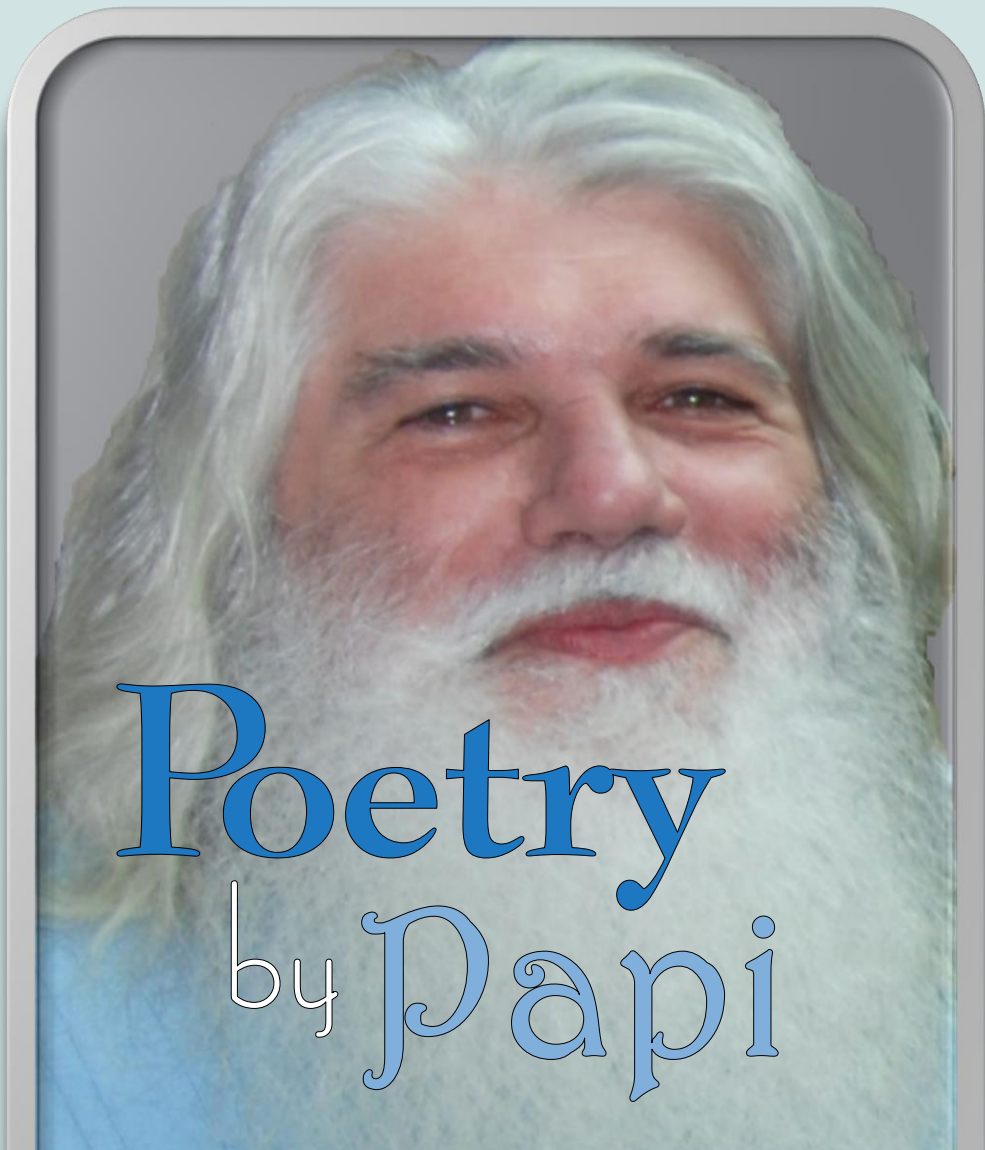


Poetry by Papi



Poetry
by Papi

POEMS for THE
"GRANDBABY"

