



10/4

two



Before songwriting

Poetry

by donbusking



donbusking.com[®]

Poem title

No seats

Mech-Yoda

Grounded to the
ceiling

Soccer trinket

Take the time

Safe, happy wave

WTF day

Ode to Stephanie

Shtick

Integration is
child's play

2022-07-14

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by Donald Poirier

Made in Canada

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No seats 2017-07-26

On the ground
By the curb
Soaking up the day
In no hurry.

Talking about
What we shared
For all concerned
What is best

Waving high-five
Moments with
Gravel prickly
Sit down gatherings

No seats, no worries
With one nick of time
Two nicks of love

Grounded to the ceiling

2017-07-06

Hanging around feeling,
Like I'm grounded to the ceiling.

Lovely reunion with
Co-workers & friends
Instant history replay.
It's just as well

Sobbing like a baby
Bathing in the sun
Newlywed greeting
Embracing fun

Worthy of legendary
Past and present feats
Worlds apart.
Oh, so sweet

Phone call mishaps
TMI prying poked
Colleagues old and new
Gut curling jokes

Sunshine, walks
Soothing
Like I'm grounded to
The ceiling

Take the time 2017-03-29

Killer schedule tussle.
Pouncing, focused,
With a puff of adrenalin

Breakdown escape
Standing at attention,
Oxygen intake

One more inkling
Of importance.
At this pace.

I'm good and ready
To walk the walk
Of patience and wait.





WTF day 2017-04-07

I can't stand

Cannot believe

How bad?

Funny falls flat

smiling, masked

For heaven's sake,

Will it never end?

Fast-forward

Stopwatch it.

Trash compact

Resolve it.

Don't let it

Dragon you down

Trip, bump and stumble.

That was one

Hell of a day

Shtick

2017-07-04

The Village Jester grinned.
Cartoon character
Tube texting her thing-a-ma-jig

Crazy cray-cray
Traveling at lint navel speed
No-nuts cracker-jacking

Rip-roaring
Gut wrenching
Poignant tale

Ain't that a kick in
The headbutt of love
Kind of shtick

Mech-Yoda

2017-07-03

That's right.

I hold doors

As in your country

You told me so.

Spoiled children

Did they express

What's wrong with you, dad?

Why don't you treat us like that?

Struggling to wipe

The smile off my face

One loose screw

It was my heat-shield

Great news

No problem with

My transmission

Phew



Teaching moment

Krown rustproofing

Kind Vilbert-Eagles

My Yoda master

Skilled mechanic



Soccer trinket 2017-04-24

Acting on impulse
Can be tragic
My soccer trinket story
Was devastating

I shared my brothers
Inexpensive toy
By gifting it to
A deserving boy

Injustice matter
Thoughtless, stolen
In my possession
But I did not own it

I wasn't thinking
In the moment
He was very, very
Disappointed

Remember and forgive
Healing
Better-late-than-never
Right thing



Safe, happy wave

2017-04-24

We are all
Storytellers
One unique
Full life to lead

Be safe

Hard hitting
Choices to make
Getting there
Can be a battle

Kindness is a gift to share
Putting minds at ease from
Inner turmoil and
Fast getaway worries

Be happy



Faking it with a smile
Only lasts a while unless
We pull up our sleeves

Take a moment
Hang on tight
Enjoy the ride

Celebrate
Living with inspiration
Giving more than receiving

Stamina strengthening
Follow your beating heart
What takes your breath away

Feel the wave|



Peace blanket
Time stopping
Vibration whooshing

Through me
Most exciting

Absolute best
Hands down
Changes

Presence revealing
Never leaving
Transformation

Imagine living a
Safe, happy wave life

Live it but once
And believe
In yourself
In others
In love





Ode to Stephanie 2016-12-20

Fileshare Goddess,
We bow to your prowess
And pray for your guidance
In our time of need.

Show us the way
To your created files
May we be at peace
In a life of wonder.

We will whisper your name
With joy in our hearts,
Following your path that is straight,
That is true.



