

LettersbyLaird _ My Poetry

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As I ponder life's predicaments, and precious moments,
I carefully compose prose, and write poetry in rhyme,
I write to question, to learn, and to teach.

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Pioneer Roses

The pioneers have gone away,
but where their children used to play,
the yellow roses bloom today!

The cabin logs have turned to soil.
No thing remains of daily toil,
except this rose, steadfast and loyal!

Laird Fetzer Hamblin

24 d 05 m 2020 y

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A Bird Locked Long in an Iron Cage Has Flown to Find Her Own
New Stage

A bird locked long in an iron cage,

has flown to find her own new stage,
where she will sing her songs at will,
with no one there to keep her still!
She'll fly and perch on the tallest tree,
to sing her songs out, wild and free!
Never more will she be held,
by someone who will keep her quelled.
When she finds love she will still be
allowed to plan her destiny!

Laird Fetzer Hamblin

28 d 10 m 2019 y

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Powerful Poetry, Done in Rhyme, Requires Wisdom, Requires Time.

It's not just rhyme that makes a poem sublime,
Powerful poetry, done in rhyme,
requires wisdom, requires time.
It's wisdom woven forth and back,
with gentle tugs to take up slack.
It's a weaving, woven well, a tale with to tell.
It's a lesson made of stories,
that together intertwine,
each word and line creating there an intricate design.

Great poems each have a purpose, they don't just entertain.

A poem done well will change a life, by what it will explain.

Laird Fetzer Hamblin

05 d 10 m 2021 y

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Will Hate Erase or Love Embrace

Two tiny boys, born twenty years ago,

What life would hold, they did not know.

Would terror's sheen show life is mean?

Would love's embrace show life is grace?

Now one lies in an earth filled grave!

Now one is locked in a cinder block cave!

Where did we fail these tiny boys?

Just born to learn from sorrows and joys!

What about children born today?

Will we help them on their way?

What will be their place?

Will hate erase or love embrace?

Laird Fetzer Hamblin

04 d 10 m 2021 y

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Life's Circle

Little baby, looking at your mom and dad.

You don't know the troubles and the joys we've had.

Precious baby, this world to you is new.

Today, looking in our eyes is all, that you can do.

We'll care for you, and hold you night and day.

Eventually you'll smile, and respond to what we say.

Some day, mom and dad will be looking up at you.

You will know the troubles and the joys we've been thru.

Then carefully you'll hear all the things we have to say,

As you care for us, and hold us night and day.

Laird Fetzner Hamblin

25-11-2013