Poetry by Papi

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Poetry by Papi

WHEN WE GO TO PAPI'S HOUSE

Papi – August 13, 2006

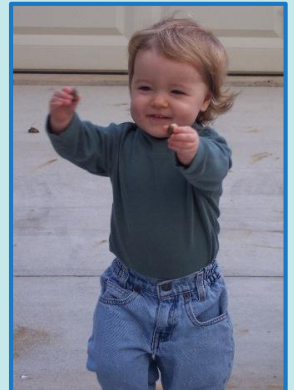
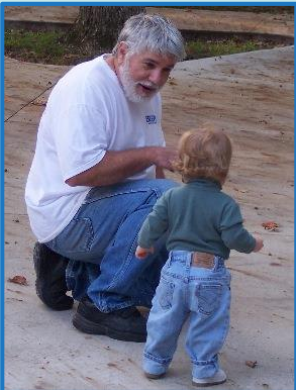


**WHEN WE GO TO PAPI'S HOUSE WE PICK UP LOTS OF LEAVES
WHEN WE GO TO PAPI'S HOUSE WE SEE SQUIRRELS UP IN THE TREES
WE FIND ACORNS WITH HATS AND LOTS OF ROCKS TO THROW
AND MY PAPI TELLS ME THE THINGS I WANT TO KNOW**

**WHEN WE GO TO PAPI'S HOUSE
I KNOW JUST WHERE IT IS
WHEN WE GO TO PAPI'S HOUSE
I KNOW WHICH ONE IS HIS**

**WHEN WE GO TO PAPI'S HOUSE WE SPRAY WATER IN THE AIR
WHEN WE GO TO PAPI'S HOUSE THERE ARE BIRDIES EVERYWHERE
WE EAT BLACK BERRIES, BLUE BERRIES, CHERRIES AND FIGS
MY PAPI PEELS ME APPLES I LOVE THEM WHEN THEY'RE BIG**

**WHEN WE GO TO PAPI'S HOUSE I KNOW JUST WHERE IT IS
WHEN WE GO TO PAPI'S HOUSE I KNOW WHICH ONE IS HIS**



(Of course, Bebe called leaves "Beebs")

This Far We've Come

Papi – June 06, 2007

This Far We've Come . . . with fields no longer bare
Eternal search has lain to rest . . . come to know come to care
Kinship's bond of souling quest - This Far We've Come before we rest

We've found the **three** to hold the **one**
Who came from **four** and back to **one**
This Far We've Come ... when **five** is clue
That held the babe when she was **two**.

Before the two the **nine** were known . . .
The mystery solved the mystery shown
Hidden here are **seven** strong . . .
Complete the task and sing the song.

For all who read This Far We've Come -
Come to know come to care
Meet me then - meet me there . . .
I'll share the rest and sing the song.

There's so much here in Papi's face
Where he came to live and find his grace
Gather love and wisdom's sum, read it oft
This Far We've Come



Poetry
by Papi

Poetry by Papi

We'll take off Our Shoes

Papi - August 26, 2006

WE CAN GO TO PAPI'S - WE CAN DANCE AROUND
WE CAN GO TO PAPI'S - AND WE CAN GO TO TOWN
WE CAN EAT AT BONAGLES - AND CACABELLA TOO
AND WHEN WE GET BACK HOME - WE'LL TAKE OFF OUR SHOES

Makenzie was two years old and called herself "Bebe". She could not say Bojangles or Taco Bell. When we went there we would come home and sing this song and dance in Nanny's kitchen.

The big finale was to spin around real big. It was Nanny's favorite song.

Written on Nanny's birthday.
This one and Cold Milk Please were both songs that we all sing.

Cold Milk Please

Papi - March 2006

Nanny said "Bebe - what would you like to drink"?
Now Bebe said "Nanny - give me **cold milk please**".

Nanny said "Bebe - juice and water I think"!
"No Nanny No - give me **cold milk please**".

