

“ACTS OF OMISSION”

by

J. H. Johns

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How long
is long enough,
how important
is important,
when does
family mean us?

When is love
not quite love,
when is caring
something less than that-
how stupid
does stupid have to be
to pass for just
plain and simple stupidity?

When is doing
just not enough,
when is not enough
just a little bit short,
when is blindness total-
and you need
the dog, the stick
and the cup?

When are lives lived
and other lives forgotten,
when does the past
crumble into the sand-

when they can and have done,
when they knowingly
commit
acts of omission.

END

“A FLICK OF A SWITCH”

by

J. H. Johns

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A flick of a switch,
was it a knife,
no,
it was a gun,
a flick of a switch-
in the brain-
makes it all
sad and done;

gone forever;
gone for what;
gone for nothing-

he shrugs-

“oh, so what?”

A flick of a switch,
that’s all it would take,

a flick of a switch
and you find you’ve got

one colossal mistake...

END

“A WAKE-UP CALL”

by

J. H. Johns

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We slumber,
we sleep,
we pass
part of our lives
being practically unconscious;

unawake and unaware;

quietly at rest;
sensing little
of the world
or the people
near us;

oblivious
to all of the sights
and most of the sounds
around us;

lost
to ourselves
and to love;

to sentience
and
numeracy;

losing touch,
losing track of the time
as we effortlessly
glide
down the river
of our life
toward that sea
beckoning beyond;

easily,
smoothly-
until the alarms go off

telling us-
announcing
with the full fury
of reality-
that it is time
to wake up;

and,
what do we do then-

acknowledge the storm
in our midst
or
just hit
the snooze button
and
go back to sleep?

END

“WHERE WERE YOU?”

By

J. H. Johns

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Where were you?

Here you are now,
what took you so long-
no matter-
you're here now;

now and not later,
later
would have been too late.

I'm glad I found you,
I truly believe it's fate.

END

“THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF MY LIFE”

by

J. H. Johns

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Finally,
it was over;

after
so long
and so much time,
it was
gloriously
over;

the sounds,
the noise,
the sights-
over;

in the aftermath,
I awoke
to what was
the first day
of the rest of my life;

able now-
to look forward
with you,
to go forward
with you,
to strive forward
with you

into the present,
into the future;

able now-
to take along
the parts of
the past
that I want
and leave

the rest behind;

able now-
to distance
myself,
and see
myself
in a new light;

starting now,
on the first day
of the rest of
my life.

END

“THIS IS STILL KANSAS”

by

J. H. Johns

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Dorothy still lives down the road
and Toto hasn't been housetrained,
you know that time has swirled around them
and, yet, nothing at all has changed.

The storm may have passed,
the skies may have cleared
and the rain may have stopped,
but this is still Kansas.

So, you'd better be careful and
run for cover while you still can,
because the winds of change change nothing,
they just rearrange what's on the land.

The storm may have passed,
the skies may have cleared
and the rains may have stopped,
but this is still Kansas-

but this is still Kansas.

END