Integration is child's play 2017-01-05

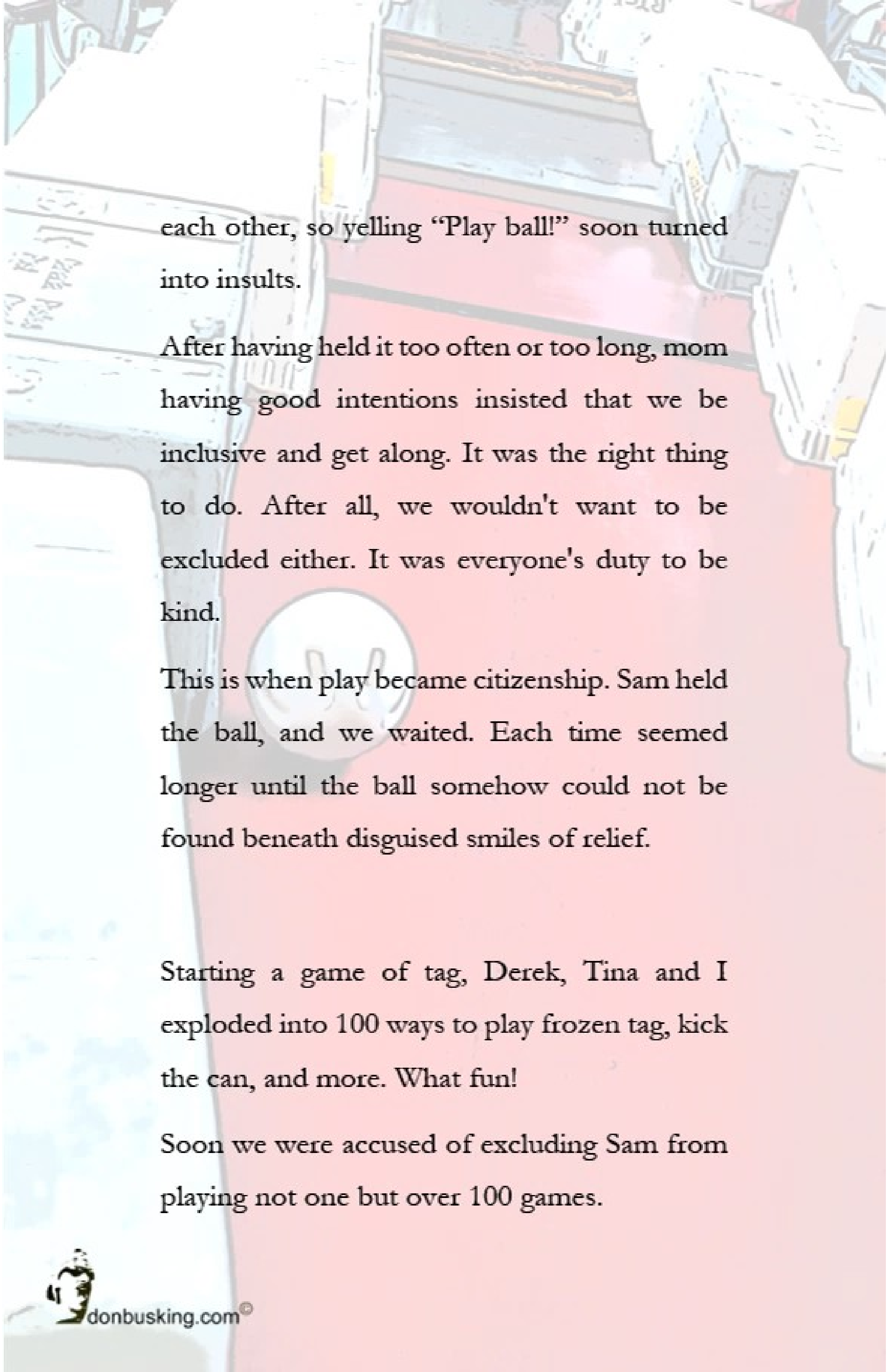
I reflected on my childhood and who I was.
These are moments of simplicity and wonder.

I loved playing ball with Derek and Tina, my
best friends. What laughter, fun, living care free
and loving memories. It was great to be alive.

Sam joined our group, and we continued the
business of play. That is when it all started.

The end in my belief that every child was a play
expert.

Sam played ball, keeping the ball as she talked.
Every time she received the ball, we had to stop
and listen. Children can be blunt and mean to



each other, so yelling “Play ball!” soon turned into insults.

