

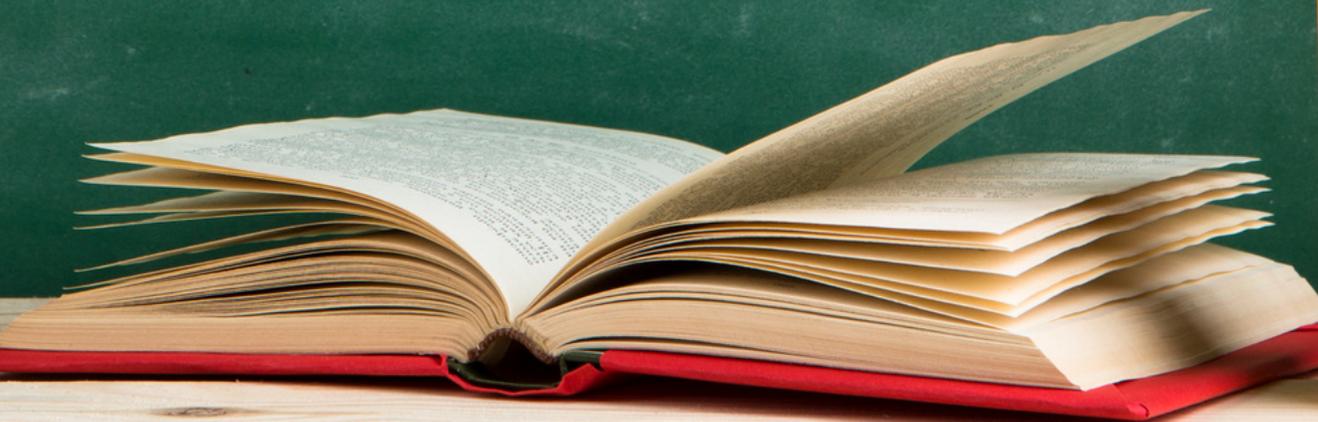
ALL ABOUT THE BLUES
SERIES

BLUES IN THE
SCHOOLS PROGRAMS

ORIGINAL POETRY

www.fruteland.com

“TRY TRUST and TRIUMPH”



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Now What!

By Frutelard Jackson 7/10/2012 copyrighted materials

"Now What!" will change your life
As you reach a goal or a dream.
When seeking out a portion of happiness
Without malice and without schemes.



By making adjustments along the way
And focusing on all that can go right
Only to discover at the end of the day
"Now What!" could win this fight.

Although fate will keep you on your toes
With surprise and dismay.
"Now What!" rears its ugly head
At any time of the day.

"Now What!" does not make life dreary,
If it becomes our clarion call.
There is no rest for the weary.
"Now What!" affects us all.

When **"Now What!"** is a situation
That blocks us from the finish line.
Being first can help you make the cut, but,
It will never trump **"Now What!"**

"Now What!" is born of frustration
As unplanned events abound.
Taking steps to shape the future
It just might turn things around.

If you expect the unexpected
That if anything can go wrong, it will.
You may soften the blow with more to show.
Because **"Now What!"** is not always downhill. **"Now What!"** ☺

My Hands

Fruteland Jackson 8/20/2010

My hands belong to me.
Their usage is not forthwith.
Their hidden talents are not pro bono
And their importance is not a myth.



My hands make my life - "work."
I shall safeguard them at all costs.
I will cause them no harm or damage,
So their powers to hold are not lost.



My hands shall not be on loan,
rented, leased, or bought.
If I do not consign your hands,
You do not consign mine.

My hands are silent voices
That appears before your eyes.
They bear witness to my truthfulness.
They bear witness to my lies.



There is no higher honor,
Nor a greater gift.
That warrants the use of my hands,
To merely haul and lift.

☆One day there shall be no demands
On my hands, with age and use, they will decline.
Before that happens, recall my words written in this rhyme.



When that day arrives
When the world understands,
when a painter paints and a musician plays,
that is a living testimony to the best use of their hands.



Has Anyone Seen My Grandpa?

By Fruteland Jackson 8/4/2010

Has anyone seen my Grandpa?
He did not show up to watch cartoons
He is never late for our luncheon date
We share on Saturday afternoons.

Has anyone seen my Grandpa?
For sure, Grandma would know.
What time and when Grandpa left home
She says, "like a turtle, he walks slow."

Has anyone seen my Grandpa?
Mom and Dad won't be home until one;
Mom prepared our favorite lunch
We always have lots of fun.

When Grandpa came by last weekend
He talked about the Golden Rule;
He said, "always be a good boy
And always work hard in school".

Grandpa talked about life and such;
That I would better understand as a man.
That there is a time to live and a time to die,
And that big boys aren't supposed to cry.

A loud clap of thunder shook me, and dread overtook me
After I ran to the window and then wondered,
Why Grandpa was asleep at the bottom of the stairs,
In the pouring rain, lightning, and thunder.

Has anyone seen my Grandpa?
Maybe I will better understand as a man,
That there is a time to live and a time to die,
And that big boys aren't supposed to cry.



NOTES