

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,

[Please see my website, lettersbylaird.com, for a more extensive collection of my poetry and prose.]

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Little Child of Ours
Can You See The Moon and Stars?

Little child of ours
can you see the moon and stars,

as they share their light
on a long and lonely night?

Though you're on your own,
you are not alone.

In your heart, we're there,
all your hopes and dreams we share.

We remember when you were young,
your life story yet unsung.

As you sang your gentle song,
we were there to sing along,

Though it came your time to go,
your melody we know.

As you sing from far away,
we hear your melody today.

Laird Fetzer Hamblin

Pioneer Roses

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

Cabin logs have turned to soil.

No thing remains of daily toil,
except this rose, steadfast and loyal!

24d 05m 2020y

Laird Fetzer Hamblin

My Aunt Joyce

A woman kind and dear to me,
has passed into eternity.

Her voice was gentle, and quietly strong,
each word resounding like a song.

Friends and family would gather near,
her wise, old, stories of life, to hear.

Now, from her body, bent with age,
she's flown to find another stage,
with friends and family gathered near,
her tales of life on Earth, to hear.

27d 10m 2019y

Laird Fetzner Hamblin

I found a little world
made by a child's hand.

I found a little world,
carefully made of sand.

I found a little world,
made by a child's hand.

Every child needs a place to play.
And time to dream and hope each day.

It's thru dreaming and hoping, and make
believe in play.

That every child's future and the future of
this world are formed each day.

Laird Fetzer Hamblin

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

An Ode About Idols

Another Idol, dead today;
is placed before us, on display!

A politician, laid in state;
for all to gawk, both those who love and those who hate;
with want-to-be-idols, who hope for a similar fate!

Many mothers, fathers and children lay dead;
where flowers are placed and memories said;

by only those, who's hands held theirs;
who knelt with them in family prayers!

Yet a corpse lays here, in a crystal glass case;
colored putty dabbed on an emotionless face.

While scorers and mourners pass by;
each stopping a moment, to quibble or cry.

The ghost of this shell, has gone elsewhere to dwell!

Like all of us here, this person was flawed;
who's gone to be judged, in a high court of God;

then to life at a level determined by deeds;
how well they loved others, and helped meet their needs!

Laird Fetzer Hamblin