Not Papi's coffee No! - **Cold milk please.**
Not Dr Pepper No! - **Cold milk please.**
Not juice and water No! - **Cold milk please.**
No Nanny No - give me **cold milk please.**



Papi – **October 01, 2007**

At Papi's house there was a rainbow
it would come thru the front door and dance across the floor
It only came in the morning time
when Nanny and me ... would say ... "good morning trees"
At Papi's house there was a rainbow that would shine just for me

At Papi's house there was a rainbow
On my frayed door it would be ... with all seven colors ... shining for me to see
It shimmered here and shimmered there
and if I stood at the just right place the rainbow shined right on my face
At Papi's house there was a rainbow that would shine just for me

At Papi's house there was a rainbow
that came for Papi and me ... Froggie was two ... me and Soft Duck were three
While I cooked them all blueberry pancakes
Papi seemed always to smile and say "yes I would like more pancakes today"
At Papi's house there was a rainbow that would shine ... just for me



JUST FOR ME

Poetry by Papi



Nanny Made Me an Apron

Papi – November 18, 2007

Nanny made me an apron and to my great surprise
It was blue and white and just my size
It had pockets in the front and tied in the back with a bow
It was my first apron - it had lace you know

Nanny made me an apron when I was just three
For working in the kitchen - just Nanny and me
We picked peanuts out of beans and boy there was a lot
We washed them in the sink and we cooked them in a pot

Nanny made me an apron - do you want to know why?
So I could help her make muffins and cakes and brownies and pie.
I had a special step to get me up high enough
To mix everything in the bowl and I knew all the stuff

Nanny made me an apron and this story is true
'Cause I really held the mixer in the bowl when I was two
I guess that's why I just love to cook
Nanny made me an apron - and I kept it - just look!

Makenzie called picking through pinto beans before you wash and cook them “picking peanuts out.”
Of course, she could not say muffin or cook – instead it was “muppin” and “curk.”

Poetry by Papi

Papi Saw Two Squirrels Today



Papi - February 25, 2008

Papi always looks out the windows
I guess to see what comes or maybe to see what goes
Sometimes "I" look with Papi just to see outside
Yesterday we looked and saw some crow-birds fly

Papi saw two squirrels today
I guess they came out to explore or maybe just to play
One ran to the left and the other straight ahead
They were fuzzy and funny like they just got out of bed

Papi said for a long time there's been no squirrels here
But he has seen an opossum and several little deer
Those two little squirrels must have been in bed
'Cause out they jumped when somebody said



"It's almost spring time at Papi's house
Go outside one go left and wake the mouse
Don't go too far but have fun and play"
Papi saw two squirrels today



Poetry by Papi

My Mommy Holds Me With Love Everyday

Papi - February 27, 2008

Since I can remember and haven't hergot
My Mommy holds me she holds me a lot
When I was a baby no more than a tot
My Mommy holds me - if I ask her or not

Now sometimes I ask her to hold me a while
My Mommy holds me and holds with a smile
One time I fell and slipped on the tile
My Mommy holds me - she holds me with style

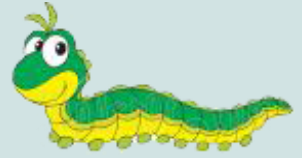


When I think I'm scared or it's just a rainy 'ole day
My Mommy holds me - she knows just what to say
Sometimes I'm playing and just want to play
My Mommy holds me - she holds me anyway

My Mommy holds me with love everyday

Papi wrote this poem because "Granddaddy Loves That Baby" and she said she wanted Papi to write a poem that said, "Mommy holds me". By the way, "Hergot" was her word for forgot!

Poetry by Papi



The Beetle With Twenty Legs



Papi
March 7, 2008



It happened at Papi's house just a few days ago
Caci came and said there is something I got to show
So out the front door we went with shoes just like Papi's on
Caci said we'll have to hurry - I sure hope he's not gone

He said it was a **centipede** but I didn't remember just that
I hergot the number of legs it had but I thought "he must be fat"

We both looked down the sidewalk exactly where he'd been
But to our surprise he wasn't there but we both just looked again

Later I told Papi the whole story - the way I remembered it that day
About "the beetle with twenty legs" that completely got away
So Papi and me both looked again and just couldn't figure it out
The beetle with twenty legs got away that day on twenty legs no doubt



"Shoes just like Papi's" is what Makenzie called her little Velcro fastening shoes like Papi had. Nanny found them for her and she was so proud!
She could not say, "forgot" so she taught us all **"hergot!"**

Written on "TuteBug's" birthday. She called Carl - "Caci".

