Will she
Will she make me mad or will she make me sad?
Will she let me climb in or will she just make it the end?
Will she let me feel it all greasy and grimy
Or will she just not makes it the time.
And for all you dirty mind people.
It's a car I'm trying to get her in to gear

Harold R Hunt Sr

Will the crowd cheer

Will the crowd cheer.
When I was little I just wanted to play football.
The kids in the neighborhood told me I was too small.
I dream of running on to the field and hearing the crowd cheer.
As I grew older, they said I wasn't strong enough to be played ball.
I ran fast but was not capable of keep them off.
The day came when I joined a college team.
I was to play and I knew my dream was there.
When I heard the crowd cheer.
As I got to the pro years.
I wonder once more with that question of mine.
Will the crowd cheer for me #12

Harold R Hunt Sr

Will you Marry me

Will you marry me

On Dec 23,1979 At Ridgway hospital.

I said to her.

You took my heart to a place it's never been.

You let me have that first kiss and it never end

Waited a little longer till the day was to end. We lost a loved one that night, but I gained my only love.

When I asked you to marry me. You took me by surprise.

Now 35 years later if I had to ask you a question It would you marry me again.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Winter

Winter

The snow blows across the open fields.

The lake is beginning to freeze.

The plows set still as the snow is falling.

Cars are hard to find them under the white of snow.

People are buying all the bread and milk.

As the only warm place is the fireplace.

The wind it howls an ugly sound as it hits the window with snow.

The door you can't open for its frozen shut till morning.

There will be no school for the roads are closed.

It's so cold the dog doesn't want to go out.

Winter time in N.Y. is such a joy.

That's why I moved south.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Winter cold

Winter cold

The snow blows across the open fields.

The lake is beginning to freeze.

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Harold R Hunt Sr

You don't know shit.

You don't know shit.
I do not like it when people say I know everything.
They say I know your name I know your game.
I know your car I know you don't live that far.
I know who you married and who you burned
I know your job and I know you work for a slob.
I know when you go to bed and I know if you bumped your head.
I know a lot about you they do say. Business Your Life
But I say you don't know shit!
When I can tell you more

Harold R Hunt Sr

You guess

you guess

Thump, thump, thump., thump, thump

Flat.

Pop, pop, pop, pop,

Popcorn

WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE, Weeeeeeeeeeee, plump.

You guess.

Bacon.

Harold R Hunt Sr

You write you write

You Write, you write
You write, you write till the words become a poem.
Long verse or short stories
You write, you write.
Maybe a song or a love letter to those that read.
You write you write it must be a joy.
To see the words you wrote in a contest to be judged.
You win a few you lose a few.
But you write you write till the ink runs out.

Harold R Hunt Sr

Zoar valley

Zoar Valley

There is a place along the creek in Catt.Co. N.Y.

The valley sits between two cliffs in the low spot of the creek.

It's called zoar valley. The water runs over the fall so you can know where to swim.

A quiet little place with green trees in the summer.

In the fall people come from far away to see the colors of the trees /

Red, yellow and brown as the leaves do change.

In this valley known as zoar valley Catt Co.N.Y.

Harold R Hunt Sr