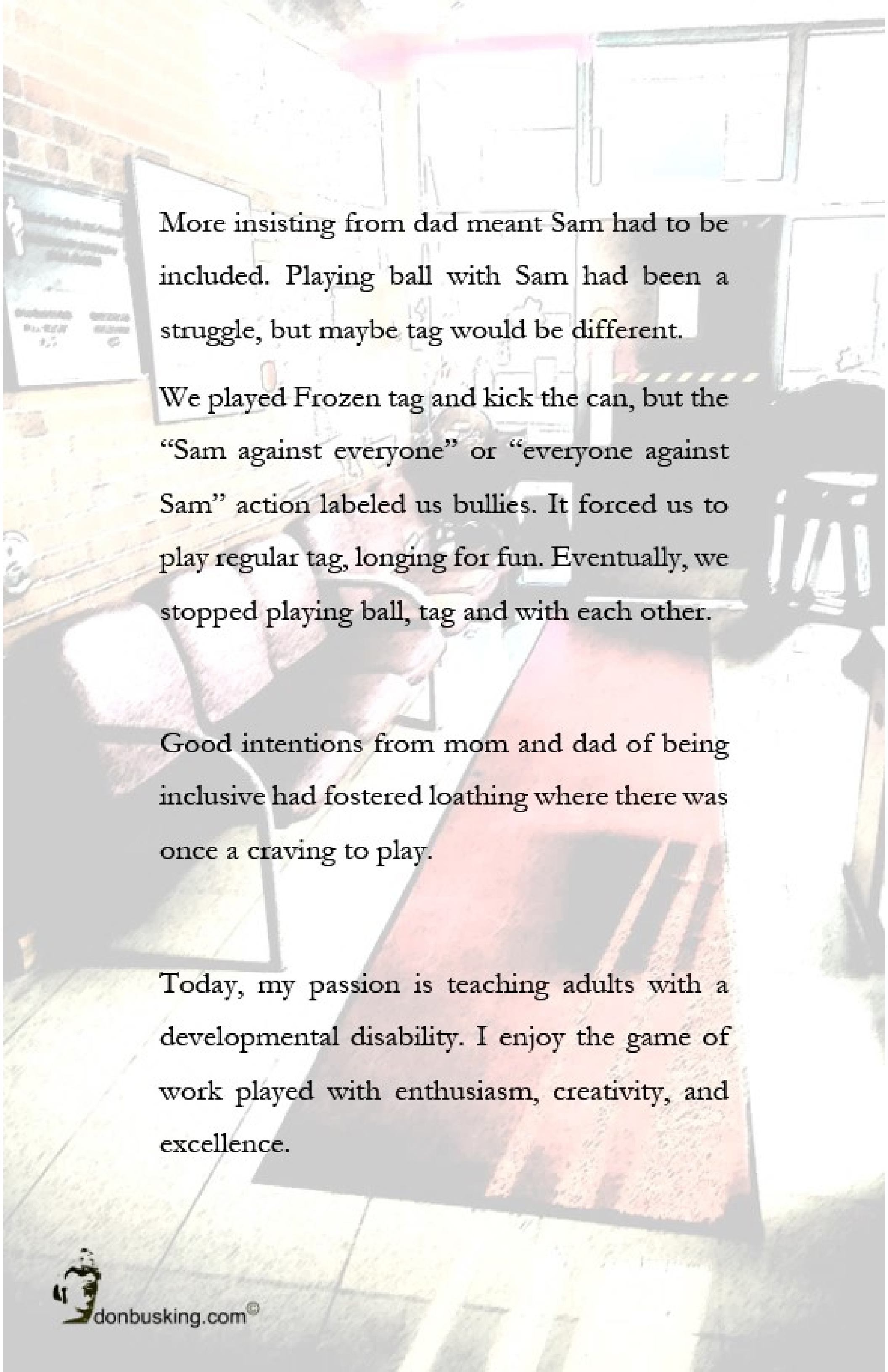
After having held it too often or too long, mom having good intentions insisted that we be inclusive and get along. It was the right thing to do. After all, we wouldn't want to be excluded either. It was everyone's duty to be kind.

This is when play became citizenship. Sam held the ball, and we waited. Each time seemed longer until the ball somehow could not be found beneath disguised smiles of relief.

Starting a game of tag, Derek, Tina and I exploded into 100 ways to play frozen tag, kick the can, and more. What fun!

Soon we were accused of excluding Sam from playing not one but over 100 games.





More insisting from dad meant Sam had to be included. Playing ball with Sam had been a struggle, but maybe tag would be different.

We played Frozen tag and kick the can, but the “Sam against everyone” or “everyone against Sam” action labeled us bullies. It forced us to play regular tag, longing for fun. Eventually, we stopped playing ball, tag and with each other.

Good intentions from mom and dad of being inclusive had fostered loathing where there was once a craving to play.

Today, my passion is teaching adults with a developmental disability. I enjoy the game of work played with enthusiasm, creativity, and excellence.



I understand good intentions do not
replace desirable actions.

As for my childhood tale, love and
passion should never become loathing.

It is rare and precious to find someone
you can work with and be remarkable.

Be amazing or be amazed. Allow the
child inside a chance to play ball.



10/4 two

by donbusking

2017 is when I began the search for my creativity.

With feedback came the realization that I was not following the norm. More brainstorming novice than true poet, I was motivated by the desire to create a resource for songwriting.

This second edition is a set of 10 more poems written during my earliest few months as a poet. I decided to call this second edition 10/4 two.

A self-taught guitarist, I will now refer to myself as a level one poet/songwriting musician.

This resource of raw poetry contribution now includes a total of 20 of my first compositions. May they inspire myself and others with creative artistic mojo.

Good luck and be wave safe happy.



Author

Donald Poirier

Author

2022-07-17



Pat

Artist

(Portrait of me)

2019-09-25



D J Buskin

DJEM

2019-07-27