Poetry by Papi



Mommy Drives the Car

Papi – May 12, 2008

Makenzie told Papi on the phone she wanted me to write her a poem that said “Mommy Drives the Car.”
She was four years old . . . an odd request . . . but here it is.

Papi ... me wants a poem to say - *Mommy drives the car* – hurray!

“ok!”

Her drives the car to work each day, and takes me by the church to play
Mommy drives the car just fine, with her in front and me behind
Her knows just what the yellow mean, her stops on red and goes on green
Mommy drives the car not fast, because she wants her car to last

Papi ... make the words to rhyme, when *Mommy drives the car* each time!

“ok!”

Mommy drives the car that’s blue, it is a jeep and mine is too
The car me drives is pretty and pink, and it’s so much fun to drive I think
Mommy says drive nice and slow, I turn the wheel and ‘round I go
When me gets big to drive the car, I will go see Nanny who lives real far

Papi ... thank you for this poem of mine, *Mommy drives the car* just fine

“ok!”

Papi’s truck is white and small, but Nanny’s van is grey and tall
Carolyn drives a car that’s red; Carl gets in his and ducks his head
So many cars are everywhere and *Mommy drives the car* with care
When Kenzie gets big the poem will say *Mommy drives the car* her baby will say

“ok!”

Poetry by Papi

Papi - April 28, 2008



And Me Was Only Two!

Just one day I began talking - and me was only two!
Learning lots of new words - words right out of the blue
I learned that **"ott-ott"** was a word for a bug or a fly
'Cause Mommy and Nanny both said that when one flew by
I learned that **"BeBe"** was a word especially for me
I named Papa then **"Elvah"** - and **"Caca"** then Nanny!

My Papi made me learn co-operation - and me was only two!
So I told Nanny "Papi always say patience" and then she said it too!
But I listened to my Papi and boy Papi talked long
I loved it when we got together and sang a little song
Like **"twinkle twinkle"** - witha one anna two
Or the one about the ant that stopped to tie his shoe!

I knew words they did not know - and me was only two!
Papi couldn't even spell **"fray-dator"** but I'm sure that I knew
It took Aunt Carolyn a long time just to learn **"bee-labe-da"**
And **"cally-bo"** my favorite or ... was it **"Nannah-rah?"**
Nanny was so **"dilly"** and **"punny"** she taught me **"choo-choo-nane"**
We ate **"sherry bippits"** at **"BoNangles"** but Papi ate his plain!

Vocabulary words Papi said - and me was only two!
He **"hergot"** I just liked **"crayoners," "bauk-bauk"** to eat, and things to glue
These words will make you smart you know so learn all the ones you can
As he scared away my **"hick-bops"** he said soon you'll understand
While Nanny helped me **"curk" "muppins"** Papi taught more words he knew
And the greatest word he ever taught was **"Love"** - and me was only two!

Poetry by Papi

I sure like to Sew with Nanny

Papi - 01.01.10

*Sometimes I go to Nanny's house
And to the bonus room we go
That is where Nanny's sewing machine is
And that is where we sew*

*We both have special sewing kits
So everything has a place to go
We both have special things we use
In sewing things you know*



*I have actually sewed on Nanny's machine
But of course she had to help me
But I have my own sewing machine
The one that Nanny bought me*

*Nanny taught me to stitch a straight line
So I sewed for me an "M"
My Papi loved it so much
He wants me to sew a "P" for him*

*Now one time I stuck my finger
But Nanny was there for me
But sewing is so much fun
I asked Papi to make this rhyme for me*

*Now Nanny told me one day
We could make a quilt - just her and me
I will be so very happy that day
Cause I sure like to sew with Nanny*



Poetry by Papi

Papi - **May 25, 2011**

Three Tales of Just Some

Some funny things have happened to Papi
Or at least some would laugh and think so
But if the tales and times - are never told or rhymed
Then nobody would ever know - or not know

So Papi has chosen Three Tales of - Just Some
About a squirrel, some butter, and an ole Tom-cat
Because sometimes just on a normal day
The things we do - can just be laughed at

Like the time when Papi was cleaning his storage building
Just rearranging stuff and shifting it around
You will never guess what was about to happen
As Papi decided to poke the big squirrel nest he had just found

Now there stood Papi with his big ole white beard
Just poking that squirrel nest and shoving it around
When out jumped a baby squirrel as startled as he
And landed smack dab in Papi's beard before climbing down

Needless to say Papi began dancing a feisty little jig
His daughter used to say "don't dance Papi you might hurt yourself"
She never thought Papi could dance but he now KNOWS he can
He leaned how to dance just fine that day - while cleaning a shelf

~

Then there was the time when Papi was working in the basement
On a cold and snowy day
And needed a tool outside that he had placed under the deck
And well out of his way

So out went Papi with neither coat nor a hat
Trying to stay warm with his beard and long hair
And when he bent down to pick up that tool
He saw something with two big eyes - just lying there

It was a great big ole Tom-cat cuddled up and sleeping
And probably like Papi just trying to stay warm in his bed
But when he saw Papi he got so scared
That he decided to scare Papi too - and jumped right over his head

You know Papi can dance, but could you have guessed he could yell?
The cat's plan to scare Papi had gone perfectly well
Papi jumped back, sat down, and laughed when he yelled "Scat"
Because right by his cold ear that day - sailed - a big ole - sleepy - startled - Tom-cat

~

Oh yes Papi promised to tell three tales
That might be funny and considered by most
Something to laugh about and be remembered
Like when Papi was studying and eating toast

Now Papi likes toast in the morning with lots of butter on it
He cleans the knife of excess butter and leaves it in a napkin folded
Because if he doesn't clean up after himself
Sometimes by his wife he will get scolded

So Papi is eating toast one morn with that folded napkin in hand
And as usual reaches for his toast - and never seems to look
He is just eating toast and drinking coffee
With his mind upon his book

On this particular day Papi also had a sniffle
Therefore he had a hanky with which to blow his nose
But with his mind so caught up in what he intently studied
You may well guess the rest - and how the story goes

Oh yes he did - Papi reached for the hanky
That was lying there - somewhere - somewhere very close
But instead he got that folded napkin
And smeared butter - all over - his own nose

Poetry by Papi

Of Certain Tears

Papi - July 29, 2011

Written for seven year old Makenzie Paige Cochran to ease the pain of wanting to stay at Nanny and Papi's house ... and at the same time ... wanting to go back home to Mommy and Daddy's house. Love you Baby Girl.

Many things in life - seem much too difficult to speak of ... they are extremely hard to face
They are just not easy to understand ... and even harder to try and do
This is why we have certain tears locked inside a certain secret place
To give us words to cry - in place of saying the ones - we do not yet - know how to

These tears are special tears and must not be mixed with common - selfish tears
Because selfish tears are cried just to get their own way - they never like to follow the rules of play
But all the rules that make things bad or good - were made long before each of our few years
But special tears cry because of hidden rules ... that say all these things, MUST BE THIS WAY - today

Then the cause of certain tears comes back to say "it will be alright - until you can understand"
I will remove the hardness of the rules a little at a time - so you just cry and you will learn to say
Thank you LORD for teaching me that my heart and my mind - in the body where I stand
Can be in two separate places - just as my love - with or without words teaches me the perfect way

Papi would have me to know that multiple tears hide inside each of us ... and all are not the same
Some come from anger or sadness just hiding there in time - some come to fool only the fools they can
Certain tears cry to help those caught doing wrong; they make excuses, some good and others lame
But when it comes time to repent and be truly sorry - it is Of Certain Tears - which I will understand

Of Certain Tears that hide their voice ... until the days I need their complete and soothing charm
For these I am thankful, because I can use them just to say without saying - I now understand why
It is all things that work together - for it is sad that teaches me glad, and it is peace that stills alarm
Of certain tears we can control ... and Of Certain Tears the LORD controls ... with these He says ...

It's alright to cry

